

The Small Green Magazine

SCREENLAND

November

**GARBO
IN
LOVE
AGAIN?**



Now
10¢

in England

PRISCILLA
LANE

**WARNING TO AMERICAN MOTHERS!
DON'T BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO HOLLYWOOD
DISCOVERER OF DEANNA DURBIN TELLS YOU WHY**

PN 1943
S35



Look at me now... Lily of the 5 & 10

IS IT really me? ... here in a lovely house, with a car and servants ... and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder ...

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that ... only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally. I know it isn't because you don't like men ..."

"They don't like me," I confessed.

"That's what *you* think ... but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for ..."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it ... but I think

I ought to ..."

And then she told me ... told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the hibiscus did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint, Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath).^{*} Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, *you've* been, well ... *careless*. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do.

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant ... makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honest.

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner."

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

** Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*



New "Postillion" hat of black felt, wool snood back, gros-grain band and tailored bow.

Her smart little hat impressed him first but her lovely smile went straight to his heart!

An appealing smile is a priceless asset—Protect yours with Ipana and massage!



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush!" Ipana and massage promote firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A SAUCY little hat may catch the eye of many a man, but a lovely smile goes straight to his heart!

And how pitiful the girl who lets her smile get dull and dingy... who ignores "pink tooth brush"... who doesn't take the proper care of her teeth and gums.

Don't YOU be so careless! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms. Neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush," and all the Paris hats in the world can't help you overcome the bad impression of a dull and unattractive smile.

So if you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately!

Very often, he'll tell you it's only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing exercise they need. To help correct this he's likely to advise—as so many dentists do—"the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as to clean teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Play safe. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile the bright and winning smile it *should* be.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND

SCREENLAND

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ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

GOOD NEWS! NORVELL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

You want him back—so he'll be back! The astounding success of Norvell's recent series of astrological features for SCREENLAND brought so many letters asking for more that we have assigned Norvell to do an entirely new series for us. The noted Hollywood astrologer, adviser to many famous screen stars, resumes his fascinating articles in the next, the December issue, of The Smart Screen Magazine.

YOUR FUTURE— BY NORVELL!

As a special feature of interest Norvell will offer a horoscope FREE to readers of his SCREENLAND articles.

WATCH FOR NORVELL—IN DECEMBER ISSUE, ON SALE NOVEMBER 3.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

November, 1939

Vol. XXXX, No. 1

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	19
Hollywood Whirl		20
Garbo in Love Again?.....	Elizabeth Wilson	24
Warning to American Mothers!		
Don't Bring Your Children to Hollywood.....	Ida Zeitlin	26
Leslie Howard and the Ladies.....	Ben Maddox	28
"It's Fun to be 19." Olympe Bradna.....	Kay Proctor	30
"And It's Fun to be 75." May Robson.....	Dora Albert	31
James Cagney Comes Home.....	S. R. Mook	32
She Who Got Slapped. Ilona Massey.....	Charles Darnton	34
They Write the Songs for Stars to Sing.....	Jack Holland	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
SCREENLAND Glamor School. Edited by Barbara Stanwyck.....		54
Popularity Must Be Earned, So—Shine!.....	Adele W. Fletcher	58
These Lucky Lanes. Priscilla, Lola, Rosemary, Leota..	Sylvia Conrad	60
Unmask Louis Hayward		
And You'll Meet a Camera Fiend.....	Ruth Tildesley	62
How About a Change of Personality?.....	Sydney Valentine	64

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Wayne Morris, Hedy Lamarr, Zorina, Nelson Eddy, Joan Bennett, Fred MacMurray, Patricia Morison, Jean Arthur, James Stewart, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Honor Page	8
Yours for Loveliness.....	10
Inside the Stars' Homes. June Lang.....	Betty Boone 12
Tagging the Talkies.....	16
"Please Tell the Boys—" Glenda Farrell.....	Courtenay Marvin 66
SCREENLAND's Glamor Guides.....	Marina 67
Here's Hollywood	Weston East 68

Cover Portrait of Priscilla Lane by Elmer Fryer, Warner Brothers.

V. G. Heimbucher, President

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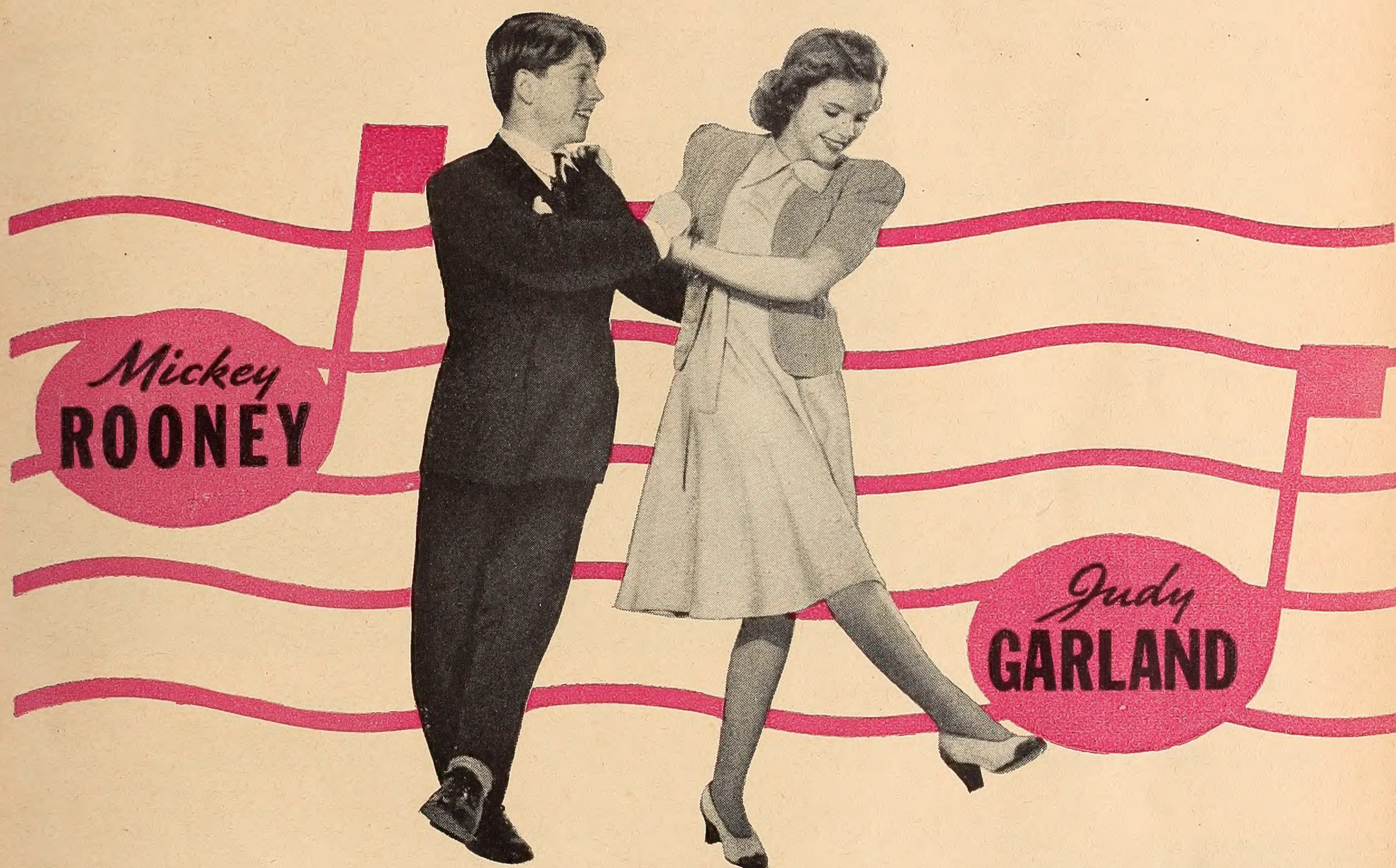
Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.60 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

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**A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND
MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"**



BABES IN ARMS

with CHARLES WINNINGER • GUY KIBBEE
JUNE PREISSER • GRACE HAYES • BETTY
JAYNES • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • RAND
BROOKS • LENI LYNN • JOHN SHEFFIELD

Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper.
Directed by Busby Berkeley • Produced by Arthur Freed

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



... and the best of music! Hear:

"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by
Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg,
"GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.

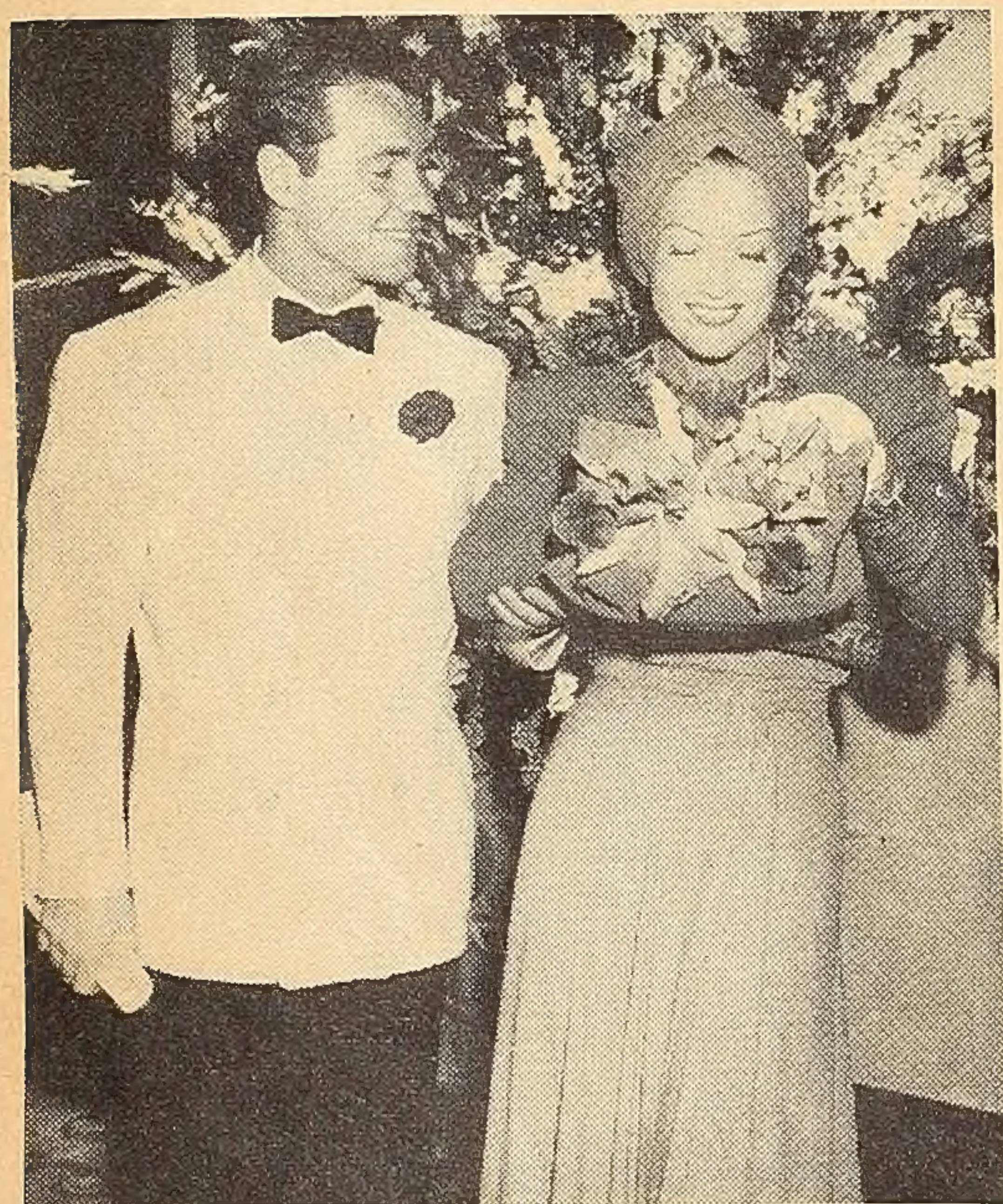


THIS is for women only, and I assure you it's worth taking notice of, if you're the type who cares to look forward to a thrill. The other day at 20th-Century Fox, when I unsuspectingly came into an outer office, I found the room full of starry-eyed office girls ecstatically taking their turns at a crack in the door to peek into the next room and ogle the most breathtakingly handsome man they had ever seen. The ohs and ahs were something terrific. When I met the guy I could see what they meant. He's bound to make women yearn, and Mr. Zanuck was wise enough to see it, he's got him under contract. They found the young, blond giant on a 4,000-acre Montana sheep ranch. His only acting experience was the entertainment the boys put on, there, in the evenings around the fire, but that doesn't matter. Of course, he's over six feet tall, and as one of the girls whispered, "I'd love to touch him, but I know if I did, I'd melt." That's the way he affects them. Zanuck will, most likely, put him into "The Cisco Kid" series as a try. He's 23 years old, the youngest of a family of 13. His name is George Montgomery.

BRENDA MARSHALL, Warner Brothers' glamor girl who makes her first screen appearance in "Espionage Agent" with Joel McCrea, is the wife of Richard Gaines, who is currently the successor to Raymond Massey, star of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Filmtown's Latest News and Gossip



Len Weissman photo

Joan Crawford and her escort, Charles Martin, attending a premiere. Joan's wearing orchids. Remember when the gardenia was her favorite bloom?

BESIDE that oil well that Irene Dunne owns, that is bringing in money faster than you can think, she also is a part owner of an Artesian well company. Miss Dunne seems to run to things underground. The company sells things called well points. The well points have nothing to do with this story except that when Irene and "Doc" Griffith take those treks up and down the state of California playing every intriguing golf course north and south of Pebble Beach, they sometimes look after their gadget's welfare, too. When someone told a business man up near Carmel that the couple who got so talkative about his well point business was none other than Irene Dunne and her husband he wouldn't believe it. "Why, it couldn't be!" he said, "they're so common, just like you and me."

SORRY, Mr. Charles Martin! Seems we printed an item about you in these columns last month which said you were just 24 years old and formerly a radio announcer in Brooklyn. You say it isn't so—that you're 31 years old, just the same age as Miss Joan Crawford, and that you've never even been in Brooklyn. To the contrary, we are told, it was Charles Martin who originated, produced and directed the radio "March of Time" for its first 2½ years, and furthermore such well-known people as Orson Welles, Nancy Kelly, and Garson Kanin have worked in the important radio shows Mr. Martin has put on. Again, we're sorry; but we meant well—because we've been 24 ourself and we've been in Brooklyn. It isn't a bad place at all.

It's Hallowe'en, and the wicked witch is telling Judy Garland that the goblins will get her if she don't watch out. When Judy made personal appearances with showing of "The Wizard of Oz," her fans waited in line for hours and hours to see her.

PRISCILLA LANE has never been given the credit due her for the sincere effort she makes to characterize whenever she has the chance, and when a columnist about town took a crack at her and said she was the only member of the cast of the Cagney picture, "The Roaring Twenties," too sissy to dress the part, she hit the ceiling. That man is going to have to eat his words, because Priscilla is laying for him. She went to every end to look and dress the part of a flapper of the 1925 era. In fact, when Lola saw her she warned her that she just couldn't be seen like that because it was awful. "Be sensible," Lola coaxed, "you know that no one else does it, so why should you? Don't try to be the great actress. I doubt whether you'll have the nerve to go through with it, though, and be seen like that." That's all Priscilla needed. She hoisted her skirts higher and had her hair cut off square, very much as if it had been neatly chopped. She looked the part, all right. And then that guy comes along and says she didn't dress the rôle because she thought she wouldn't look pretty. So now, Mr. Columnist, look out!

(Continued on page 14)

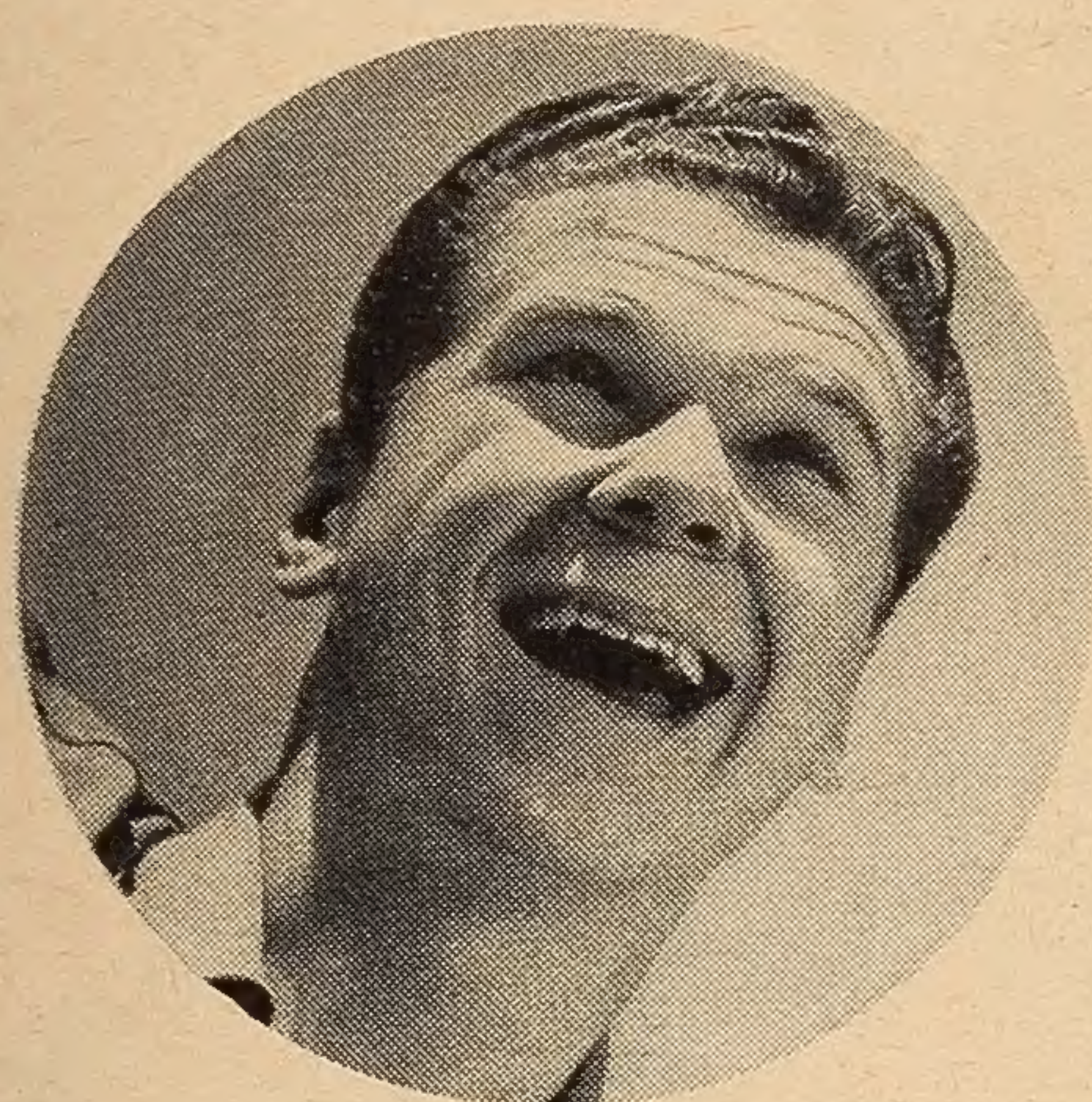
A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by *Jane Grant*



"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.



"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.



"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

Screenland Honor Page

Applause for "Golden Boy," the picture; and for the new-comer, William Holden, who makes the most of his golden opportunity in the title rôle

IT WAS a great fight, and we're glad he won! Thanks to Clifford Odets' beautifully written play, Rouben Mamoulian's masterly direction, and Columbia's brilliant casting, a newcomer named William Holden has scored a screen knockout, and is now on the high road to Hollywood glory. As the music-loving lad pushed into a prizefighting career, young Holden gives a fine, sensitive performance, aided by Adolphe Menjou as his manager, Lee Cobb as his father, and Barbara Stanwyck as the "dame from Newark" whom he loves. You won't want to miss "Golden Boy." It's a fine and noteworthy film.



Left and right above, two scenes from "Golden Boy" with Menjou and Stanwyck lending Holden their considerable aid.

Thrilling *new* way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle ...

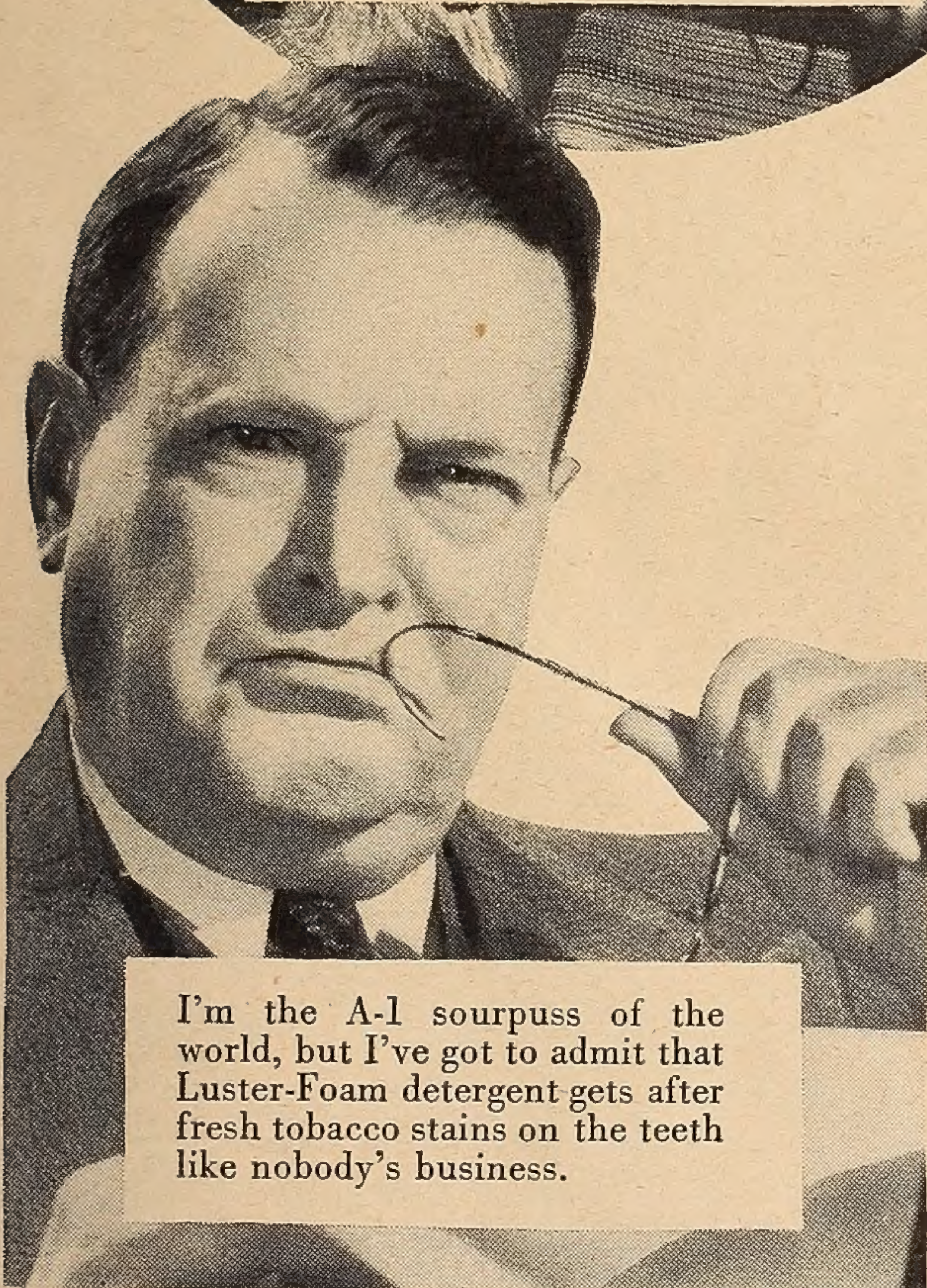
Extra Care!



That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamour girls before the studio cameras.



Blessed is the bride who's found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband's approval.



I'm the A-1 sourpuss of the world, but I've got to admit that Luster-Foam detergent gets after fresh tobacco stains on the teeth like nobody's business.

LUSTER-FOAM in Listerine Tooth Paste forms a "Bubble Bath" of amazing penetrating and cleansing power

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—it's got something!

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it's Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

You will love that foamy, aromatic bubble bath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle ac-

tion. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

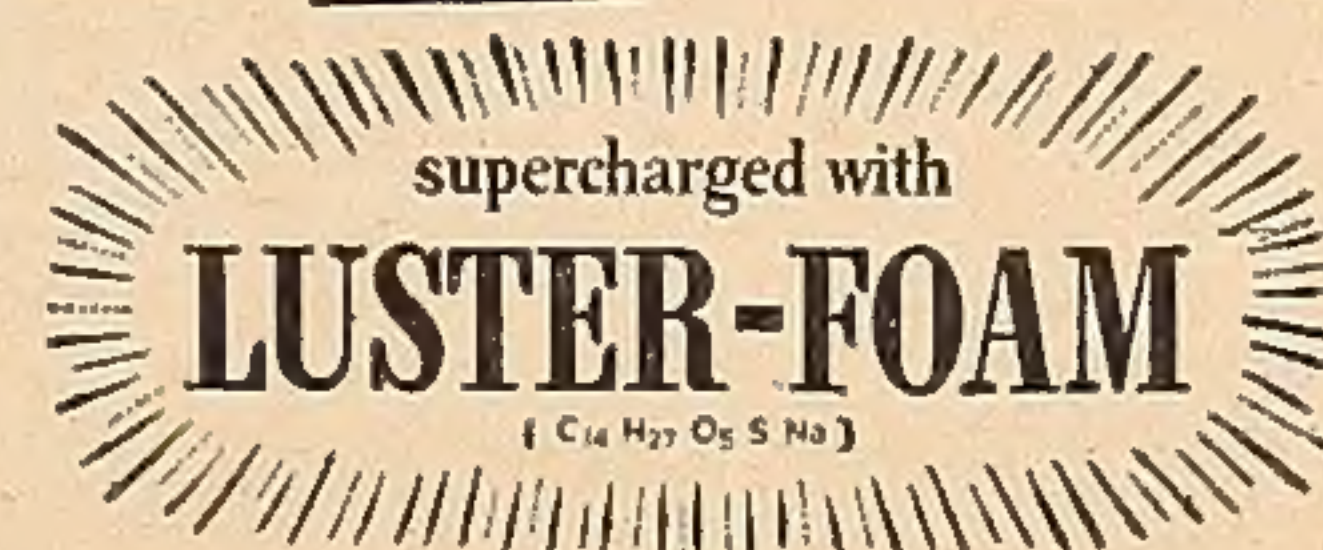
That's why it reaches hard-to-get-at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging "bubble bath" quickly attacks enamel-clouding films. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid ferments and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. St. Louis, Mo.



THE NEW FORMULA



P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam



IF ONLY THOUSANDS
OF SKINNY GIRLS
KNEW THIS SIMPLE
SECRET



Posed by
professional
models

10 TO 25 LBS., NEW PEP GAINED QUICK WITH IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS

IT used to be thought that many people were just naturally skinny, puny and inclined to be nervous. But today that idea has been proved entirely untrue in great numbers of cases. Thousands of thin, tired, rundown people have gained new naturally good-looking pounds, normal health and pep, new friends and enjoyment in life—with the aid of the Vitamin B and iron in these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Why so many build up quick

You see, scientists have discovered that today an untold number of people are underweight, rundown, often tired and jittery, simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. That's the secret of why with their aid thousands of men and women have put on 10 to 25 pounds of much-needed, naturally attractive flesh—gained normal health and pep, become much more popular and sought-after—often in just a few weeks!

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So always insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2611, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.
See your local paper for exact time and station.

Yours for Loveliness

Six steps in the art of discovery
of self beauty—all tried and true



Lip and eye beauty
is now coordinated in
the new aids by Winx

A LIPSTICK to harmonize with your eye make-up! Winx contributes this enhancement, plus a complete restyling and improvement in the famous Winx eye beautifiers—mascara, eyebrow pencil and eye shadow. A rich blending of subtle color accents for those attraction points of your face, eyes and mouth, are now available in exotic combinations in the chain stores. You will love this new lipstick! It has a soothing base that is not greasy. That means it will not dry lips, but *will* stay on longer. This lipstick gives that enviable perfect lip line, too. If you want a thrill from your own face, try your choice of the four vibrant tones, plus the harmonizing eye make-up. Truly lovely.



A mark of good grooming—lovely hands
with Jergens Lotion

INVITATION to romance lies in soft, compelling hands. Every touch, every movement of hands, too, indicate your personal care and fastidiousness—or your neglect. For softening, for smoothing, for whitening, Jergens Lotion is the choice of many discriminating women, and for good reason. This dainty lotion contributes the moisture that water, work and weather steal from your skin. Actually, there are a dozen and one uses for Jergens—wherever skin needs soothing and softening, but because of quick results, ease of use, lack of stickiness, we say, "Jergens for lovely hands!"

IF YOU are discouraged about your "difficult" hair, and that means dry, oily, extra-fine or bleached and dyed problems, I confidently direct you to your nearest beauty salon for one of the new Fitch's Reconditioning Treatments. Especially is this recommended if you want a permanent for your problem hair. Also, the best thought of the month if you want your scalp healthy, your hair alive with color and light, easy to manage. A sane, sensible treatment that is a beauty cocktail for any type of hair, troublesome or otherwise.

IT IS surprising what a quarter can buy! In this case, it is an understanding of your own face—its shape, contours, features, as illustrated in Perc Westmore's "Perfect Make-Up Guide," with clear instructions as to the use of make-up. In your face lie the dramatic and appealing qualities of many a star—if you just know how to accent them. This is the purpose of the book. Fascinating reading, profusely illustrated, with a measuring wheel to type your own face. Here is real help. At beauty counters in chain stores or by mail.



Sitroux Cold Cream
is a helpful cold
weather skin aid

AS COLD days approach, a good skin cream becomes very important. This cream should absolutely cleanse your skin of dust, make-up and normal secretion. My experience with Sitroux Cold Cream has been so satisfactory that I recommend it most heartily. In addition to superb cleansing, it seems to have just that amount of lubricant that keeps skin petal-soft without an excess of oil to make removal difficult. It meets the highest standards of purity and is made by the makers of Sitroux Tissues. The Sitroux Finishing Cream, too, deserves a good word. A means to that velour look; a safeguard for the freshness of make-up; a protection from weather and dust. The two make a good combination for cold weather. For sale in chain stores. Try these when you next buy creams.

"AS LIGHT as mist, as clinging as a true friend!" Here seem the popular specifications for an ideal face powder, and these you find in Luxor, with its "feather-cling" quality. This is a well-balanced, medium weight, in five fashion-right tones, with emphasis on the lovely Rose Rachel. If your experiments with face powder have not proved satisfactory—and many do have to experiment—try a box of Luxor. You will find that it flatters without being obvious to critical eyes; that you may depend upon it to cling and look fresh a long, long time; to bring you compliments of a lovely and coveted kind.

C. M.



A critical glance cannot detect "feather-cling" Luxor Powder

A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!
America at its maddest! America at its merriest...
the land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday
of the hotcha — the shock-crammed days
G-Men took ten whole years to lick!

By far the biggest of all
Jimmy's big hits!

JAMES CAGNEY • PRISCILLA LANE

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!

THE ROARING TWENTIES

Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with
HUMPHREY BOGART • GLADYS GEORGE
FRANK McHUGH • JEFFREY LYNN • PAUL KELLY
Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger





"Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

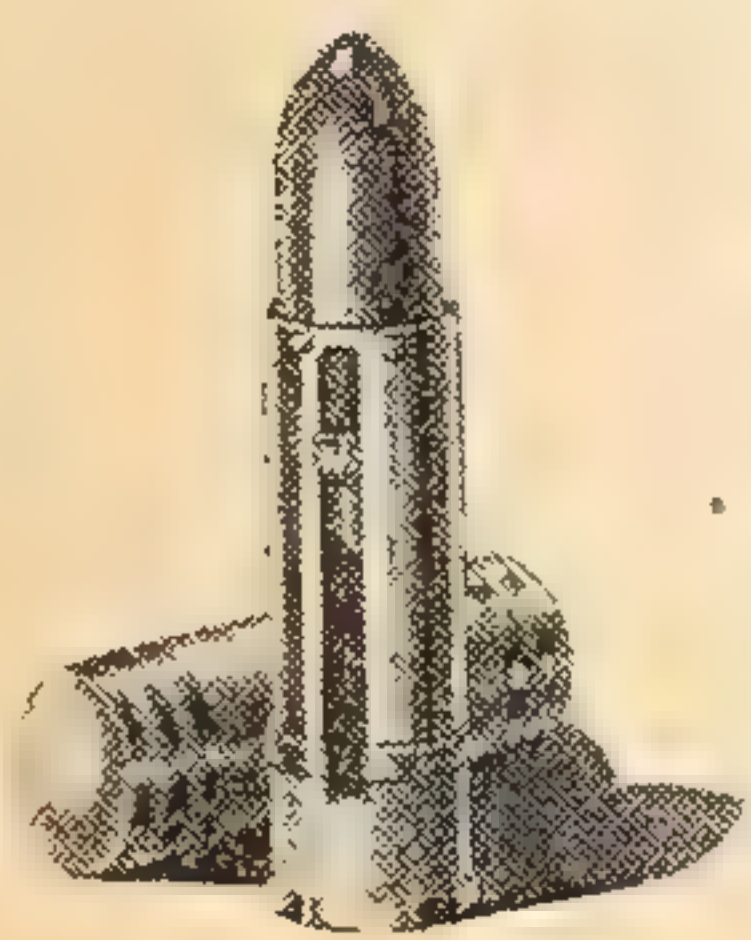
Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied*, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.



Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour... makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC
HARMONY!

Winx LIPSTICK
WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!



**"The trimmings" make entertaining
the fun it is—especially when, like
June Lang, you're the perfect hostess
who insists that every table set-
ting should make a beautiful picture**

**By
Betty
Boone**

JUNE LANG enjoys going to parties, but she loves giving parties for her friends, too, and you should hear their praise about how charming she is when she entertains. Although June is full of life and fun, we don't mean that she's strictly a party girl, for she does take her screen work seriously, but she sees to it that her career doesn't interfere with her star rôle of good hostess.

If you have pictured Miss Lang as being a twinkling glamor girl twenty-four hours of the day, you'll have to be disillusioned about that, for the glamorous actress you see on the screen puts business and career behind her when, at the end of a day's work, she opens the door of her home.

When that door closes, June Lang, the star, is left outside. Inside there's another June Lang—with the same thoughts and ideals and ambitions as a million girls all over the country. The late afternoon sun was streaming through the windows of the living room, the day I called on her. June

immediately broke forth with a homey, "I'm having a dinner tonight—do you mind coming into the dining room? I love to 'set the table' myself. It's so much fun to make dishes and glassware and flowers and silverware into a picture I direct!"

The raftered dining room is rich and dark with its massive furniture and its great refectory table. You can get a hint of this gracious dining room from the picture, for when June finished setting the table, she hurried upstairs, put on a soft chiffon dinner dress, and let us take this picture.

June is very particular about her table! After she had arranged the giant daisies in a circular silver bowl, spread fine linen doilies on the polished wood, and service plates and glassware on and by the doilies, she pulled out a deep drawer and beaming at us said: "Now I'm going to christen my brand new silverware. I love this design. It's the Del Mar pattern of 1881 Rogers," June continued, "and I own every piece of flat table silverware (Please turn to page 74)

To one woman
he gave his memories...
to another
he gave his dreams—
wild longings—
fierce desires
he dared not name...
for an interlude of
stolen love!
Could any woman
be content with
half a love?
Could any man
summon enough
for both?...

A vivid portrayal by

LESLIE HOWARD

star player extraordinary in

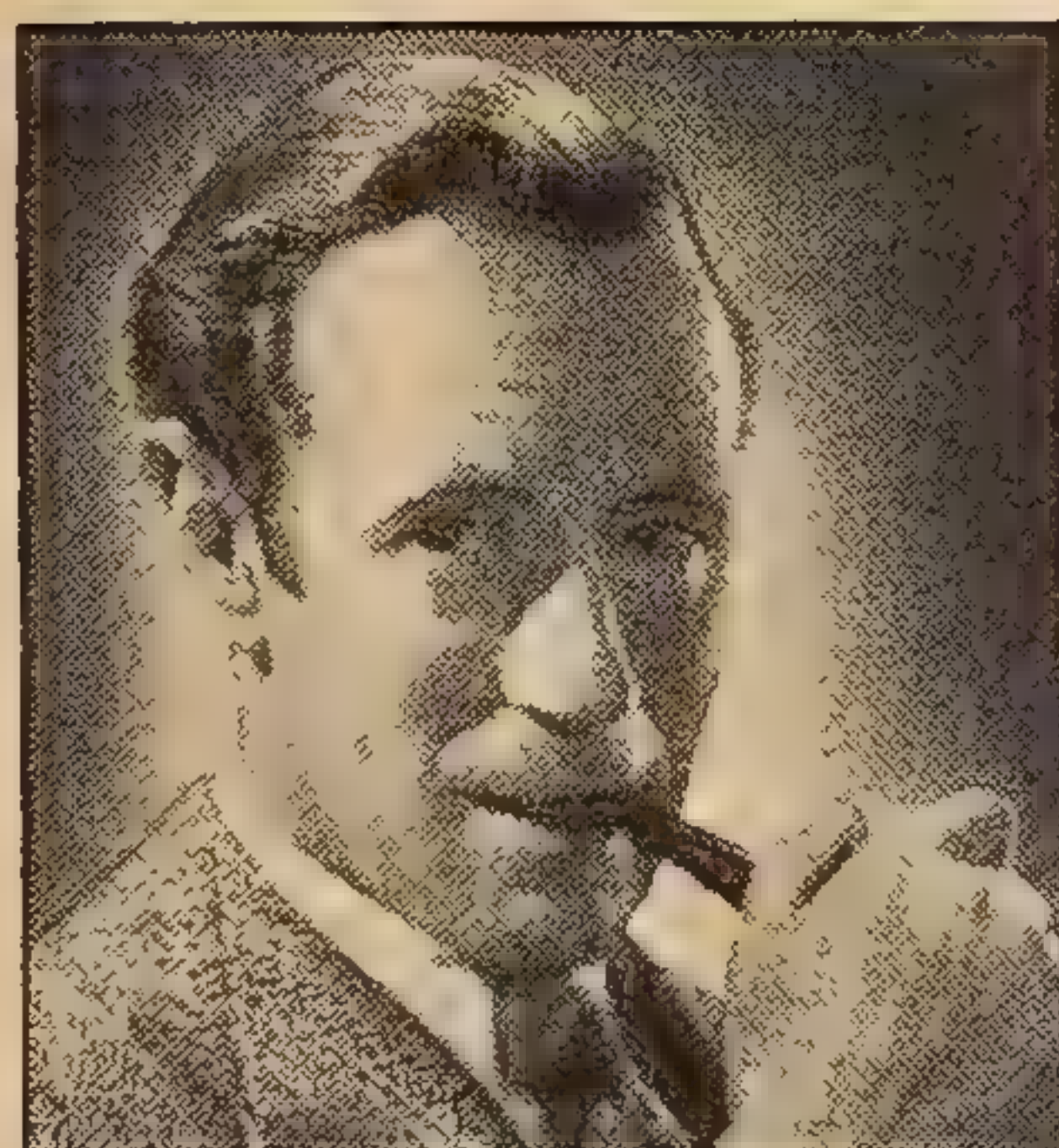
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SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S

great production introducing

the glamorous new Swedish star

INGRID BERGMAN



Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Leslie Howard, Associate Producer

Released thru United Artists

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"Mother comes to the Rescue"



JILL: O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

MOTHER: No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.



JILL: Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, and Ex-Lax won't upset your little tummy or sicken you. It's so nice and gentle.

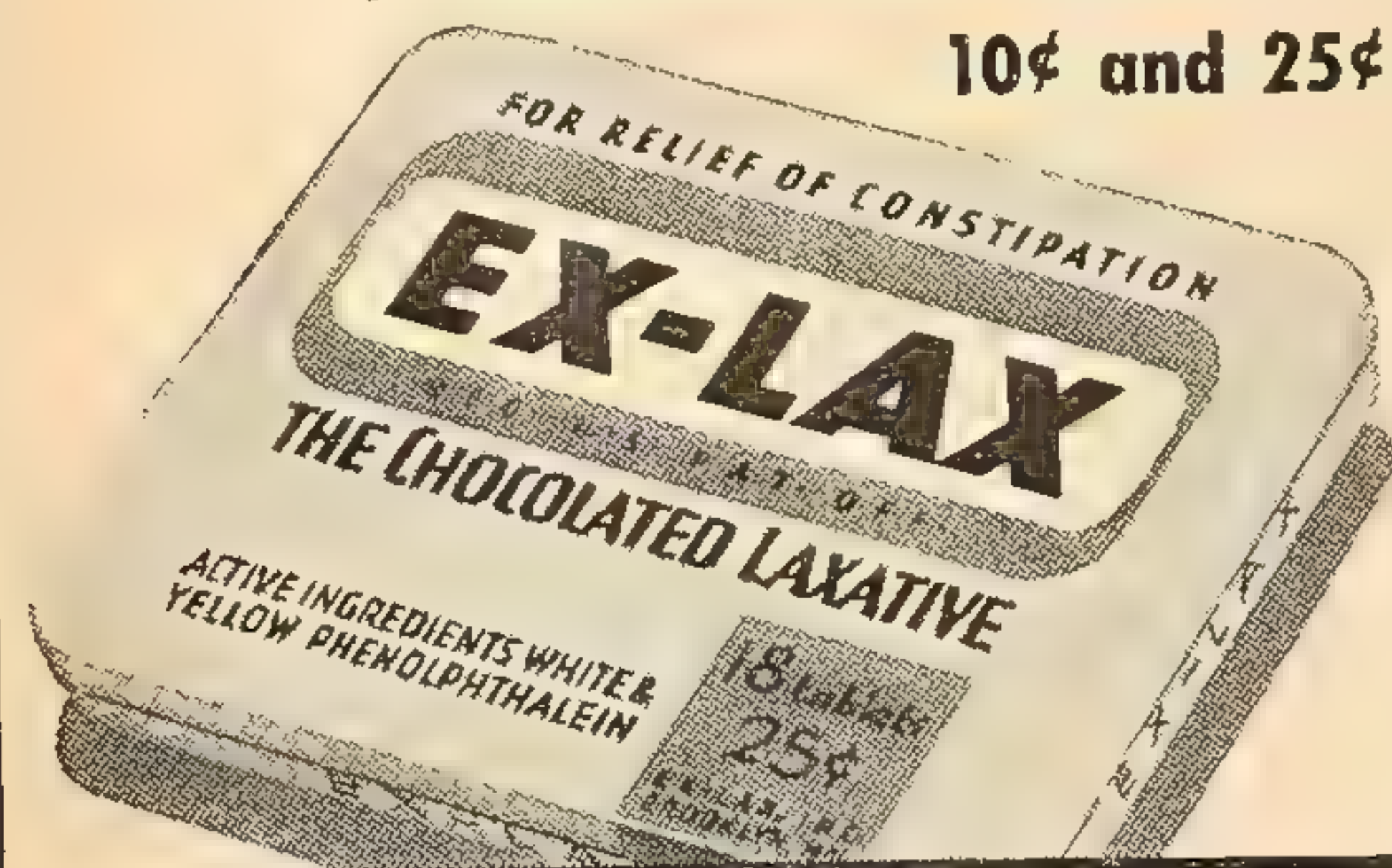


JILL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.

MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

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Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust—**NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. **WIRELESS, TUBELESS, BATTERYLESS! ENTIRELY NEW** PATENTED DESIGN. Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

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Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6



Len Weissman photo

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., dancing with his lovely wife. That's a tricky gown she's wearing. The girl dancing right out of the picture is Joan Bennett.

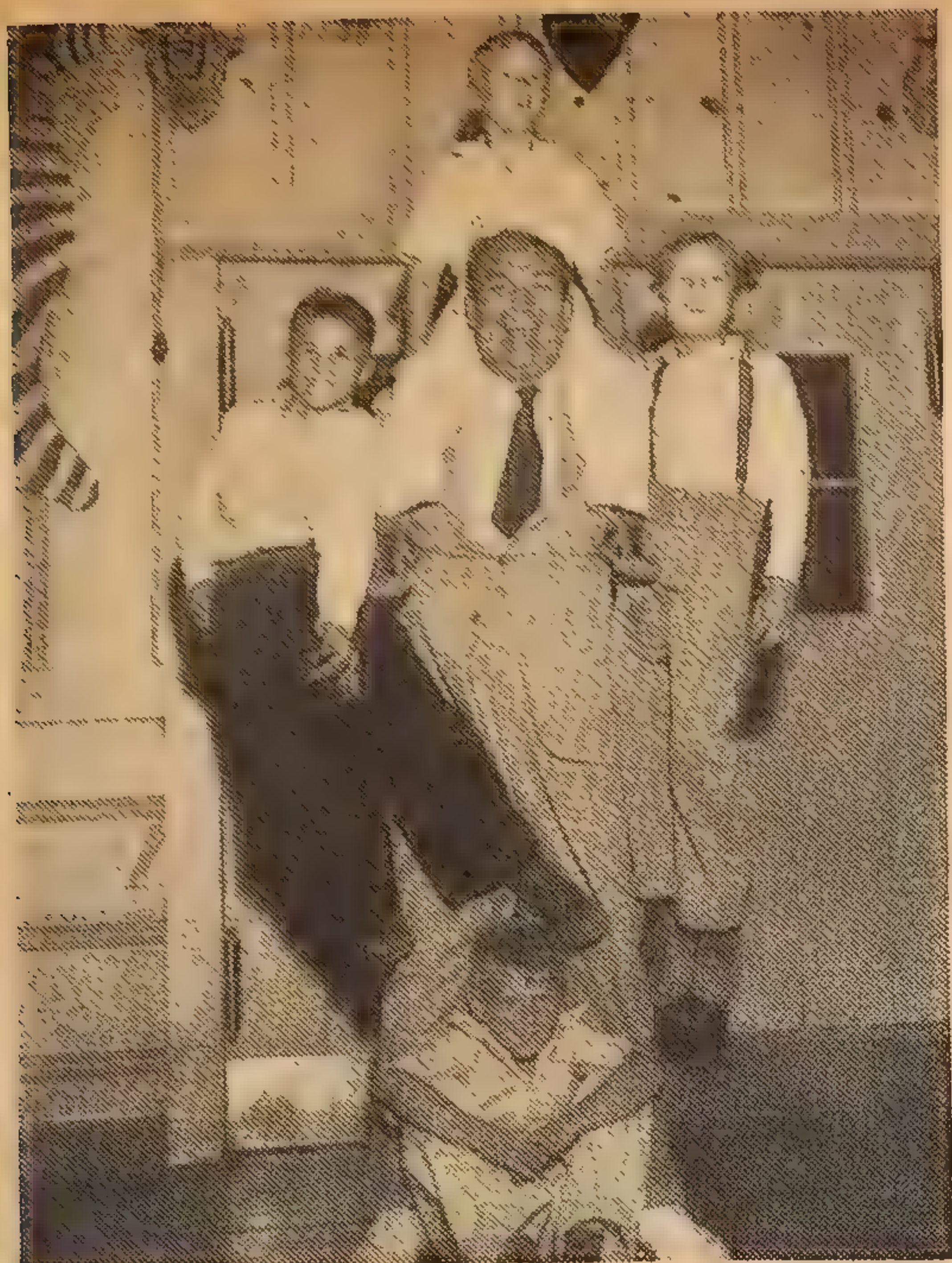
THE most ardent fan yet on record is the one who got so excited waiting in a crowd of "hounds" for Myrna Loy's autograph, that he nervously chewed up the picture of Myrna he wanted signed. She signed one of her personal cards for him instead. . . . Don Ameche's sons Donny, Ronny, and Tommy all want a little sister, but Don says not until after he has used the name of Johnny. . . . Joy Hodges was recently married to Gilbert Doorly, a newsman on the Omaha-World. . . . Patricia Ellis' cocker spaniel, Sir Reginald Applebottom, drew a ten dollar fine from the landlady of their apartment, for parking where there wasn't any tree.

WHETHER you care to believe it or not, Jack Benny has never kept a press book. He can't refer to his radio raves of years back by flipping open a huge clipping file, as most stars can. And it has never occurred to him that his lack of vanity would ever affect him in any way. But Joan Benny, his adopted daughter, is trying to persuade her famous father to be more conscious of his great popularity. She is only seven, and has just realized how popular her father is. She is a great movie fan herself, too. She has gathered countless pictures of him and stuck them all over the house. And in her room she recently gathered three poses she liked best and Jack was very touched by it all until he asked her why she had picked three pictures of him rather than one, and Joan said quickly, "Why daddy, because I imagine one of them is Robert Taylor, and one Tyrone Power, and the other one Gary Cooper!" Now Jack's decided he must do something to become the matinee idol type.

THERE is an actor in Hollywood, name of Jack Chapin, who is thoroughly disgusted with himself, because he figures, now, that in a weak moment he sold himself down the river to that greedy old ogre of Hollywood realism. Chapin is an actor turned sound-effect man. Those awful long waits between rôles forced him to it. Lately he has been called upon to use himself experimentally for sound effects that no real actor could abide for long. They've doused him in the face with a wet sponge to get a good recording of Claudette Colbert taking a bath. They've repeatedly slapped him across the bared chest with a handful of paste to get a good effect for Fred MacMurray hitting someone in the face with a paint brush. He's recorded the staggerings of a drunk, and the walking of a hen. But when he had to gnaw a discarded button in imitation of a mouse, it was too much. He's fed up with stage noises, and he wants more than anything else only to be seen again, even if he doesn't open his face.



Fred MacMurray is about to take Barbara Stanwyck for a ride in this scene from "Remember the Night," when Bossy looks in on them to moo her approval and frightens Barbara into moving closer. That's a grateful look Fred's giving Bossy.



Len Weissman photo

When Victor McLaglen entertained his club boys, he demonstrated his strength in this acrobatic fashion to the great delight of the youngsters.

JUST a year ago, come Hallowe'en Eve, which isn't so far away now, Victor McLaughlin was having a quiet dinner in a small out-door restaurant and was amused by the antics of a group of boys, playing in the street, who, apparently, recognized him. When Vic started to leave the place the boys mobbed him and demanded, instead of an autograph, a treat all around. Vic was taken with the young ruffians and after their treat took them on home with him for a real party. This Hallowe'en Eve the party will be repeated but it will be a first anniversary of the forming of a club on that night a year ago. The boys have been an institution with Victor ever since. They've organized themselves with the aim of getting more privileges, which they work for by giving plays and pageants and exhibitions of athletic skill and horsemanship, using Vic's stadium. They've all just returned from a trip to Catalina, that they earned themselves. Vic is their sponsor in all undertakings and he financed their start, and it's wonderful to see him with them. I don't have to tell you, do I, who their idol and favorite movie star is? Vic foots the bill for all parties and entertainments. This Hallowe'en party will be a real affair—no girls allowed!

WELL, I never thought it would happen, and I was awfully disappointed in John Garfield when I found out that he, of all people, had gone Hollywood. I happened to be at the airport, nosing for news again, and asking just what kind of aerial sports and flyers picture people make. I was finding out *plenty* about how your favorites behave in the air, when the hostess giving me the dope suddenly went very confidential and whispered that I mustn't look now but John Garfield had just arrived at the ticket window, and he was flying to New York on the next plane, but I mustn't say a word because he was travelling *incognito*. You could have knocked me down with a feather. "Fans and everything, you know, at every stop," she said. I was really off my feed for a couple of days just thinking about it, until his agent explained to me that he had reserved John's ticket, in the rush of a hurried departure, under his own name of Art Lyons. My little friend at the airport had simply jumped at conclusions.

No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—



EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. More business girls—more

women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

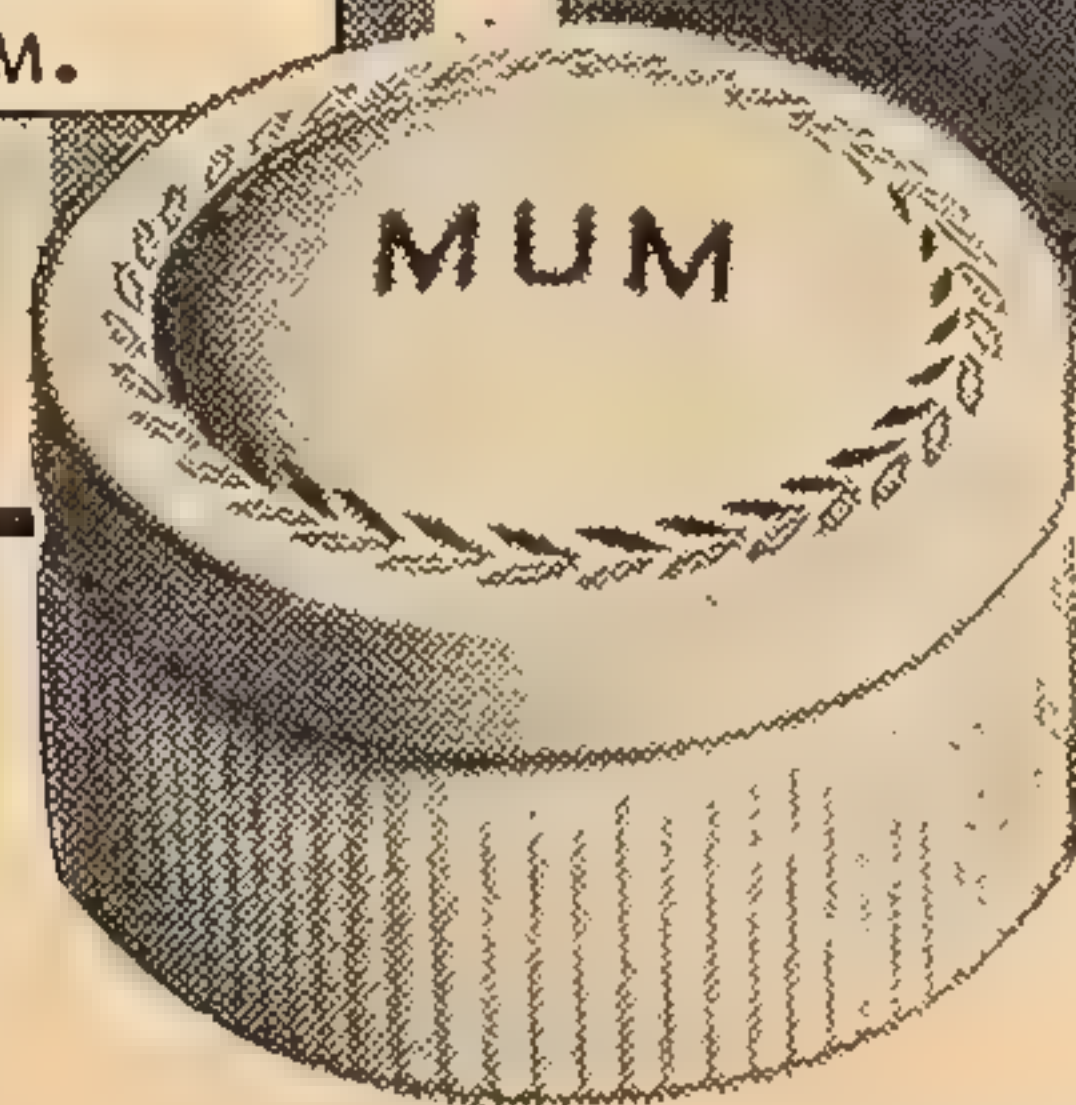
SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business...in love...guard your charm!

MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD



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Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.



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REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

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SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

The Cat
and the
Canary

Paramount



A mystery thriller which will send chills up and down your spine (except when Bob Hope appears on the scene and relieves the spooky atmosphere with his excellent humor). It all begins with the reading of a will at midnight in an old mansion which has dark secret passages and where mysterious noises are heard and murder is committed. Paulette Goddard provides romantic interest with Hope, Douglas Montgomery, John Beal quarrelling over her.

These
Glamour
Girls

M-G-M



A lively story which is based on college life and the allure of the glamour girls being rushed by the Kingsford College boys. Lew Ayres plays a rich man's son who, during a tipsy moment, invites Lana Turner, taxi dancer, to the college house parties where she is snubbed by snooty debutantes. The film contrasts the charm of the dime-a-dance girl with the cattiness of the upper crust debs, preaching against snobs. It has smart dialogue.

Coast
Guard

Columbia



Frances Dee, Randolph Scott and Ralph Bellamy make up the romantic trio in this film and all three give fine performances. Woman-shy Bellamy loses his girl to lady-killer Randy and the boys have a falling out, but things are set right when Scott rescues Bellamy. It's a story of the coast guard's daring and heroic deeds, but the least plausible scenes are the rescues and hurricane stuff which look phony. If you can overlook these, it's good entertainment.

Dust Be
My
Destiny

Warners



John Garfield and Priscilla Lane are co-starred in this film which shows the struggle American youngsters have in trying to find their place in the world. Garfield does a good job with the rôle of the boy who is bitter because he had to serve a sentence for a crime he didn't commit. Priscilla is splendid as the girl he marries and who proves to him that the world can be kind. The love scenes between the two are poignant, persuasive. A good picture.

Hawaiian
Nights

Universal



Swing music (by Matty Malneck's orchestra) and Hawaiian melodies (by Hoo-pii's Hawaiian band) are nicely blended in this light and gay film musical. It's about a young man (Johnny Downs) whose father wants him to follow him in the hotel business, but Johnny's heart is set on leading a swing band. It has hula dances by gals who sure know how to shake a "shredded wheat" skirt, and Constance Moore, Mary Carlisle and Eddie Quillan are in the cast.

The Ad-
ventures
of
Sherlock
Holmes

20th Cen-
tury-Fox



Sherlock Holmes, fiction's master detective is at his best in this mystery yarn, solving intricate crimes in thrilling fashion. It's second in series based on fame of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's sleuth. The infamous Moriarty is about to commit another murder in order to steal the crown jewels, but Holmes is too clever for him. Ida Lupino is the girl Holmes saves and Nigel Bruce plays Dr. Watson. Suspense to the very end. Well-acted by fine cast.

Flight At
Midnight

Republic



In this tale of aviation and romance, Phil Regan plays devil-may-care *Spinner Magee*, egotistical mail pilot who woos the ladies with his pleasant tenor voice. It's a familiar story made entertaining by fine cast: Jean Parker, Robert Armstrong, Col. Roscoe Turner, Noah Beery, Jr. Regan, grounded for breaking rules, sobers up when his buddy's killed because of his negligence. He makes amends by saving a plane from crashing through high-tension wires.

Our
Leading
Citizen

Paramount



Bob Burns as *Lem Schofield* characterizes a small-town lawyer who practices and preaches the golden rule. The film is entertaining, but it is somewhat slow moving and becomes too involved because of the many issues dealt with—unscrupulous capitalists, industrial strife with its strikes and plug-ugly strike-breakers, communistic propaganda, patriotic preaching, romance. Burns' fans will see their favorite in a straight dramatic rôle, one of his biggest.

Con-
spiracy

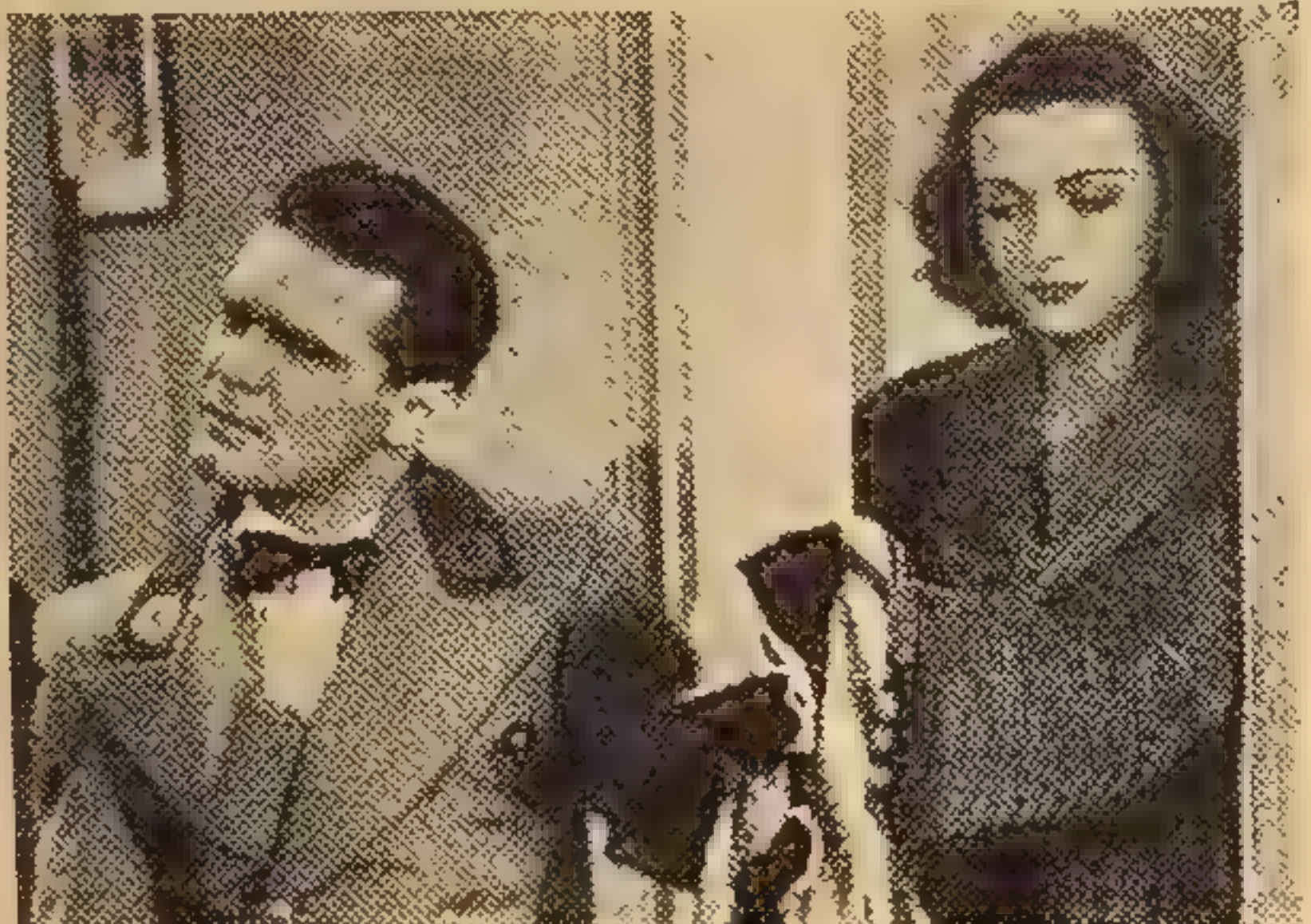
RKO-
Radio



A swiftly paced melodrama which reveals the intrigue in an unnamed "dictator controlled" country. It concerns an American ship radio operator, Allan Lane, who learns his ship carries contraband, escapes when it docks at a foreign port, and is hunted by secret police. Linda Hayes plays a secret operative who helps Allan get away. The plot is confusing, but a series of captures and escapes by speedboat and seaplane give it some thrilling moments.

Irish
Luck

Monogram



A crime melodrama, fourth in the series starring Frankie Darro, who plays *Buzzy*, bell boy in a hotel which turns out to be a stolen bonds center. *Buzzy's* an amateur sleuth who gathers clues while bellhopping and gets himself involved in many predicaments, but eventually (here's where the Irish Luck comes in) solves a murder. Frankie gives a good performance as the boy detective as does Maston Moreland, colored comic relief. Will please Darro fans.

Smuggled
Cargo

Republic



The plot of this film revolves around the life of a community of orange growers in the State of California with several problems on its hands. There's the smuggling of contraband oranges; the stealing of oil to keep smudge pots burning in order to save the crops from the frost; and a case of an innocent man who's accused of murder. It has plenty of action and thrills. The cast has Barry Mackay, Rochelle Hudson, Ralph Morgan, John Wray, Cliff Edwards.



FRANK CAPRA'S
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT

Out of the hearts of its people
... out of the very soil of America ... a

great director creates his most stirring, human drama ... of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart ... of a woman who helps make his dream come true ... and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring ... in the seeing! Precious ... in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S
"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"

co-starring

JEAN
ARTHUR



JAMES
STEWART

Claude RAINS · Edward ARNOLD · Guy KIBBEE · Thomas MITCHELL · Beulah BONDI

Directed by FRANK CAPRA · Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN

A Columbia Picture

THE ROMANCE OF
HOLLYWOOD FROM
BATHING BEAUTIES TO
WORLD PREMIERES!

IN
TECHNICOLOR

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CANAL CADE

*The most brilliant new
note in entertainment!
A heart-warming drama
of today filled with 1001
thrilling yesterdays!*

starring

ALICE DON
FAYE • AMECHE

J. Edward BROMBERG • ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN • JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON • DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT • EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

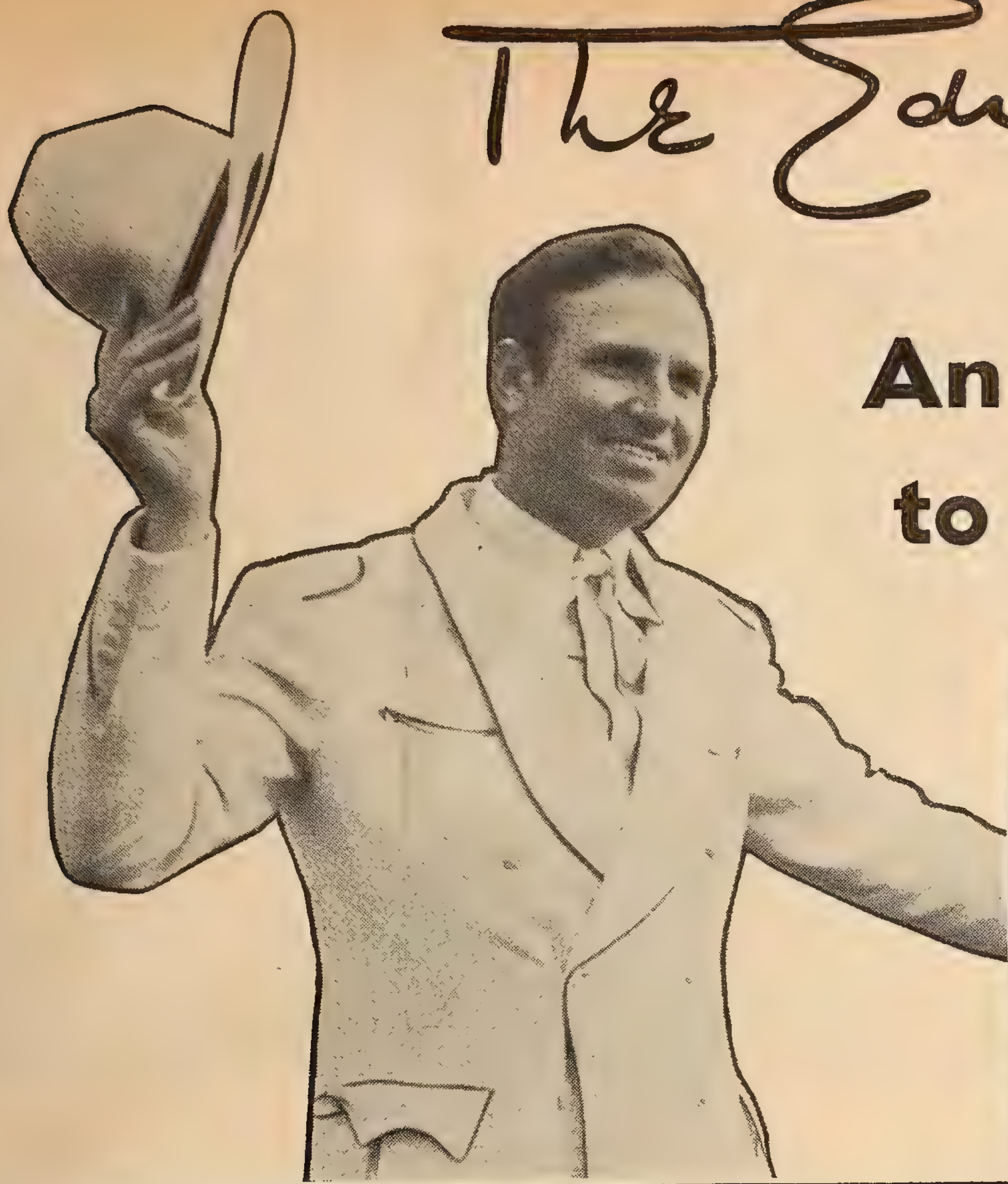
Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by
Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Gene Autry



DEAR MR. AUTRY:

I have owed you this Letter for a long time, whether you know it or not. I'm pretty sure you've never missed it what with your more than 12,000 fan letters a week. I've missed you, though, which is making my face very red.

You see, Mr. Autry, I live in that great big backward town called New York, and I review pictures there. Then I go to Hollywood to see them made. This has been going on for a long time—with my eyes bulging at Bing Crosby and Bob Taylor and Tyrone Power and Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, and my reviews bursting with attention to these famous and gifted gentlemen of the cinema. I went along smugly convinced that I was seeing everything worth seeing on the screen. I was right up to the minute with my movie-going, I was. I was—NOT.

All the time I had been missing the treat of a lifetime. What with dashing from the Radio City Music Hall to the Roxy and from pre-view to pre-view I had been overlooking the miracle man of the movies himself. *And* his horse Champion. *And* his steel guitar. Don't blame me too much, Mr. Autry. As I said before, New York is backward in some ways, chiefly in keeping up with Gene Autry. Your pictures don't play the Music Hall or the Roxy. In Hollywood you aren't one of the sights of the town such as Gable. You make your films quietly in one of the studios which is not so super-colossal as to be pointed out to visiting firemen like myself. And yet your pictures, practically secrets in Hollywood and New York, play

to more people and cheers than any other star's.

I finally caught up with you on the screen—and now I know what all the shouting's about. Your Westerns for Republic are crisp and clean and lively entertainment. You yourself represent a nice breezy glorification of the modern Westerner outwitting chicanery with good clean fun, an ingratiating grin, a soothing voice, and a wonderful way with the steel guitar. They're saying you make more money than Shirley Temple, attract more crowds in person than Tyrone and Gable combined could do, and are now tagged for a big-time future including a remake of Will Rogers' success, "Jubilo." That's fine. You come closer than any other personality to approaching the Rogers appeal. There's this difference: Will was a big-town stage star first, a small-town idol second. You're just beginning to dent the self-complacent consciousness of the big cities. If you can make the Music Hall and still keep the small-town kids cheering, you'll be the biggest star in pictures. And now may I please have your autographed photograph?

Delight Evans

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Is "Blondie" telling a good one to Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero, or is she just showing off pretty for our camera reporter? Anyway, it makes a cute picture. "Blondie," when not sparring with Arthur Lake on the screen, is Penny Singleton.



Watch this new twosome! No publicity romance for Richard Greene this time—not when the girl is the beautiful, blonde Virginia Field. See the coy velvet bow in her ear? Both handsome youngsters are English, and both are so-o-o romantic.



Herbert Marshall glares at our cameraman when caught off-guard at the Trocadero party after the big premiere of "The Women." His companion, attractive Lee Russell, makes a prettier picture as she goes right on chattering unconcernedly.



Binnie Barnes has bows in her hair, beaux at her elbow—Binnie's popular. Here, above, she is seen with Mike Francovich at the Cocoanut Grove. Mike is not in movies—but he's a Hollywood somebody as Joe E. Brown's adopted son. And now—

Come one, come all! See the little ladies and gentlemen of Hollywood off their guard—more or less—after studio hours, caught by our demon camera reporter, who has all the hard work and none of the fun

Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman



You see Pat O'Brien around a lot, but you don't often catch grand actor Walter Connolly off-guard, as he is here, pictured with his wife, Nedda Harrigan, as Pat chats with them at the Ambassador. Occasion: 60th birthday dinner for Gus Edwards.



Now that sister Joan Fontaine is married to Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland better watch out or she'll be the old maid of the family. It's Livvy's own fault; she's most-in-demand girl in Hollywood. Above, with her escort Tim Durant at Coconut Grove.



Joe E. himself, with his wife, out doin' the town. Above, they're dining in the Fiesta Room at the Ambassador. Joe E. recently requested press agents to stop publicizing that broad grin of his. "I'm no freak," said Joe, "I'm an actor."



Paulette Goddard, one of the many feminine sights to see in "The Women," nibbles a canapé held out to her by movie mogul Joseph Schenck, at the Troc party celebrating the big picture's world premiere. Note Paulette's huge locket.

Bagging the fierce (?) movie lions in their lairs is a perilous business for our intrepid cameraman. If he missed just one, he'd have all of 'em ganging up on him



Two familiar faces, and one to test your memory. You know Gracie Allen and George Burns; but can you identify their table companion in picture above? That bright little girl over there says it's William Haines. She's right! He's now an interior decorator.



You wouldn't know it from her smile, but Eleanor Powell's dogs are mighty tired tonight. She's been dancing with Fred Astaire all day in scenes for their first co-starring film, "Broadway Melody of 1940." Here, she's attending "Oz" premiere at Grauman's.



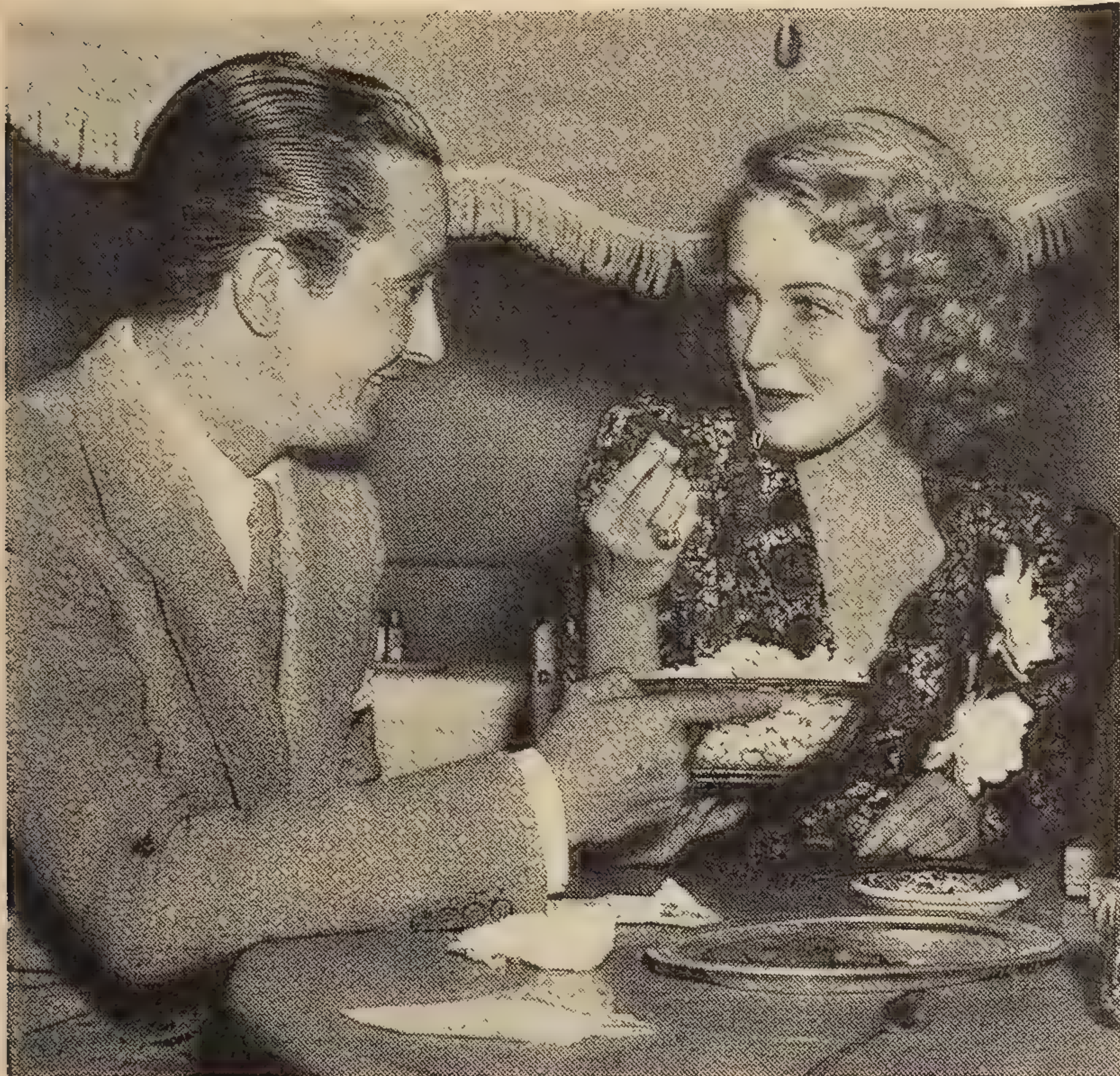
Now don't try to make something of this! Loretta Young, above, had fun dancing with Broderick Crawford one informal evening at the Cocoanut Grove. They're good friends, and that's positively all. Brod is son of Helen Broderick, the comedienne.



Fred Stone, grand old man of stage and screen, celebrated fifty years in show business by making a speech at opening of "Wizard of Oz" while daughter Paula Stone listens. Mammy and Pappy may remember that Fred was original "Oz" SCARECROW.

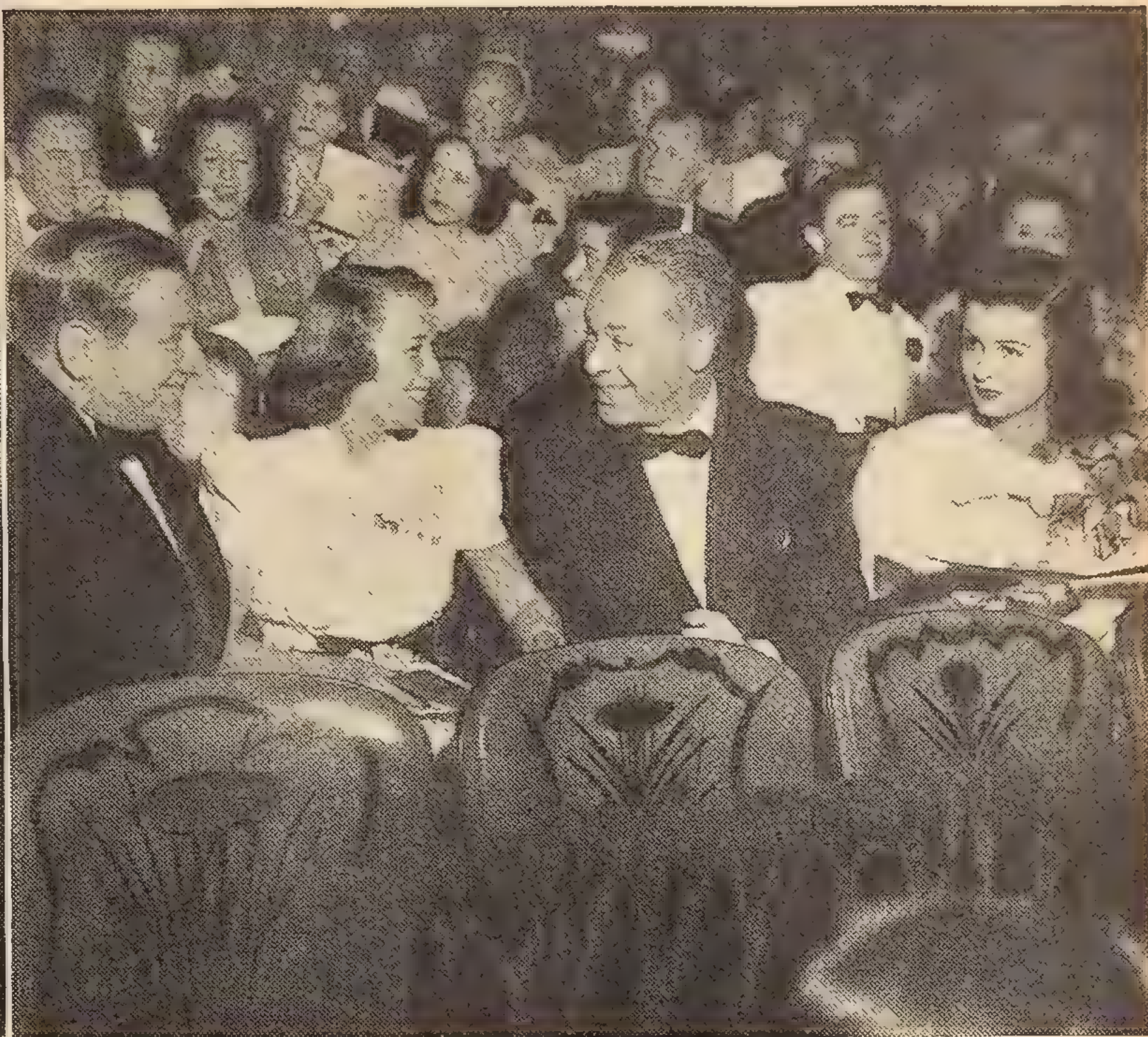


Studies in expressions, above. The "I'm-used-to-it-by-this-time" expression, by actress Irene Dunne, left. The "This-is-too-embarrassing-for-words" look by socialite Mrs. Guy Torrey, as the ladies help themselves at the buffet table at Beverly Hills Hotel.



You may not see much of Nino Martini for a long time. Then he'll bob up and always in the company of a gorgeous creature. This time Nino squires lovely June Lang, one of Hollywood's two or three prettiest girls, to Sand and Pool Club at Beverly Hills Hotel.

Stanley sneaking up on Livingstone had nothing on our photographer stalking his film prey in their pet haunts. See how he brings 'em back alive and smiling



Gregory Ratoff, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Walter Wanger, and Joan Bennett occupy adjoining seats at a recent movie opening. Ratoff is a director; Wanger a producer; Mrs. Zanuck a producer's wife; and Miss Bennett a screen star. Guess are they talking shop?



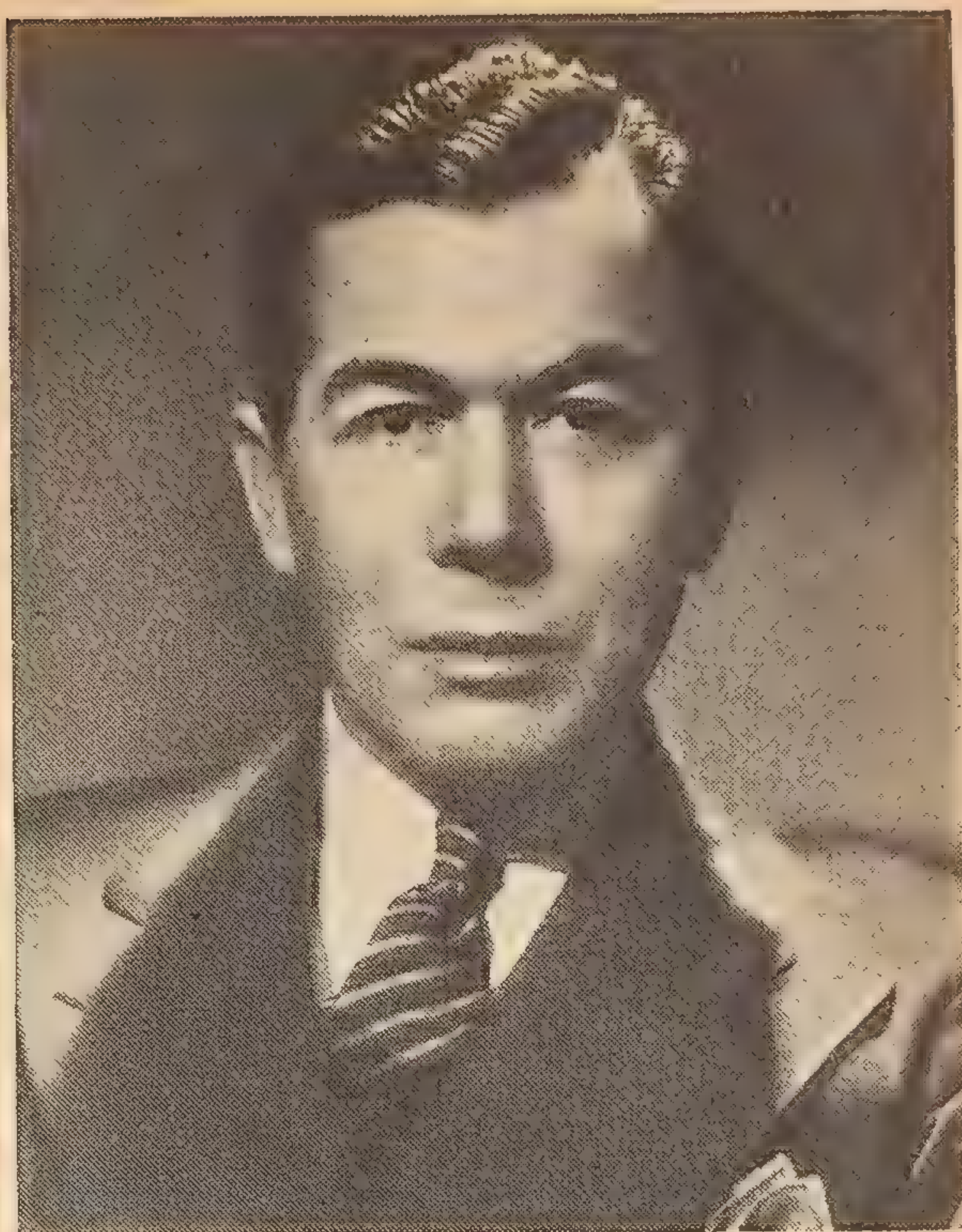
The only glum "lions" bagged by brave Len Weissman are the two solemn stars above, pictured at the Gus Edwards 60th birthday dinner. Eddie Cantor was once a Gus Edwards kid actor, along with Walter Winchell, George Jessel and other celebs. Jack Benny's hungry.



Garbo in Love Again?

Romance for Hollywood's most mysterious woman!
Who is "he?" Read all about the new man in Garbo's life

By Elizabeth Wilson



Recluse from romance? Not Garbo! Remember Jack Gilbert, Mamoulian, George Brent, Leopold Stokowski—and now, the interesting gentleman above. Dr. Gayelord Hauser, celebrity himself, is her rumored romantic interest. At left, Dr. Hauser pictured with Anne Shirley, Alice Eden, and Muriel Hutchinson at a recent charity luncheon given by the Assistance League. Let Elizabeth Wilson tell you the thrilling story, here, of Garbo and Gayelord Hauser.

"**T**HE loves of the great," a poet once wrote, "can no more be hidden than the burning topless towers of Illium." Helen of Troy found that out, so did Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, Ninon de l'Enclos, and the languidly lovely Lily Langtry. And so has the most alluring of all the beautiful women of the silver screen—Greta Garbo.

Garbo is the only one of Hollywood's glamorous stars who really has a private life. She alone is magnificently aloof. She alone has the somber mystery of a snow-capped Matterhorn. For months she can live her life in private. The snoopest of reporters cannot pry into her solitude. But when the Great Garbo falls in love—then indeed the topless towers begin to burn. Her private life is shot to hell.

When Garbo returned to Hollywood several months ago to start production on "Ninotchka" she had a telephone installed in her dressing room on the set. This is the first time she has ever had a phone. She could have had one long ago (Mr. Mayer would gladly have had a little something in gold and sapphires sent out from Cartier's, so eager is he to please his Scandinavian star) but Garbo never called anyone, and no one ever called Garbo, so it just stood to reason that Garbo didn't really need a telephone. But now it seems not only does she make calls but she receives them, several a day.

This shock was quickly followed by another, and another. A writer reported that she was interviewing Myrna Loy one noon in the new women's dressing room building when Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, accompanied by much clamor and laughter, broke loose in the Garbo dressing room directly across from Miss Loy's. Garbo, apparently, was catching up on her dancing. Miss Lamarr in the room below was catching up on her sleep, but gave it up. A columnist reported that he was showing his Aunt Tillie and cousins from Paducah the Metro back lot one afternoon when Garbo in slacks and a big straw hat ran past them and did a hurdle, a la

Mickey Rooney, over a pile of "props"—and looked back at them with a smile to see if they fully appreciated her prowess. They did. Aunt Tillie hasn't stopped talking yet.

Well, naturally, the studio began to wonder. Garbo, who used to wrap herself in cellophane the minute she left the set, was actually smiling at people! And hurdling and dancing too! Why, she hadn't been so animated in years. She must be falling in love again! But with whom?

The answer to that question didn't come until several weeks later when the doorman on the "Ninotchka" stage was startled out of his wits one day by a young man and two ladies who casually announced that they were there to see Miss Garbo. "You can't come on this set," the doorman sputtered. "No one ever sees Miss Garbo. The set is absolutely closed to all visitors." The young man smiled patiently. "Miss Garbo has invited us. Tell her it's Gayelord Hauser."

"Tain't no use," grumbled the doorman. "She don't see nobody." But much to his amazement, to everyone's amazement, Garbo did *not* have the visitors thrown off, instead she greeted them with friendly chit-chat, and even urged them to stay for tea. Eyes popped all over the place. In all the thirteen years she had been at Metro Garbo had never permitted guests on the set before!

You can well imagine that that little episode caused a bit of a flurry around the lot. Who was this Gayelord Hauser who entered where not even Kings were allowed? Only the week before the Crown Prince of Sweden had been refused admittance to the Garbo set! Everyone had been refused. *Except* Gayelord Hauser. Garbo must be in love with him. That was it—he was Garbo's new "boy friend."

Well, he might be Garbo's new "boy friend" to the studio people but to the world in general Benjamin Gayelord Hauser is as famous in his profession as Garbo is in hers. For a number of years Dr. Hauser has been a well-known authority on Diet and Health. He has been diet advisor to the world's most (*Please turn to page 84*)



A bombshell that had to be hurled at you in the cause of common decency! Famous producer Pasternak has the courage to come out with the brutal facts



DRAWINGS BY
LEONARD FRANK

**WARNING TO
AMERICAN MOTHERS!
DON'T BRING
YOUR CHILDREN
TO HOLLYWOOD**

BY
IDA
ZEITLIN

**DISCOVERER
OF
DEANNA DURBIN
AND
GLORIA JEAN
TELLS YOU WHY**



Pasternak, the man who discovered Deanna Durbin, now presents the latest child prodigy, eleven-year-old Gloria Jean, above. Far left on opposite page, the producer Pasternak pictured with his two smart little stars. Left, newcomer Gloria Jean sings to C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from her first film, "The Under-Pup." The pictures at right show Gloria Jean being groomed for stardom from her first meeting with Deanna, bottom of page, up through her coaching by directors, sound experts, and technicians at the studio.

NOT long ago Joe Pasternak received a letter from a woman. "I'm visiting here from the east," she wrote. "My mother knew your father. I'd like to come in and say hello."

Pasternak was suspicious. He is also polite. He invited her to the studio and showed no surprise when she brought a little girl with her, because that was what he'd been expecting. Civilities over, she came to the point. She had always longed to be an actress. Circumstance had prevented, but she'd handed her thwarted talent down to her child. Pasternak was so wonderful with children. Look at Deanna Durbin. And now Gloria Jean. She understood that he was always on the lookout for talented youngsters. They must be so hard to find. So she'd brought him hers. He heard her out quietly, then said: "I'll do my best for you.—Do you love your husband?" "Why—yes." "And your child?" "Of course." "All right then, take her home!" said Pasternak. "Get out of Hollywood as fast as you can and stay out! Give her a normal childhood with you and her father. Let her go to school with the girls and play tag and make fudge and giggle, and when the time (Please turn to page 76)





Leslie Howard, above, in a tender love scene with the new Swedish screen sensation, Ingrid Bergman, in "Intermezzo," Howard's first film since the successful "Pygmalion." He plays a married man who falls in love with a girl half his years—Miss Bergman.

**By
Ben Maddox**

The elegant and amiable Mr. Howard speaks with startling frankness and real understanding. Subject: remodelling women!

DISCONTENTED women are usually responsible for their own defeats! Only one ungratified woman in a thousand tries to change herself in the right way." It was Leslie Howard talking. Leslie, the sophisticate, had achieved perfect relaxation in a too rigid chair by simply lounging in it. He took slow, satisfying puffs at the English briar that is as much a part of him as his comfortable Mexican sandals are. He has seen how blunderingly some women have gone about attempting to remodel themselves, and he marvels at their persistent blindness.

"Of course nine out of ten women are miserable!" he went on. "They want to be exactly what they aren't. But they don't know how to go about it! The woman who denies that she wants, above all else, to be well-loved is plunging headlong into the worst of complexes. She may persuade herself temporarily that she is above romance being the most important thing in her life, but some day she'll wake up to a pretty fine mess of regrets. She'll never forgive herself for deliberately trying to live without the greatest of pleasures—love."

The brilliant morning sun poured onto his blond hair. He shifted to get it on his face. Then he continued,

firmly: "The woman who isn't concerned chiefly with how to rate a better love-life isn't interested in restyling herself, however, so let's count her out. Most women today, fortunately, do suspect that no career of any kind will compensate for the lack of an above-par husband. No actress is making more commendable strides now than Bette Davis, and she will tell you herself that her career has also brought her a loneliness that she dreads.

"I am not unduly conceited about my own sex," he smiled. "I realize that half of our romances slither off into dullness, if not into out-and-out disruption, because the gentleman in the case is no gentleman. The man too frequently does not do justice to the lady in the case. You know," said Leslie, his blue eyes turning earnest, "a woman, to be at her best, must be guided by an understanding man, by a man who is experienced and wise and completely aware of her powers. He will never treat her as an inferior. Many men have little consideration for the women they marry. They don't recognize that they must adapt themselves to feminine feelings.

"No woman, I don't care who she is, really expresses herself until she has known love. Not until then can she live intensely. She only puts up a big bluff about being

self-reliant until her desire for companionship is fully shared and understood. Furthermore, a woman is stupid if she resigns herself to a disappointing life. Unselfishness is a dangerous virtue. Women who make themselves martyrs to men are rarely magnetic, as they could be. A man thrills to spirit in a woman, never to docile dumbness. Often wholesale devotion is plain cowardice, or laziness. A woman isn't a true woman unless she has some conceit about her charms. Sometimes, regardless of how much a woman loves a man, and even though she does everything she can to please him, the man is not worth her efforts. When she learns that all her exertions have been futile, she finds a sudden determination to put an end to all her one-sided grief. I don't blame her; I admire her. She can begin again, so why shouldn't she?

"I'm recalling actual case histories," Leslie admitted. "I've been impressed with the cleverness of some women, and the bungling of others. The happiest women I've encountered have been the discerning ones who've artfully built their lives around the man they wanted. They bravely stepped out, and into the spot they felt suited them. *They didn't think too much.* They listened to what their

heart said. I don't wonder so many women become mixed up when they resolve to remodel themselves; there's such a barrage of advice fired forth that any doubtful person couldn't help but be confused. But when a woman starts to set herself right she makes a grave mistake if she supposes she can *reason* herself into more pleasant circumstances. That 'use-your-head' theory is a fallacy. None of us is ever ruled by our brain, not really. Our emotions govern us. All we need do is let our heart decide which emotion is best. It's not complicated, you see?

"The happiest women I've known have been *amusing* women, because a man longs to be entertained. Faithfulness and kindness are primary qualities for a woman to possess when she is in love, but a woman can't sit back and expect to be fascinating because those two characteristics are obviously hers. It's most commendable to be able to run a home, and raise a family. But a man wants more. He wants his life decorated. So a smart woman is proficient in the art of gaiety. She conscientiously sparkles. She is as easy to look at as she can be, and she is warm and sympathetic and *merry*. She doesn't take things too seriously. (*Please turn to page 80*)

"PROFESSOR HIGGINS" HOWARD SAYS:

¶ "The woman who denies that she wants, above all else, to be well-loved is plunging headlong into the worst of complexes!"

¶ "The happiest women I have known have been amusing women, who listened to what their hearts said and didn't think too much!"

¶ "Unselfishness is a dangerous virtue. Women who make themselves martyrs are never thrilling!"



By Kay Proctor

Two charming troupers—one on the threshold of fame, the other mellowed with many years of triumphs—tell you their secrets of success in life and work

"Oty Fun to be 19!"

Olympe with Pat O'Brien in "Happy Ending."



Two events of major importance had transpired to encourage Olympe in the hopeful belief that at long last she had been graduated from the "little girl" ranks. Exultantly she recounted them for me. "For the first time in my life I have ridden on a train all by myself!" she gloated. "And for the first time in my life I've been away from home for three whole days without The Bosses!"

The Bosses, she explained, have nothing to do with her employers, (Please turn to page 81)

AMAZING things can happen in Hollywood. For instance, I just have witnessed nothing more than a single slice of gooey chocolate cake put down a one-woman rebellion. The incipient rebellion was centered in the petite and sparkling person of curly-headed Olympe Bradna. Its fountain head was simply this: Miss Bradna was irked to the tips of her pink toes at the way everyone—family, studio, and friends—persisted in treating her as if she were a babe in swaddling clothes instead of a full-grown woman.

"After all, I *am* 19 going on 20," she pointed out in indignation. "Or at least I will be next month, and that's certainly grown up. Look how people treated *Juliet* when she was only 15, or *Scarlett O'Hara* when she was just 16."

We were having a buffet lunch a few steps from the sands of the private beach of the Del Mar Beach Club where Olympe had become a member a few days before. With disarming naïvete and infectious excitement she had taken me on a *grande tour* of the premises, including The Ladies Room, which is done in blue tile, and The Crow's Nest, which used to be the life-guards' lookout tower but has been converted into a miniature bar. (We had a Coca-Cola and shaved ice apiece to keep in the gay, festive mood of the day!)



Radiant Dawn—Olympe Bradna, Star at 19

MOST women dread old age, and think with fear and revulsion of the day when they will be wrinkled, when their youthful good looks will have faded, and when romantic love will be only a dim chapter in their past. But May Robson feels otherwise.

"It's fun to be seventy-five," she told me. "Young people are apt to be so serious and so pessimistic. By the time you've reached seventy-five, you have priceless memories to draw upon at all times, memories that keep you happy and young. Not that I plan to live in the past—heavens, no! But after you've lived through so many years, you know that nothing that can happen to you in life can keep you from going upstream.

"Each time you have a child or a grandchild or a great-grandchild, life begins for you all over again. I intend to live to a ripe old age, for I have a great-grandson, seven days old, and I want to help bring him up. I've got my work cut out for me. Pictures, of course. And living up to what my family thinks of me. I try to be what those who love me think I am. And believe me, if you live up to what they think of you, that's plenty; you can't want more than that out of life."

Since everyone asks May how to live to a ripe old age, she has an answer on tap. "Live a sane life and work," she said.

"And It's Fun to be 75"

"I've never known a man or a woman to say, 'From now on I close up my desk and retire' and to do it, who wasn't dead in a year. Of course I don't mean you have to work at a desk. If you've got children and they take up all your time, that can be hard work, too.

"Ever since I went on the stage in 1883, I've worked, never missing a single season. Then recently, while I was making 'They Made Me a Criminal,' I fell down and broke my arm, and they took me out in the middle of the picture. For some reason, they couldn't put my arm in a cast, so they put a Matthews pin through the bone of the elbow, tied a rope to it, attached an eight-pound weight to it, and tied the rope to the bed so my arm was pulled this way and that way. I tell you, I was all trussed up like a fowl. And what do you think my friends said? 'This was really a lucky break for you, May. You needed the rest.' I got so mad about it, I couldn't stand it any longer. When Rob Wagner came to visit me, I said, 'If you come one step nearer to me and say, 'Well, May, you needed the rest,' I'll commit murder. And if you go further and say, 'Aren't you glad it wasn't your hip?' I'll torture you first before I murder you.' Wouldn't you think that people could find something more comforting than that to say to a woman with a broken arm?"

And May's hearty laughter suddenly resounded through the room. Actually she asks no one's sympathy but has always been able to take what was meted out to her with indomitable courage. Married at sixteen, she

had three children before she was twenty-four—two boys and a girl. When she and her husband encountered financial difficulties,

she went on the stage. One of

her rôles was in a play

named "Called

Back." And

by

By

Dora Albert

hideous, ironic chance, it was while she was acting in this play that two of her children were truly "called back," for they sickened and died of diphtheria. Only one child—Edward—was left. When her husband died, she was alone with the burden of her pain and with the problem of supporting her son. Out of her fears and her hopes, she wrote a poem which has been reprinted many times because it touches a universal note:

When your heart cries out
In its dire distress
For the peace that has winged away
Do you think that your sorrow
Will grow less
If watered by tears each day?
One solace God sends
For that haunting pain.
Of this heartease would you partake?
Then WORK!
Garner in the sheaves of your brain
And your heart will forget its ache!

It's a doctrine that May Robson has been preaching ever since, through the years. "If I had a daughter," she said, "that's what I would (*Please turn to page 95*)



Sunny Side Up at Sunset—May Robson, 75

First pictures and story of Jimmy Cagney's new home—when you scratch the screen's top Tough Guy you find a peaceful citizen!

By
S. R. Mook

Exclusive! We're first to show you the new Cagney place, left. Below, another exterior view of driveway and motor court; the dining room; and the stone-walled library.

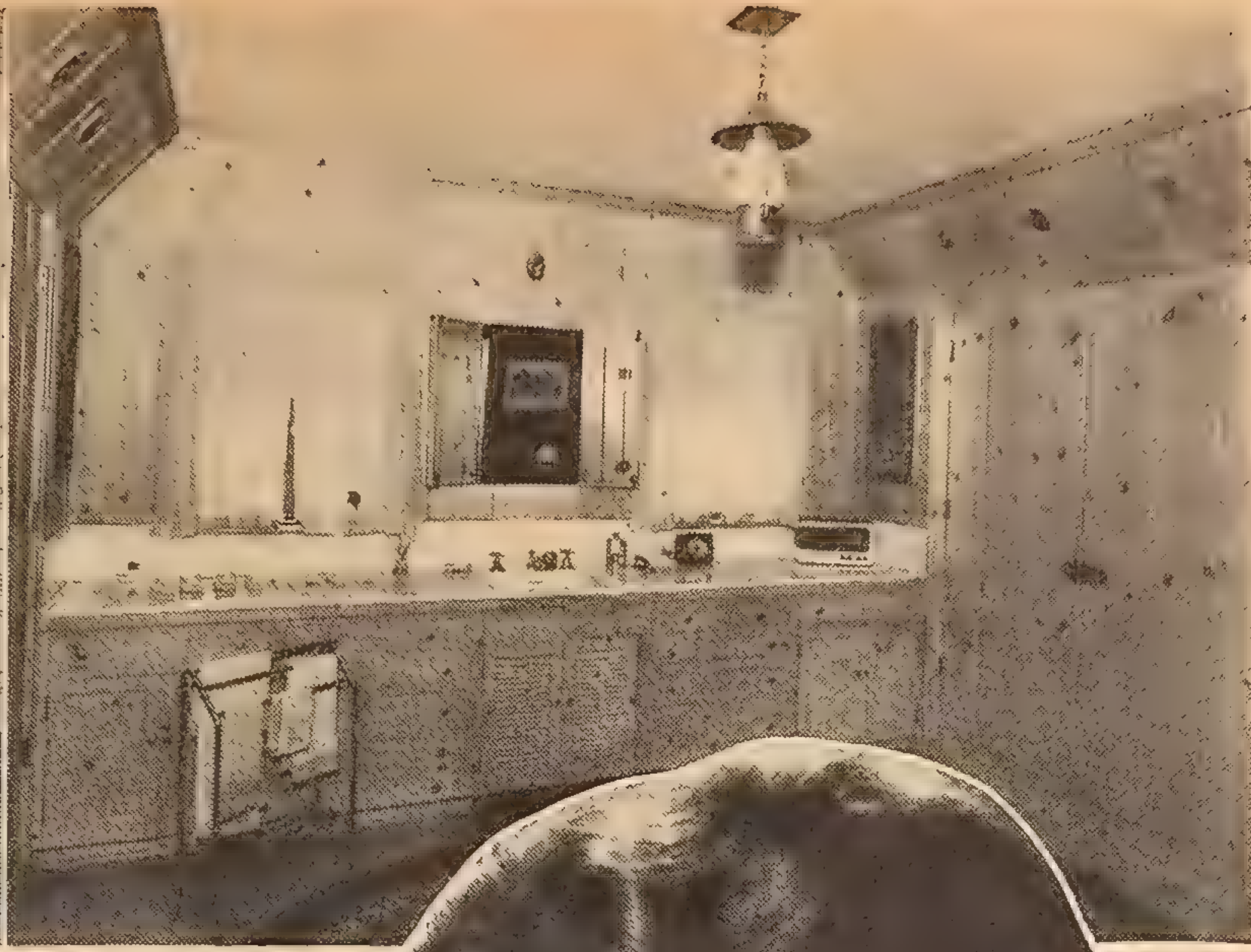


CAGNEY Comes Home

HERE is the first real story of the new James Cagney home. Reams of publicity flooded the country when Jimmy and Billie (his wife) elected to live in servants' quarters over the garage, rather than in a hotel, while the house was being built. It has been close to a year from the time they first started clearing the ground until they have finally moved into their new abode. The fact that they chose to live on the ground was no surprise to me. There are no people in Hollywood with so deep-rooted a feeling of contempt for "chi-chi" as these two. That the house was almost a year in the building (according to the publicity sent out) gave rise to all sorts of speculation as to what kind of house it would be. I'll tell you—it is more of a home than a house!

One star confided to me once that he was building a "small place" out here to harbor him and his wife while he works on pictures but that his "home" would be on his Pennsylvania farm. When the "small place" was completed it turned out to be a modest domicile of seventeen rooms. But the new Cagney place comes pretty close to being my favorite of all the stars' homes. It is the first time a star has





said he would build a small home and stuck to his word. It is just six rooms. Simplicity is the keynote and there is not a home in the movie colony more typical of its owners. Most Hollywood homes reflect the taste of the interior decorator. The Cagney home had no decorator. Jim and Billie did it themselves—and did it in excellent taste. The major portion of the year was spent, not in the building of the house (which is much less pretentious than a successful business man in any other line of endeavor would build) but in the clearing of the ground.

Originally the twelve acre plot was bought by Jim as an investment. It rambles all over a mountain side. A garage with servants' quarters over it (consisting of a large room with a pull-down bed, a small kitchen, bathroom and laundry) were put in by the former owner about twenty-five years ago. A small outhouse which originally was built as a stable and barn was left standing. This has been converted into a guest house at a minimum of expense. It is curious but the fact remains that while the outhouses were in a good condition of repair the main dwelling was falling apart. There was nothing that could be done to it, except tear it down. So they tore it down.

The new house is an Irish farmhouse. "Irish farmhouse!" I ejaculated when Jim told me. "I thought the Irish were regarded as a poverty stricken race." "Well," Jim grinned, "there are some landed gentry even among the Irish, I guess."

The road was already in. It only had to be resurfaced. Its graciously winding curves lead up (Please turn to page 72)



More photographs of Cagney's home on Page 72. All by Scotty Welbourne, Warners, made exclusively for SCREENLAND.



Cagney's new home has just six rooms. Above, the library with built-in bar. Top, Jim's bedroom and dressing room—read our story for description of every room, and anecdotes about the Cagneys as home-builders, by S. R. "Dick" Mook who knows them well.

What's she really like, this new screen sweetheart of Nelson Eddy? Our candid close-up gives you the startling story of Ilona Massey

By
Charles Darnton



She's in a spot, this beautiful blonde! Following Jeanette MacDonald as Eddy's co-star in "Balalaika," above, she'll face critical comparison. But Ilona Massey has proved she can take it.



She WHO GOT SLAPPED

HARD knocks have been her lot. Poverty hit her in helpless childhood. Hunger smote her in struggling girlhood. Wrath whipped her in desperate maidenhood. Tragedy struck her in appalled womanhood.

Yet Ilona Massey bears no scars. Only beauty. She is like Venus risen from a sea of troubles. But the secret of it all is more than skin-deep. For this singer from Budapest has a singing soul. It makes her a living Hungarian Rhapsody. Of all the foreign songbirds to wing their way to Hollywood she strikes a new note. It rings with humanness. From the depths she has soared to the heights. Yet on them she remains as simple as her lowly origin. Peasant-born, she has none of the lofty airs of the prima donna. At twenty-four she is still a working girl.

Her voice is her tool. She has fashioned it out of her own industry in her own workshop. And she values it alone, her beauty not at all. You saw and heard her in "Rosalie." Now you see and hear her again as a star

with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika." But you have never heard her talk as she talked with unaffected frankness over lunch at the studio which has become her new home in a new world.

"Never do I really believe that one day I be here!" confessed Hollywood's astonishing newcomer. "It was only that from ten years old I dream of it. You know why that is so? Rudolph Valentino. Poor Valentino, he was every girl's dream! When he die I don't speak for ten days to any girl. Ten of us girls in school do this for our—what you say?—our penance. Before that, for a long time, each we put in a cent a week and buy a cinema magazine. In it we read all that is going on in Hollywood and we know about the love affairs—everything. Then at home one day I say sometime I be in the cinema. My mother she didn't like that—she think an actress is a bad girl. And you know what my father he did? He slapped me in the face!"

She Who Got Slapped smiled forgivingly. Plainly that blow had left no lasting hurt. Nor did later silent punishment. For it came out: "When I do go in the theatre and sing and dance my father he didn't speak to me for years. But my mother—she was weak—did. They never go to see me on the stage till I am prima donna in 'Empress Josephine.' Then they sit in a box and wear their peasant costumes— (Please turn to page 90)



PRIVATE LIVES!

CAROLE AND CLARK GABLE

Continued on
next page

NO GLAMOR, B'GOSH!

Maybe their idea of "roughing it" is more luxurious than ours, but Clark and Carole at least try hard to forget they're movie stars on that ranch in San Fernando Valley



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He's star of Metro's "Gone with the Wind," she's in RKO's "Vigil in the Night"—but between pictures they like to pretend they are plain folks. Carole serves husky food to a hungry husband, above. Left, Gable melon-eating contest—Clark's ahead. Below, boy with new toy. Gable's tractor is his pride and joy, as close-up characteristic grin at right proves.



TRACY Takes It Easy



Private life of Spencer Tracy revolves around his ranch home in Encino. After he returned from location in Idaho for "Northwest Passage" he let us look in on him for picture scoops shown here. Left, he puts son John to work; far left, with new member of his animal family—Tracy raises polo ponies and is an expert player.



Above, Spencer, Suzy, and John. Suzanne is camera-shy so dad diverts her attention while the photographer double-crosses her. Below, stoking up the hay-burners—but to be honest, Tracy goes through the motions only to oblige the cameraman. He does his hard work in the studio, regards his ranch as relaxation, leaves chores for hired hands. Right, Spence with his Irish setters—they're the finest in film colony.



JUST A LITTLE SHACK IN BEL-AIR!



High on a knoll overlooking other estates of Bel-Air is this huge white concrete home of Wayne and Bubbles Morris, in its beautiful settings of terraced lawns, lily ponds, trees, and flowers—see above. Below, the den, done in blue, plum, and wine. Left, the master bedroom, in soft-blue-green. The bed is 7' by 7'. Walls are covered with white and silver bamboo paper. Left below, the living room—60' long, 30' wide. Furniture throughout the house is mahogany rubbed down with white lead to a soft grey tone.

*Photographs by
Scotty Welbourne,
Warner Bros.*

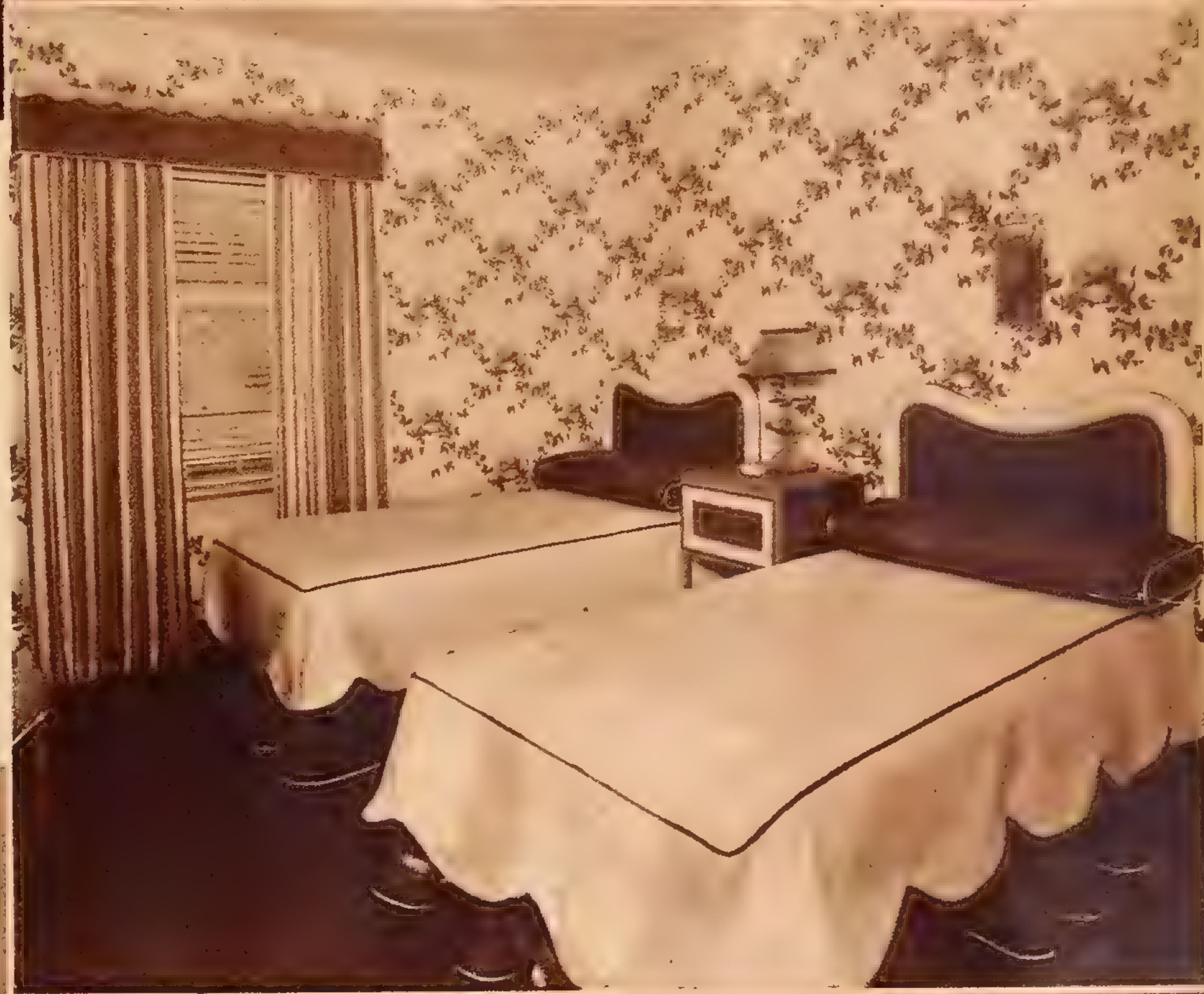


No simple life on a ranch
for Wayne and Bubbles Morris

BUT IT'S HOME TO WAYNE MORRIS



Above: the swimming pool and lawn tennis court. Another view of the living room is shown below. Color scheme follows the artist's colors in fresco above fireplace—blue, yellow, coral, char-
treuse, green. Decor is by Bubbles herself. Bar belongs to Wayne—see him, top right, licking travel labels for wall decoration. Right, guest bedroom in red and white. Beds are padded in red chintz; white spreads have red flounces. Lower right, the handsome dining room. Note all chairs are armchairs—upholstered in yellow linen.



Hollywood's youngest "Mr. & Mrs." live here luxuriously



ALLURE BY

Lamarr

Portrait of Hedy Lamarr
in "Lady of the Tropics"
by Willinger, M-G-M



GRACE BY

Zorina

Portrait of Vera Zorina
in "On Your Toes" by
Hurrell, Warner Bros.

Chas. Egan



America's most popular baritone will make another musical movie with Jeanette MacDonald following the current "Balalaika," with Ilona Massey.

Joan Bennett



Joan Bennett's "brunette personality" co-stars with Adolphe Menjou's aplomb in "The Housekeeper's Daughter," Hal Roach's gay new romantic comedy.

Tom Evans.
Hal Roach Studios



FRED
MacMURRAY

Now in Paramount's
"Honeymoon In Bali"

Ayar Engstead

PATRICIA
MORISON

Now in "Untamed"



dyar-engstead



A. L. Schafer,
Columbia Pictures

Yes!

"MR. SMITH
GOES TO WASHINGTON"—
AND JEAN ARTHUR
GOES ALONG

A new Frank Capra picture is important, and not only in Hollywood. Audiences watch for his films, for he is one director who has never lost the common touch. His latest, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," considers the political scene with a shrewd and humorous eye; and it offers added inducement in its co-stars, James Stewart and Jean Arthur—a new team—see Jimmy and Jean together on opposite page, please.



**WHO'S THE HERO OF
EVERY GAME?**

Not the man who makes the goal—not the boys who buck the line—but *energy*. In play or work everyone needs it. Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose, is a real source of food-energy. It's fine candy—and fine food for young and old. Have you had a bar lately?

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN

Dextrose

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY
USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY





THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Alice Faye and Alan Curtis

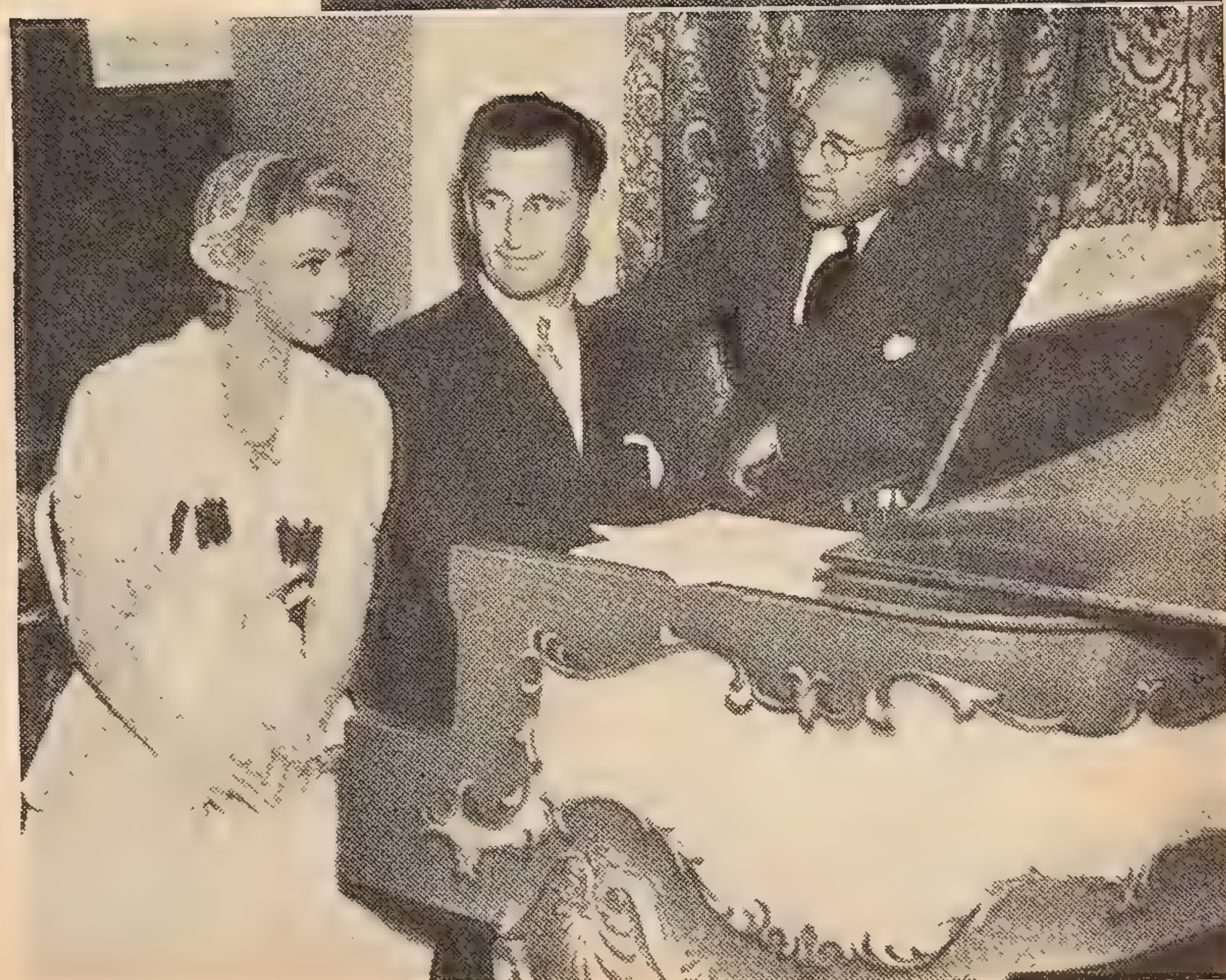
They Write the Songs for Stars to Sing

Meet those unheralded heroes,
the hit-song writers

By Jack Holland



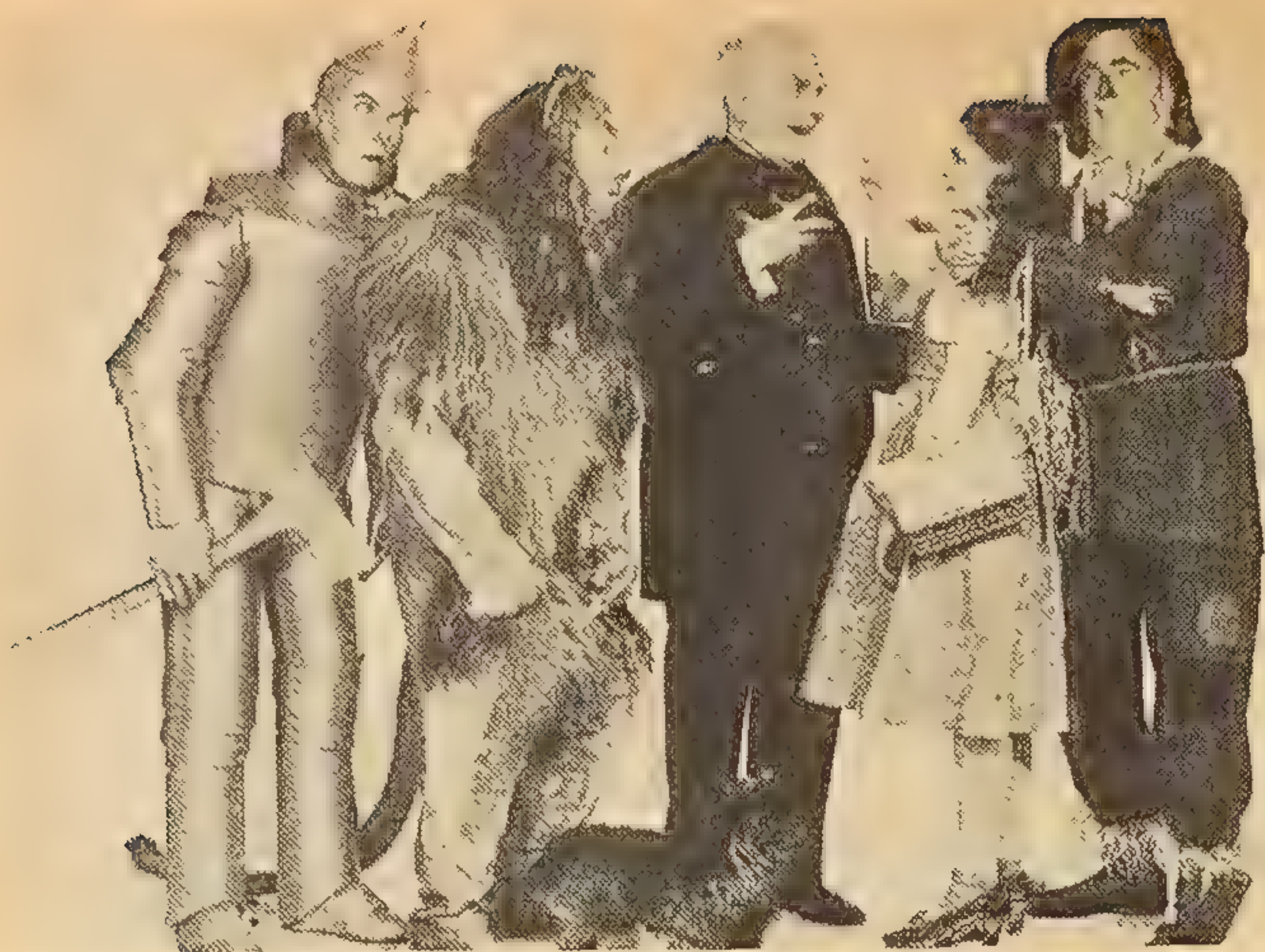
Above, Harry Warren and Al Dubin. Left, Robin and Rainger try out a new song on Jack Holland. Right, Alice Faye, Harry Revel and Mack Gordon. Below, Ginger Rogers with Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar.



"SURE was a swell song in that picture!"
"Yeah! Wonder who wrote it?"

Just a line of ordinary conversation heard from a couple as they leave the theatre after the showing of a motion picture. More people emerge. Many are humming a new tune they have just heard sung by a popular star. Who wrote it? They haven't the slightest idea. It's this sort of thing that makes one wonder when Hollywood is going to rise up and recognize its unheralded heroes, the song writers. Those steady-going tunesmiths who turn out hit songs for stars to sing and for the nation to hum, sing, and whistle. Out here in the land of gold and glamor, of broken promises and heartaches, scattered about among the different studios, are such names as Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, Mack Gordon, Harry Revel. Quiet, unassum-

(Please turn to page 86)



THE WIZARD OF OZ—M-G-M



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



MOST enchanting motion picture fantasy since "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs!" Some of you may like this even better than the Walt Disney classic, for here are real people rather than animated drawings—performing not a foreign fairy-tale but a favorite story of millions of American children, L. Frank Baum's divinely silly "Wizard of Oz." Here are the cherished characters of childish memory brilliantly brought to movie life: delightful, fresh, gifted Judy Garland, a true little girl as *Dorothy*; Bert Lahr, a shaggy riot as the *Cowardly Lion*; Jack Haley, the lovable *Tin Woodman*; Ray Bolger the *Scarecrow* Baum must have had in mind; Billie Burke and Margaret Hamilton as good and bad witches, respectively, are just right. While Frank Morgan as the wily *Wizard* is still Frank Morgan, he is fine for my funny bone. Dazzling scenes in color of the poppy field, of the forest, of the Emerald City; songs with just the proper lilt and tinkle you have every right to expect and, for once, get; a hair-raising cyclone—Hollywood's most spectacular—to blow *Dorothy* and *Toto* into the Magic Land of Oz—and to blow you back into childhood unless you're one of the few unfortunates who wasn't raised on the Oz Books. If so, it really isn't too late to catch up with the rest of us. Producer LeRoy is Public Benefactor No. 1.



THE STAR MAKER—Paramount



BING CROSBY is knee-deep in kids in private life, and now he's up to his neck in them in his new picture. He must like them—and you *must* like them, or stay away from "The Star Maker." It's simply swarming with children of assorted ages and talents, singing and dancing and mugging away like mad, but Bing holds his own—no other actor could do it—by giving his best and certainly the most active performance in years. The great crooner actually works in this one, rather than lazing through it; he hoofs, he hurries, he stooges for the latest Deanna Durbin, Linda Ware—and he manages to achieve a real and very likeable characterization somewhere in the mad melange. A dreamed-up version of the life of song-writer and kid Columbus Gus Edwards, "The Star Maker" has many a merry moment and never a dull one as Bing in his impresario rôle picks and trains talented youngsters for vaudeville with enormous success until the children's society steps in and closes his shows, and then—ah, then in steps Walter Damrosch, himself, to lead Linda Ware in song with his symphony orchestra; and much applause for little Miss Ware's clear soprano and amazing poise; and a bright future for Bing in radio, that new-fangled crazy invention. You won't want to miss the Crosby crooning of *School Days*. You'll like Louise Campbell too.



WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal



NOT quite another "Love Affair" for that ever-lovin' couple, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer—but near enough to hold the rapt attention of every sentimental feminine movie-goer. What their boy friends will think of it, I don't know—or yes, I do too, and it isn't very polite. But just let the ladies alone, you big strong men, with their dreams and visions of *Monsieur Boyer*. The fact that we go for him is an indication of the most exquisite taste, for M. Boyer is not only powerful personality but one of the world's great actors, so it's all in the interest of Art after all. This is an "intimate" drama of incident rather than action, crammed with the characteristic John Stahl directorial "touches" which I happen to like, but which may make some of you as restless as Harpo Marx. Nothing much happens except that Miss Dunne, playing a most unusual and clever waitress, takes an order from M. Boyer, as a famous pianist—what was he doing in a tea-room, anyway?—and naturally falls in love with him, and he with her. All right, but he is married; not only that, but his wife is a mental case. And so—after a brief and charming interlude—they part. And personally, I don't think Mr. Stahl ever intends to bring them together again. Still, there are her parting words, "I'll be waiting." So, if a sequel comes, I'll be there too. And so will every other woman in the world.



THE UNDER-PUP—Universal



Refreshing, lively entertainment as gay and youthful as its little-girl star, the new Pasternak discovery, Gloria Jean. Don't ask me if this eleven-year-old is worthy of her appointment as heiress to Deanna Durbin's kid-star crown. Gloria Jean is as different from Deanna as Lombard from Shearer—she's pert when Deanna is serene, daredevilish as Durbin is demure. Her voice may eventually thrill you as Deanna's does, but of course right now it's a nice, clear kid's voice, doing its best with songs far beyond its scope. But make no mistake, Gloria Jean is here to stay. She has a shining intelligence, a clean-cut loveliness, and best of all a bubbling sense of fun that's irresistible as brought into action by the appealingly simple story of her first picture. She plays *Pip-Emma*, rich little poor girl beloved by her doting family, who wins a summer at a poor little rich girls' camp, where her gaiety, impudence, and common sense not only enliven but reform the haughty sub-sub debs—to say nothing of encouraging the romance between Robert Cummings and Nan Grey. Cummings is grand as the camp athletic coach. C. Aubrey Smith as Pip-Emma's old fix-it of a grandfather is a joy; and you'll howl at Billy Gilbert and antics of the two bratty boys who play his sons, Kenneth Brown and Bill Lenhart. Virginia Weidler is best of the big cast of little girls.



GOLDEN BOY—Columbia



HERE'S entertainment for the many and for the few. Superb screen translation of Clifford Odets' fine play, "Golden Boy" is worth anyone's time and money. The critical can give it the nod with no loss of face, for it has authentic power, luminous characterization, dialogue of depth and beauty. The practical, want-my-money's-worth moviegoer will swallow it whole and come back for more—for first of all "Golden Boy" is a great show, and boasts the added wallop of the most rousing prizefight since "Kid Galahad." Rouben Mamoulian's smashing direction is "important," his photography is stunning, his actors grade-A; yet it is still Odets' play told in pictures—which is all right with me, an Odets' fan from "Waiting for Lefty." If Mr. O. would ever turn his complete attention to writing directly for the screen, we'd have a cinema Shakespeare. Until then, "Golden Boy" will do very nicely, thank you. Our Honor Page gives you William Holden, the lad who in the title rôle—his first—gives promise of being the potential Number One Boy of pictures. It's not his picture, though; it is also Lee Cobb's, playing his grand old father; it is Barbara Stanwyck's, in her most poignant performance since "Stella Dallas." The story of "Golden Boy," who exchanged his violin for boxing gloves, has punch aplenty. Adolphe Menjou, Sam Levene—the whole cast—fine!



FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio



AND *this* picture isn't "another" something, either. Ginger Rogers' latest falls far short of the spontaneous and sparkling standard set by "Bachelor Mother." Comparisons are simply odorous, but because Ginger uses the identical technique in developing the characterization of this current heroine that served her so well in the previous picture, she just naturally invites 'em; and I say her new portrayal is simply a carbon copy of that utterly winning bachelor salesgirl who captured David Niven. This time, she's an unemployed Cinderella who meets a mature millionaire on a park bench, celebrates his birthday with him, and accepts a job in his home as "rival" to his petulant wife. His household is upset, his daughter is in love with the "radical" chauffeur, his son falls grudgingly in love with Ginger, and there is a great deal of "smart" dialogue designed to deceive us into believing that the goings-on are quite casual, quite natural, and awfully funny. I couldn't believe a word of it; I didn't admire Miss Rogers' deliberately "dead-pan" playing of so many scenes; and not even director LaCava's celebrated touches could convince me that people, whether on park bench or Park Avenue, really do talk and act that way. Walter Connolly works hard as the bemused millionaire, Verree Teasdale harder as his wife. A new girl, Kathryn Adams, shows real promise.



LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M



IN WHICH the world's most seductive woman lets us look at her for a long time and looks back at us from the screen through those magnificent eyes—and, strangely enough, gets tired first and quietly expires, leaving us to go home and look in our mirrors and ponder on the injustice of life and probably leaving Robert Taylor to ponder much the same thing, without the mirrors. "Lady of the Tropics" is simply an optical orgy for moviegoing gentlemen who have only just recuperated from seeing "Algiers"—one long feast of lovely Hedy Lamarr in ravishing close-ups, medium and long shots, each breathtakingly beautiful and quite, quite meaningless. Hedy plays a gorgeous gal of Indo-China who is won in marriage by all-American Bob Taylor, only to prove once more on the screen the good old saying about East Is East, and West Is West and never, *etcetera*. The elegant Eurasian finally gives up and dies by her own hand for love of Mr. Taylor—how different from "Algiers" where Hedy was such a *femme fatale* for Charles Boyer. It must be that Metro wanted to curry sympathy for Miss Lamarr, but the only result is to work up sympathy for Mr. Taylor in the most thankless rôle any young actor was ever asked to play. The matchless Miss Lamarr doesn't need sympathy. We other women need sympathy and Mr. Taylor is the one to give it to us.



Edited by

Barbara Stanley

Fashion Scoop! Mrs. Robert Taylor's new Fall wardrobe designed by Bernard Newman exclusively for SCREENLAND

You don't have to be a movie star with a fabulous income to own a twin-sweater set such as Barbara sports on opposite page! Any smart girl can have a similar set. Barbara's is green wool with bright yellow cable trim over yellow slip-on. Worn with a deep green skirt, here's Mrs. Robert Taylor's favorite informal garb.



Famous Hollywood fashion designer Bernard Newman designed Barbara Stanwyck's Fall clothes 'way ahead of time, to enable us to photograph them for this issue. Above, stunning sports ensemble combining moss green and gold wool plaid. Box-pleating in the skirt, full broad shoulders, and softly turned collar are high style features. The blouse is gold silk crepe with green buttons, the hat green felt with grey and green curled quill. Deep gold suede bag and gloves are smart accompaniment. Left, Barbara's new fitted fur coat, of grey Persian lamb, alternates ribs of silk with wide inserts of the fur to give the new skirt fullness. A black suede belt with hand-wrought silver appliqué hugs the waist. Her hat is of grey and black suede. Coat by Harry Barron.

GOWN FOR A ROMANTIC LADY!

Bernard Newman created this lovely black slipper-satin evening gown for Barbara Stanwyck Taylor's important moods! Forty yards of black silk net are used in the skirt. Pleated flesh organza is a dainty insert for the square neckline, and the hooped shoulders are very flattering.





COSTUME FOR A GAY CHARMER!

Versatile as an actress and as a personality, Barbara naturally chose Bernard Newman, most versatile of film-dom's stylists, to design her special Glamor School fashions. Here, she has exchanged romantic grace for modern glitter, with this dinner gown of brocaded satin.

LET THE STARS TELL YOU HOW



Popularity Must Be Earned, So—

"I'll get by, as long as I
Have you . . ."

SO GOES the chorus of that old song. I'd like to change it about a bit and give it to you for a theme song—change it about like this:

"I'll get by, as long as I
Try . . ."

For show me a glamor girl and I'll show you someone who is doing a darn good job with herself as an individual, someone who is trying, constantly, to make herself more attractive. She knows that little boys, especially, forget that good old axiom "Beauty is only skin deep" immediately they finish writing it in their copy books at school. And she's keen enough to be aware that even if she hasn't hair like sunshine, eyes like cornflowers, and a mouth like a poem that she will pass for a beauty in this modern world if she attains chic—*something everybody can have!*

Take Joan Bennett. When I tell you Joan had a perfectly terrible time learning to dress smartly I know you're not going to believe me. The very name of Bennett is synonymous with the greatest chic. Look at Constance, look at Barbara. That was just the trouble! Joan *did* look at them, since they were her elder sisters, and the admiration she felt first cowed her and then, just as bad, led her to imitation. With both of those reactions she got exactly nowhere.

"For years," says Joan, "I didn't consider I had a chance with Connie and Barbara. I accepted it for a fact

that they were the chic ones in our family. Then, a little desperate to enjoy some of the pleasures their attraction was bringing them, I began doing what I saw them do, wearing what I saw them wear. At *very* long last it dawned upon me that I would improve my appearance not by using the same effects they used but by employing the same method they employed—by discovering what colors, lines and effects suited me and being true to them.

"Really," Joan admitted, "it's only in the last few years that I've learned exactly what lines do the happiest things for me. And this, I believe, is something every woman must ferret out for herself. Once such valuable information is yours, however, you not only will be immune to the specious enthusiasm of salesgirls but you will be equal to doing well for yourself with inexpensive little numbers. Practically my favorite dress at the moment, for instance, is black with blue piqué trimming. I paid eleven ninety-eight for it. But I had it altered to fit me, so it didn't bulge at the waist, pull across the hips, or have shoulder seams hanging quarter way down my arms. Fitting is *such* a vital part of grooming!"

So what do we learn from Joan . . .

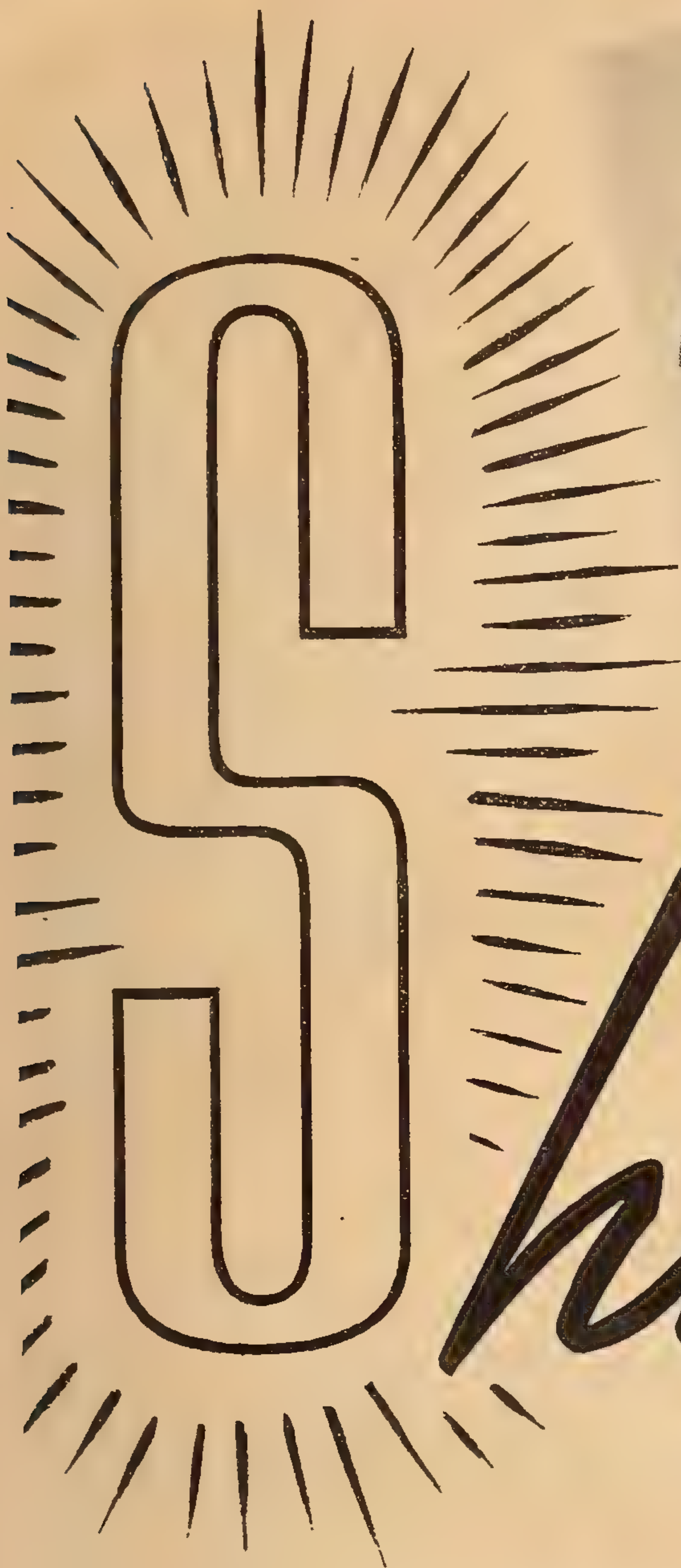
Never reconcile yourself to the fact that others are chic and you are not. Exactly the same methods that they have used to become outstandingly chic will make you chic too.

Imitate no one. You will achieve the high point in appearance which you admire in those you would be tempted to imitate only by catering to your lines, coloring, and personality as assiduously as they cater to these three things.

THEY LEARNED TO BE CHIC

By

Adele W. Fletcher



hine!



Have fewer clothes or less expensive clothes, if need be, but have them altered so they fit—perfectly!

Norma Shearer, not forgetting some of the lovely things she has done on the screen, undoubtedly is most distinguished for her sleek, brushed, and polished look. And that look, native as it seems to Norma, isn't anything with which she was born. Think back to Norma's beginning on the screen and you'll remember, as I do, when she wore evening gowns with flounces—and garlands of rosebuds on her gowns as well as in her hair. Besides which she fluffed her hair out from her head in intricate coiffures that never outlined the clean line of her head the way her coiffures do these days, whatever mode she follows. Norma deserves plaudits for the miraculous way in which she transformed herself from an average-looking person into an outstandingly attractive woman.

"The simpler you keep your appearance," Norma once said to me, "the easier it is to have it right. The fewer flounces or frills or buttons there are on your clothes the fewer stitches-in-time you have to take and the less chance there is of a flounce or frill or button hanging loose and giving you a frowsy, untidy look."

It was, you'll remember, (*Please turn to page 94*)

Five girls famous for their ability to make the most of their flair for clothes give you practical advice on how to do likewise. Opposite page, Loretta Young and Norma Shearer illustrate individual chic. On this page, Joan Bennett, Gail Patrick, and Claudette Colbert pose with clever clothes-consciousness.

THESE LUCKY LANES



Leota Lane—the sister who *didn't* go into the movies—and Mrs. Lane talk about the cute *Daughters Courageous*, and especially Priscilla, our Cover Girl

One for all, and all for each other! Above, Rosemary, Leota, Lola, and Priscilla Lane. Below, the baby of the family clowns for the photographer; lower right on opposite page, as her pretty self, Missy Priscilla. Far lower right, close-up of Leota, topped by a lovely new portrait of Rosemary.

By Sylvia Conrad

REMEMBER 'Four Daughters'? They must have taken that picture from our lives. Of course, not all of the things that happened in the picture have happened to us, but the tone of it was exactly like the tone of our own lives. We were always a close-knit family like that. And the hectic borrowing of clothes—all that sort of thing—was an intimate part of our lives. There was always music around in our home, as there was music in theirs. We lived, you see, in a college town, and each of us entered the conservatory at Simpson College."

It was Leota Lane talking—looking like another edition of Priscilla Lane with the same fair hair, the same blue eyes, the same outrageously mischievous smile. She is the sister who recently made her début in opera, the sister who almost appeared in "Four Daughters"—but finally decided not to.

"I want to sing classical music," she explained, smiling, "but the script didn't allow any chance for that, and, of course, they couldn't change the script just for me. So Gale Page played the fourth daughter, and did such an excellent job of it, that there no longer seemed any necessity, when they made the sequel, for them to use anyone but Gale Page



in the part. Some day I'd like to make a picture with my sisters, but I wouldn't want the movies as a steady career. I'm more interested in serious music."

"Are you sisters all alike in temperament?"

"Oh, no, each of us is as different as can be. Lola Lane is the most sophisticated, worldly-wise member of the family. She is the best-dressed girl in the family, too, and if she hadn't become an actress, she would probably have become a successful designer. Priscilla, the baby of the family, is calm, quiet, and reserved. Rosemary is much more vivacious, peppy, and gay. And such a tease! She teases me about my music, persuading me to get up and sing popular rhythm songs—she thinks it's amusing that a prima donna should sing hot songs. And she teases Priscilla constantly about her cat, Muffet, of which she's very fond. Whenever Priscilla starts talking about her cat, Rosemary says teasingly, 'Oh, it's a lovely cat, but I'm sure it's deaf.' One day, during an interview on the air, Priscilla started raving about how wonderful her cat was. Without stopping to think, Rosemary said teasingly, 'Oh, yes, it is, honey, but it's deaf!'"

Just then Mrs. Cora Lane walked in. She is a charming, wholesome middle-aged woman with blue eyes and graying hair, which used to be brown like Lola's and Rosemary's. "All my daughters are impulsive," she said smiling, "but Rosemary is probably the most impulsive of them all, and the most daring, too. I remember when Rosemary was a little tot—she couldn't have been more than three—and they were building a house across the street, Rosemary started climbing up a ladder and wouldn't come down. We were frightened to death. We could see her climbing and smiling, and were afraid she might fall down.

But she wasn't afraid of anything. Up she climbed another rung. Frank Henderson, a kind neighbor, had to go out and grab her. And I'll never forget the first time we were out at a lake. She waded right into the water without any hesitation—in fact, she went out so far for a little tot that she went under, and I had to catch her. When Rosemary was a little older, we had company visiting at the house. As she entered the hallway, she noticed a box of candy, tasted a bonbon and made a face. 'Oh, mother,' she said, in front of the woman who was visiting, 'when we have company, you ought to have better candy.' The woman must have turned red with embarrassment. She had brought the candy!"

As she talks, gradually the picture of the Mullican family, as they were known in Indianola, Iowa, grows. And so does your picture of Indianola, which was not then the modern town it is today. It was in the heart of what Henry Mencken would call "The Bible Belt," for the Methodist college, Simpson, was located in the town. Most of the people who lived there were extremely pious, and looked upon (*Please turn to page 96*)





Louis Hayward, who made a great hit in "The Man in the Iron Mask," spends his spare time on his hobby—candid photography. See him, below, getting an "angle shot." Bottom of page, favorites from the Hayward collection: John Garfield and his baby "mugging" for Louis.



UNMASK

Louis Hayward and You'll Meet a Camera Fiend!

And you'll find Ida Lupino, his devoted wife, cheering him on

By Ruth Tildesley

HAVING a candid camera fiend in the house is very hard on the budget!

"You can't imagine how much money it runs into when you buy films, extra lenses, have a number of prints made up, or are persuaded to get a new gadget for your camera almost every other week," sighed Ida Lupino Hayward, wife of that candid picture expert, Louis Hayward.

"Louis is so mad about his pictures that he can't resist an enticing salesman. But our business manager

is trying to keep the Hayward menage on a budget. We are both permitted an allowance for personal expenses, and the business manager pays the big bills and household expenses. When Louis has run through his allowance, and wants something new in equipment, or has perhaps taken some particularly nice shots and wants to have a bunch of them made up for his friends, he 'borrows' from the kitchen cash box. Geneva—you know Geneva, our big blonde Swedish cook?—uses that money in the kitchen cash box for purchases at the door, paying for packages, buying supplies and so on, and she knows to a penny how much should be in it. She is always bursting into the room, crying: 'Mr. Hayward, sir, the cash box is missing \$3.14 again. Now, Mr. Hayward, sir, you'll have to give that money back. I just can't run my kitchen that way. Now, Mr. Hayward, sir, where's my \$3.14?'" Ida relaxed from her impersonation of Geneva and she chuckled.





Left and below: the Garfields give us grins! Right, lovely Mrs. Hayward (Ida Lupino) in ingénue and Oriental moods.



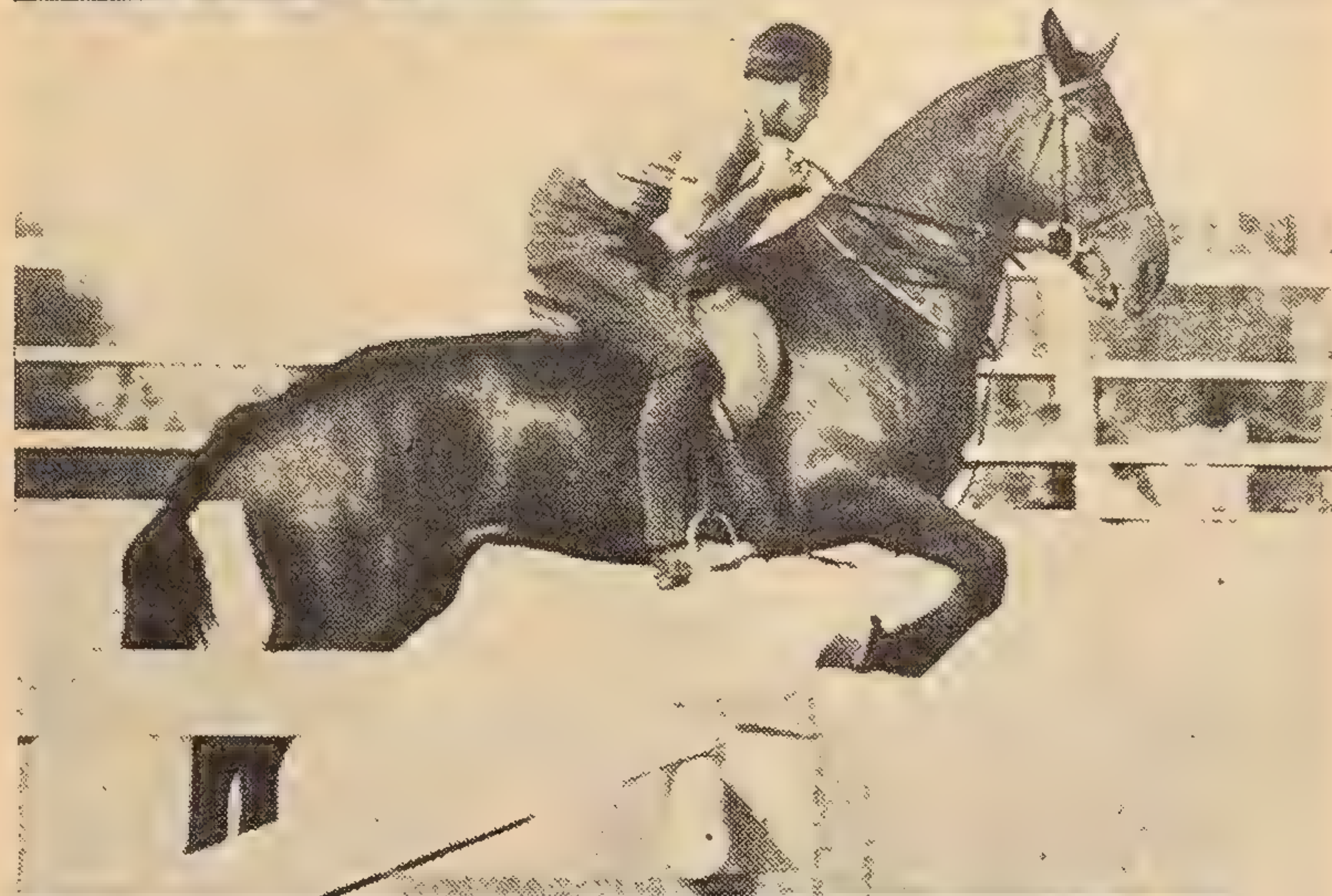
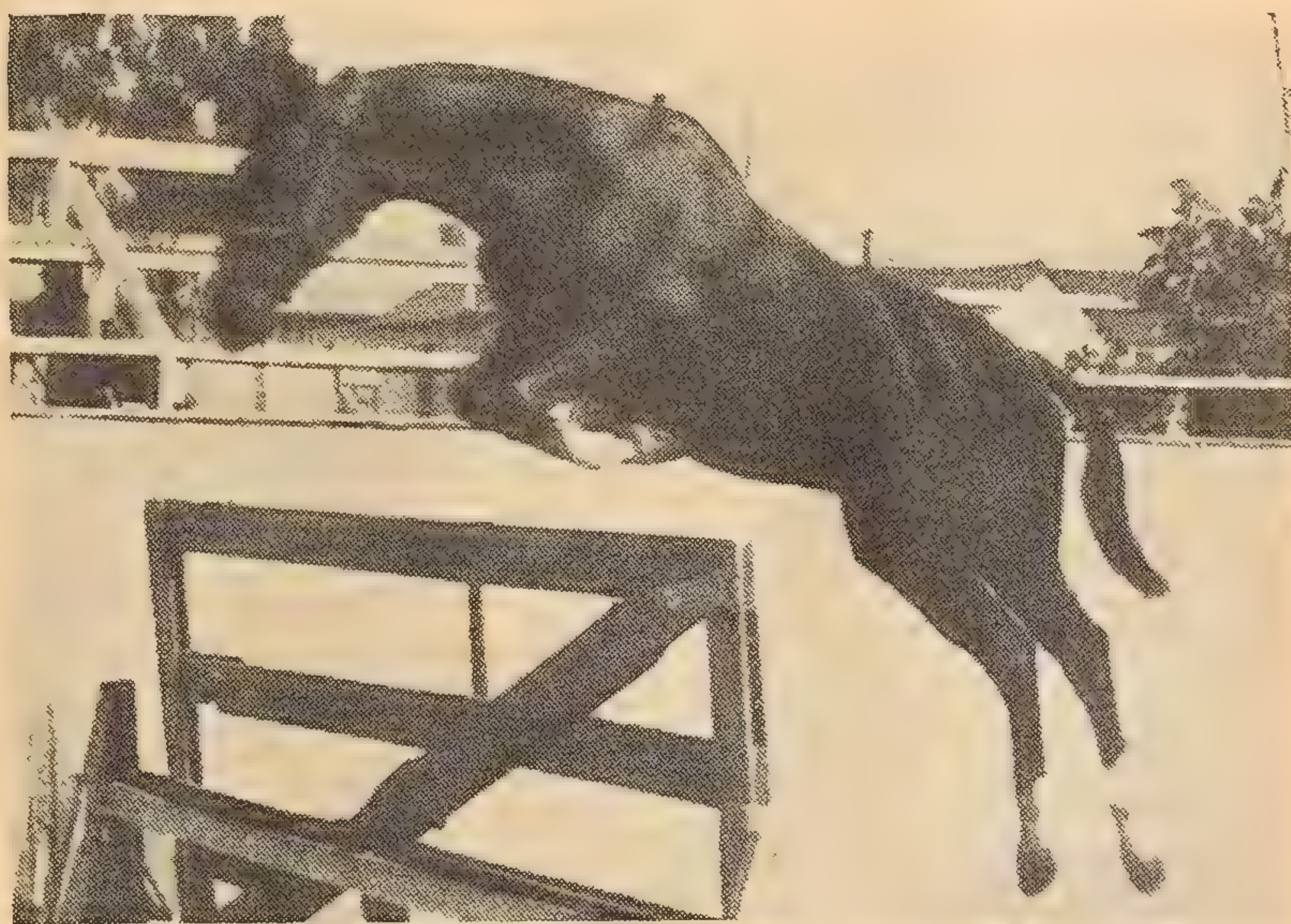
One of Hayward's best pictures, below, is of his horse, Triunfo. Next, Ida's shot of Louis and Triunfo. Bottom of page, interesting studies: Louis photographed by Ida, and Ida by Louis, on honeymoon.

"Oh well, women spend 80% of the world's income, according to the newspapers!" grinned Louis. "Let her get it out of the business manager. He won't advance me a cent, but he'll give up \$3.14 to Geneva without a murmur."

"My lamb, show Ruth the shots we made on our honeymoon. You know, we couldn't take a honeymoon until we had been married six months, and I'll swear most of it was used up with Louis and his Leica! Where are all those good pictures, m'lamb?" demanded Ida. "He made them especially for SCREENLAND."

Louis bowed to her, gratefully, as he searched through his album.

"One side of photography that we find useful in our professional lives," continued Ida, "is taking pictures of moods or possible characterizations. We are quite keen about acting, you know. We both think that we can improve quite a lot and we're trying to do something about it. We get scripts of pictures whenever we can manage it and read scenes aloud, doing different rôles. We study scenes from stage plays and work them out together. We even develop scenes from books we read, especially new books that are being talked of for pictures, and see how we could play them. It's very difficult to watch yourself in a mirror when you are really trying to express something, because after all you can't help but get that watching look in your eyes. So sometimes Louis takes shots of me in different moods or depicting different characters. While on the train on that honeymoon trip to New York, we thought we'd try for some- (Please turn to page 93)





The skilful hands of the Westmore Brothers perform miracles of make-up for Claudette Colbert and Bette Davis, below.



By Sydney Valentine

How About a Change of Personality?

IT WAS late in the afternoon at a Hollywood "temple of beauty." A tremor of excitement ran through the place. A rare thing was happening—the four Westmore brothers, movieland's tempestuous, mad, colorful, royal family of make-up, were all in the same place at the same time!

At the head of the conference table at the House of Westmore was Perc, now acting head of the family and director of the make-up department at the Warner Brothers Studio. Next to him was Wally, chief of Paramount's make-up department. Across the board was Monte, in charge of Selznick's "Gone With the Wind." At the other end of the table was Buddy, the youngest, who holds forth at Twentieth-Century Fox.

And between them all, feeling very conscious of their professionally X-ray eyes, was Miss Everywoman. Clearing her throat, Miss Everywoman murmured something about make-up for her type.

"Your type, Miss Everywoman?" inquired Buddy incredulously.

"There is no such thing as types any more," shot out Monte.

"Old-fashioned!" amended Wally.

"You see, Miss Everywoman," Perc put in quietly, "men are types. Women are anything they want to be. Time was, when a woman was born exotic, innocuous, old-fashioned or any one of a dozen different types, and that's the way she went through her entire life. Sometimes even when the type she had fallen into was not at all becoming to her."

"Sometimes a lifetime wasted," said Buddy, who, as the youngest of the four brothers, felt those things very keenly.

Perc continued. "That's all changed during the past

few years. Things are being discovered every day in the studios that help a woman to make vast changes in her appearance. Corrective make-up, the new color-filtered foundation cream, and all the important tricks of our trade that should become part of every woman's make-up routine."

Wally interposed, "It may be odd to say this, but frequently people are born with personalities that do not suit them at all. Look at our great stars, Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye, Joan Crawford. They are not the same people—the same types—they were originally. They *made* themselves the outstanding personalities they are today. They had the courage to recognize their own shortcomings and the will to do something about it.

"Look at Bette Davis today," continued Perc, "the greatest actress on the screen—and in years to come, people may call her the greatest actress America has yet produced on stage or screen. Yet just a few years ago, Bette was just a little, negative-looking blonde—another in a city full of blondes. Today, the fact that this girl can move from 'The Sisters' to *Carlota* to 'Dark Victory' and now to 'The Old Maid' with all the poise and conviction in the world, is the answer to whether a woman can change her personality.

"Naturally, a woman in private life has no need for changes so dramatic as those accomplished on the screen.



All the Brothers are valiant—and very clever! Above, Perc, Wally, and Buddy Westmore make up the three Lane Sisters: Priscilla, Rosemary, and Lola. Right, Alice Faye smiles as the make-up expert holds his color charts up to nature.



Let the magic of Hollywood make-up work for you and make you over into the girl you'd like to be, just as it transformed such stars as Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye

Nevertheless, the story of Bette Davis could easily be the story of any woman. Because Bette herself is so perfectly human, she has experienced over and over again the uncertainty and despair women undergo about their own appearance. The color of Bette's own hair is blonde—almost platinum blonde. When she came to Hollywood, friends told her to dye it black to lend her a more striking appearance. That didn't work. On the advice of other friends, Bette went to the other extreme—a thoroughly bleached blonde, which process completely blanked out her natural color and vivacity. For years, she only managed to struggle by, playing tiny bit parts at the smaller studios.

"When she came to Warner Brothers, Bette decided to take her own counsel. Bleach, eyebrow tweezers, and trick eye make-up went out the window. She forgot about artifice and concentrated on good health, good complexion, and well-kept hair. She taught herself to avoid self-consciousness about her appearance.

"No other woman in Hollywood would take the rôle of *Mildred* in 'Of Human Bondage' because it required a shocking, disillusioning make-up. Bette accepted the part and it made her a great star. Bette Davis today is beautiful, under normal circumstances, as fans can see for themselves in 'Dark Victory'. She can also be exotic as evidence in 'Juarez' or completely unprepossessing as her make-up as the fifty-year-old Virgin Queen in 'The

Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex' will reveal. The point is, Bette triumphed over artificial ways to beauty—false beauty—which women will accept for lack of more vision and determination. She learned to change her personality, and she discovered her own beauty lies in simplicity."

"That business of courage holds true in every case," interposed Brother Wally, "but changing types can work both ways. Take the case of Claudette Colbert. When she came to Hollywood, Claudette determined to make something of herself—she was just another pretty young brunette actress. She was filled with eagerness, youth, ambition—anxious to make a name for herself. Being typically American in appearance, she resolved to do herself over in a sophisticated, continental manner. The transformation took place over a number of years. But she succeeded. Today, Claudette Colbert is poised, vibrant, worldly, the very picture of all that sophistication should be.

"The danger lies—with most women—in making Miss Colbert a particular example. Sophistication is dangerous; unless it is carried off properly, the sophisticate can so easily appear childish and artificial. But Claudette knew this was *right* for her, knew the change would benefit her. Her hair—once raven black—is light red; her brows are high and narrow, her eyes are made up only in the inside corners; (Please turn to page 74)

"Please Tell The Boys—"



Glenda Farrell inspires some thoughts on the male's good looks. Here are several ways for the girls to help!

By Courtenay Marvin

THIS is a story about the men in your life. And it was suggested by Glenda Farrell. For when I popped in to see Glenda not long ago, we suddenly found ourselves very animated over an angle of good looks not usually covered on this page—good looks for men.

"This time," said Glenda, from a big chair that made her look small, "let's talk about men." She had just come in from the country; her golden hair was still wind-tossed, and her skin had a fresh outdoorsy look. Her only make-up at that moment was a vivid lipstick, sharp and dramatic with her light blue sports frock, a type she prefers.

"All of us have men in our lives. Go through any household. Now, it seems to me that girls and women know how to take very good care of their appearance. Hair, face, figure, clothes and accessories. Isn't it time we turned about, cast a critical eye over our males and began to work on them? I think so. Surely nothing lifts a girl's ego like an escort who attracts admiring glances. I believe every wife who takes pride in her husband's personal appearance has a better success mark chalked up against her marriage than the one who is conscious of her husband's lank and thinning hair, of his rapidly increasing waistline or his general disinterest in his clothes. I think this pride in our menfolk extends helpfully, too, to fathers, to brothers and the younger fry. I think the girls should look out for them, and get busy when they need

Glenda Farrell in a glamor pose. The glamor, however, is balanced with some clear and practical thinking, which Glenda turns on the boys, instead of the girls.

a haircut, develop slouchy posture or broken-out skins. It mightn't be a bad idea to suggest that your readers please tell the boys!"

"Making men do things that are, oh, so good for them is not exactly an easy job," I reminded Glenda.

"Be subtle," said Glenda with a twinkle. "Try praise in place of criticism. Remember the old honey *vs.* vinegar line. Inspire, encourage, praise! Play up their good points. Say as little as possible about their bad ones, but work in a subtle way. When a birthday, anniversary, or holiday rolls around, see that your gift is something to encourage more personal interest in themselves. Men like to experiment with new ideas for themselves just as much as we do. I've seen them as enthusiastic over an electric shaver as a child over a new toy."

"Where do you think the girls should begin?" I asked.

"Hair," said Glenda emphatically, with sincere conviction in her green-blue eyes. And we should! Man's A No. 1 problem is hair. It thins, it falls out, it recedes, and the first thing you know that wave or nice, smooth sweep that once inspired your caresses is just a weak little reminder of what once was. There are jokes about bald-headed men, but baldness is no joke to them. The scientific world is still struggling over the problem of baldness, but the fact remains that it is a mark of this day and age and a tragic one. On the subject of hair, I urge the ounce of prevention now, rather than the pound of cure later on. This prevention begins with the suitable type of shampoo that cleanses and invigorates the scalp without drying. If there is a trace of dandruff, a dandruff remover type of shampoo should be used. Men seem much more subject to this condition than women, due, undoubtedly, to one abuse we (Please turn to page 92)

Screenland's Glamour Guides

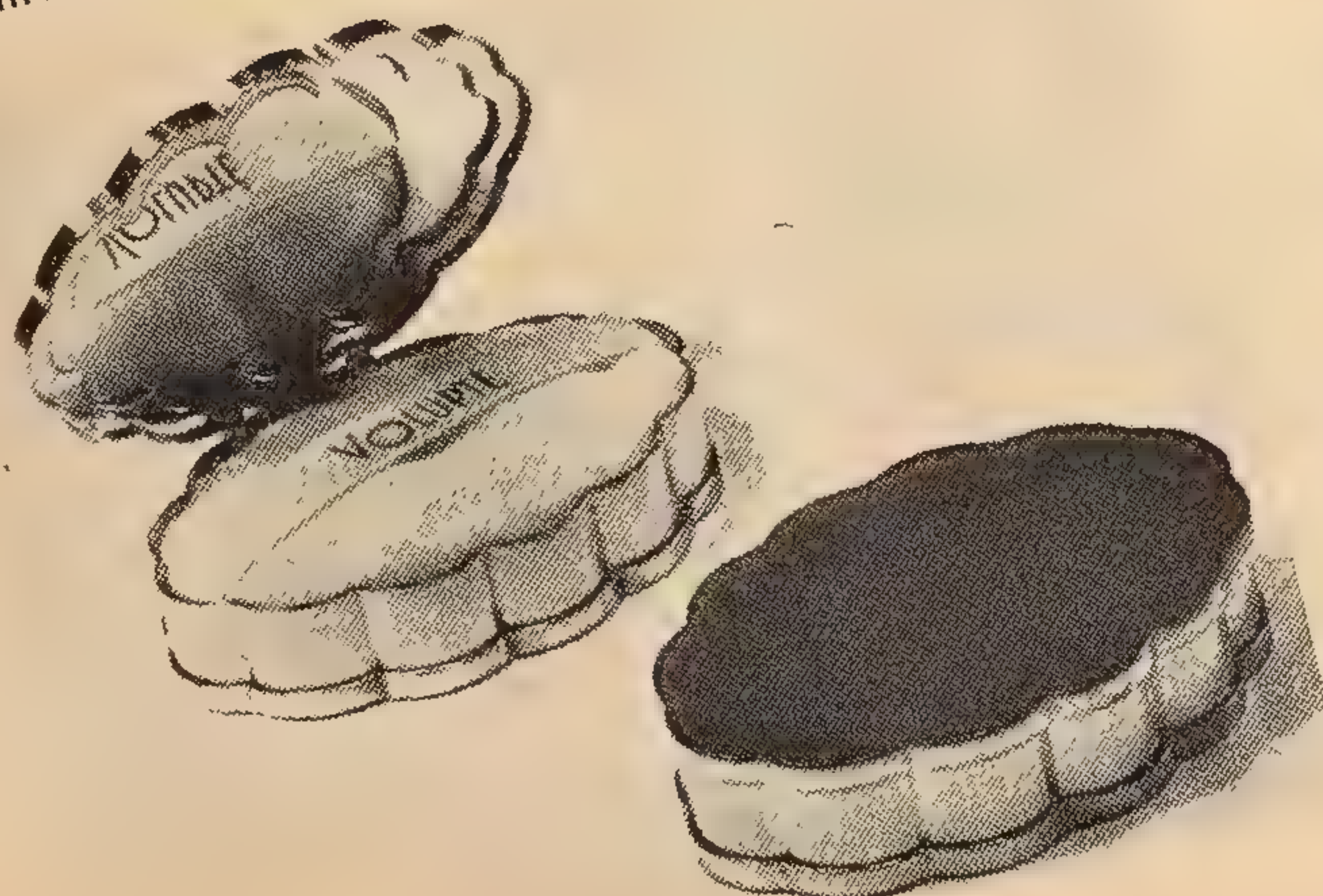
This smart quartette
of cherishables will
find its way into the
possession of "those
who care" for nicer
things. For where to
buy, turn to store list
on page 79

By Marina



Olympic twins! Together or separately, they are
definitely a "plus" to your wardrobe. Designed
by Leon, this adorable Tish-U-Knit twin sweater
set has that expensive, "Hand-made" look,
comes in vibrant colors, and sells for \$2.98.

Literally, the biggest and smartest news in
compacts is Volupte's "Snuff Box." Gold-plated,
with fluted sides, it has a brightly colored
enamel top and deep sifter powder section. \$2.



If you like plaids, then
these are your dish!
Everyone adores them,
and this season, they
are news in the dorm!
Whether you sleep or
loaf in them, it's your
chance to proclaim a
proud bit of Scotch
blood, or just to be
colorful and dashing.
These gay 2-piecers,
the "Loch Lomond"
pajamas by Miss
Swank, come in rayon
crepe plaid, with red
or green predominat-
ing. Price, about \$4.



What's new in the handbag you'll carry with "everything"?
Suede, of course, and the size will be enormous!—big and
pouchy, with lots of room for those smart, fat compacts and
"things." You'll like this beauty, with two outside pockets.
It is beautifully fitted, with the center "treasury department"
section kept tightly closed by a Kover-Zip, the invisible
fastener which matches the color of the suede. The bag
comes in black, brown, wine or green, and sells for \$3.



ROBERT TAYLOR is the big headache at Metro lately. He isn't satisfied with his rôles, and for the first time in four years he's yelling about it, and plenty. There are those who say Barbara Stanwyck is putting the spurs into Bob and that's why he's dissatisfied. Up to date, Bob always insisted that the bosses knew best and that he was just a country boy quite willing to be led around by the nose. So even the insiders at M-G-M are stunned with the behavior, and are trying to underestimate the decided bad feeling. But they can't overlook all those recent stormy sessions, with Bob rushing out of story conferences and inner offices in a boiling rage. After a particularly hot session last week-end when Bob didn't show up for work on Monday morning, everyone concerned had a couple of bad moments. Around the studio all were convinced it was a feud for sure, and then came the reminders that Barbara Stanwyck had stayed out of pictures for a couple of years until she got exactly what she wanted. However, Bob hasn't gone that far. It was a scratch on that famous nose from a scrape with one of his horses over the week-end, that kept him at home. He's back and smiling.

I'LL bet Alice Faye and Paulette Goddard and a few other girls are biting their lovely lips now that it's definitely set that Jimmy Stewart will appear in "Destry Rides Again," and that Marlene will play opposite him. Both girls had a chance at the picture and turned it down. To play opposite Jimmy, I understand, any number of girls around town would even sacrifice their next option. And another thing I'll bet is, that Marlene makes that rôle the sexiest ever seen in a horse opera. She'll have a chance to make it another "Morocco." When Dietrich quit us flat and went to France to make pictures she was to pull down \$150,000 for every appearance, but somehow those French producers just couldn't find that much money after Dietrich arrived. Here, they're now calling her come-back, "Marlene Rides Again," and everyone is pulling for her.



Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Adrian are pictured in their first "at home" pose. Adrian is M-G-M's chief costume designer. Janet Gaynor, come back to the screen—we all know you!

Here's Hollywood

By
Weston East

The Latest News
And Gay Gossip
From the Film Center



Lana Turner, "Dancing Co-Ed" in the college film musical of that title, gets into the spirit of things and starts stepping to Artie Shaw's clarinet call. In background is the maestro's swing band.

MORE than any other actress in recent years Paulette Goddard has aroused a consuming curiosity and conjecture by keeping the reasons for her actions to herself. People seem to want to make her business their business. And yet Paulette, in her own very charming way, still keeps all of Hollywood guessing. You can't be sure of anything about Paulette. It isn't only whether she is or isn't married to Chaplin that people want to know, but they want Paulette's undercover private life all explained to them. That's why, when Paulette arrived at the Cafe Lamaze one night recently, flanked with an escort of what appeared to be plain clothes men, a decided buzz was set up as to the "why" of it. When she appeared shopping at Magnin's the next day with the same guards the motives flew thick and fast. The men have been identified as G-men, and no one can say just why they follow Paulette around, but they do, everywhere. Some say it's the emeralds that Charlie gave her, others a threat of kidnapping. Of course, Paulette simply smiles and says nothing.

ALL those women who crowd the Los Angeles City Hall courtrooms when Hollywood celebrities' many woes get public airings went all weak and sentimental when young Tim Holt and his famous father, Jack, made a forced appearance. They are without a doubt the handsomest father and son in Hollywood. Mr. Holt says he is not divorced from Mrs. H. after these seven long years, Mexican divorces being what they are, and that the property settlement, therefore, is all wrong. And quick as a flash, there went that new house and ranch that father, Jack, was all ready to hand over to son, Tim, and his young wife. At least, it won't be theirs until things get straightened out.

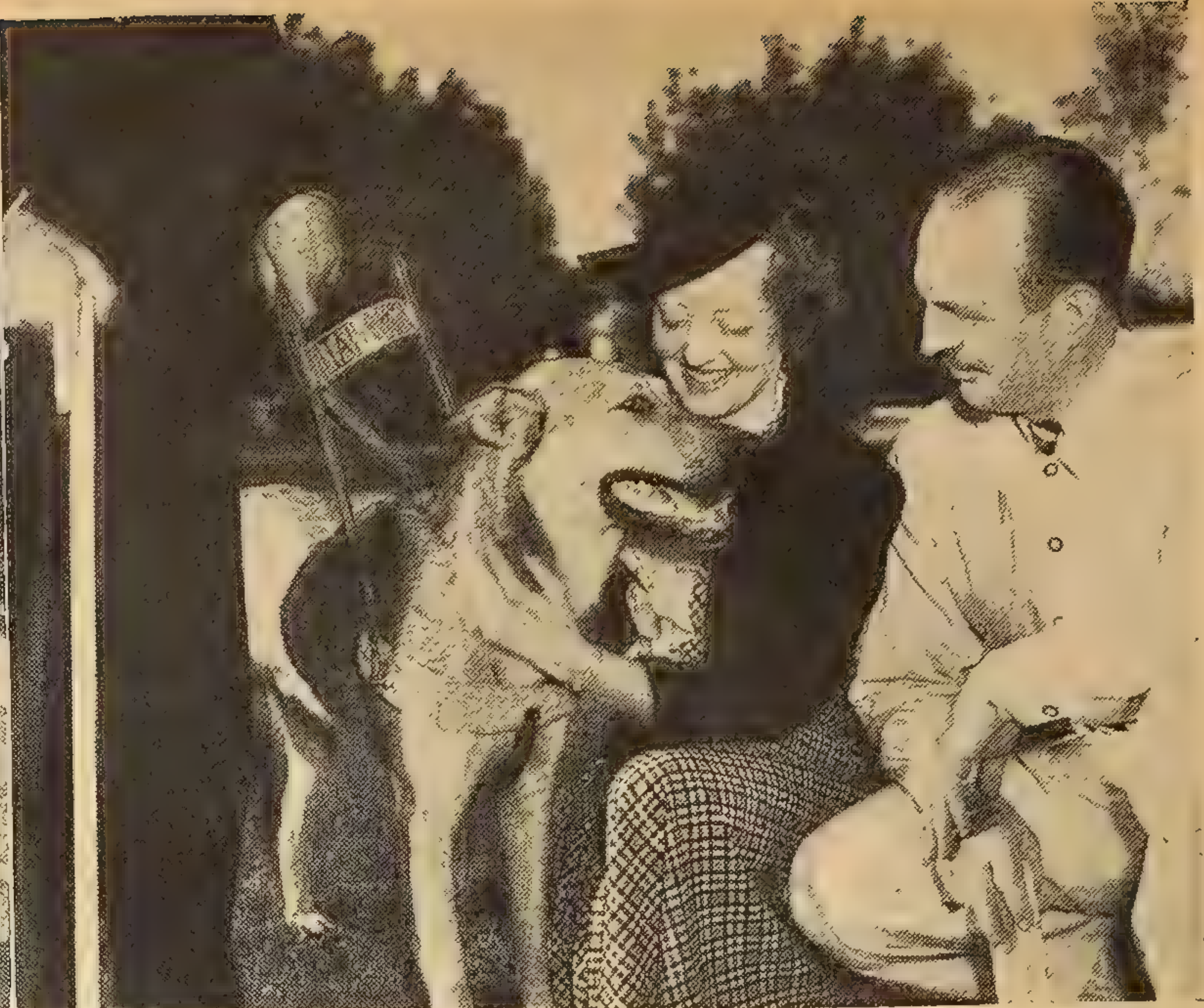
NOW they're calling it a Corrobooree. At least that's what the Warren Williams named it on the invitation. It isn't as bad as it sounds because it's really only a Hollywood party in disguise. In other words, a get together in Australian aborigine style. After you get over the tea and cakes and more tea and cakes you throw boomerangs. The real news about Warren William, however, is that after he's seen in that villainous rôle opposite Jean Arthur in "Arizona" somebody is bound to discover him all over again.

MOST girls about town make it very clear that they are just plain sorry for Loretta Young. She is forever getting into scrapes like the Buckner thing. She is so fickle as far as men are concerned. She just doesn't seem to be able to find anyone that she would marry. If you'd ask me, I'd say it isn't pity, but jealousy that women feel toward Loretta, but they won't admit it because she lives completely and fully as every other stellar woman would like to, if she had the chance. There are facets to Loretta that no one knows or ever hears about because we are all content with the conclusions we have come to about her, and about her over-publicized love affairs. Here is something not generally known about her. I got the story from an accountant in the offices of the largest agency in town handling the radio accounts of national sponsors, and I learned that Loretta never as much as sees any of those \$4,000 and \$5,000 checks that she gets every time she broadcasts. The checks aren't even made out in her name. They are made directly to Loretta's church, the Blessed Sacrament, on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood.

THAT mysterious figure that repeatedly walks the shadiest byways and the darkest alleys at the Warner Studio these nights is none other than Paul Muni keeping in the mood. And he's sick and tired of having all those policemen pounce out every whip-stitch and stick a flashlight in his face. It's disturbing to the "feeling" of the scenes he's rehearsing. For his new picture Muni has taken up his residence at the studio and he has the whole lot besides the actual sets to rehearse in. And he does it, too. His wife, Bella, is with him on the set during the day, advising as usual, but after dinner she leaves Muni alone, and he goes to town. (Bella is testing for a rôle opposite him in his next picture.) Incidentally, in this one he will wear no make up other than a home-grown mustache, and it's that sad, sad ending that Paul is working up to with the solitary night prowling.



The scene, above, from "The Light That Failed," shows Ronald Colman and Walter Huston in their Kipling rôles of war correspondents who share adventures with British troops in the Sudan.



WHEN Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor and Bing Crosby and Gary Cooper went out last year and paid good money to buy the Hollywood Baseball Club everyone thought they were "touched," or that they were just fooling with the thing for the laughs. Maybe they were, but now they've got a business on their hands. They have found this Fall that the percentage their money earned for them was nothing to be sneezed at. After a couple of smart exhibitions for charity, like the game between the leading men and the supporting players, with Taylor actually out playing, they couldn't keep the fans out of the stands. So, next year we are going to have a fancy baseball club. "Coop" and Bing are going out to buy some high class players, and to hear them talk, Hollywood is going to be big league stuff in no time.

JEFFREY LYNN is the world's champion worrier. He worries about his rôles, about his future, and even about the weather. He's been known to telephone a member of the studio publicity force in the smallest hours of the morning when he got to worrying about how a certain paragraph in a story to be published on him, might look in print. At option time Jeff becomes almost a hospital case. But the unusual twist to this story is that he doesn't do the worrying because of himself or his own welfare, but because of his family. He really thinks he's a pretty bad actor and very lucky, and he hopes it all lasts, because he has eight brothers and sisters back home and he is slowly helping them one at a time to do what they want with their lives. He has just brought the fourth one out here, a brother, and enrolled him in an aviation school. He won't be happy until they all get set.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is back from Europe once more and she still hasn't got that divorce from the Marquis. She did come back with some fancy orders for her cosmetic business, though. The administrator of the palace of the king of Bulgaria gave her a wopping order for a complete line, even the chief gardener of the palace grounds in Lichtenstein wanted some of the Bennett beautifiers. (If his wife doesn't get them I hope she doesn't see this.) Connie has been entertaining three girls from Philadelphia who sell her products because she admires their sales ability. They won salesmanship contests there and in reward got the trip out here.

THIS story comes from one who should know. It goes back to Glasgow, Scotland, twenty-five or more years ago. There was at that time an obscure music hall there that set itself apart from any other in the city because of its eccentric manager. He allowed no short subjects to be shown in his theatre. There were absolutely no comedies allowed. Slapstick would have been sacrilege in that house. The place was known for its program features only. The manager was persuaded by his son as to the policy of the house. The father believed in that son explicitly. Today that son is Stan Laurel, who is really king of the comedy two-reelers, and who after all his marital troubles, is back in them again.

NOW that Lillian Gish is back in Hollywood she is making up for the time she lost when she was a silent star, and, as she confesses, had no time to go to parties. Lillian insists that it was all work and no play in those days. She is very pleasantly in evidence at every premiere and opening, either with Mary Pickford or old-timer David Wark Griffith. No big party is without her wistful presence. At the premiere of "The Star Maker," with flowers in her hair, Miss Gish drew warm and effusive ohs and ahs from the street crowds, even Mary took a back seat. But Miss Gish says there is more than just partying in her madness. It is really research. She is studying all the newness and the technique of our stars and the business today, and before snow flies she insists that she and D. W. Griffith will launch "A History of Hollywood," with their own money. Miss Gish will star. She's slowly creeping up on us with all those appearances. Won't that be a comeback? I can't wait.

IT WILL probably take only an innocent family of rabbits to completely upset one of Jimmy Cagney's deep-set aversions. Taking everything into consideration Jimmy is a most complex and contradictory guy. On the screen he can strut the toughest and most ornery manner. Off the screen he is very soft-spoken and quiet. He takes a deep pride in the choice flowers he raises and he has a consuming hatred for anyone that will kill helpless little animals. That's just where Jimmy is going to have to make a trying decision. This family of innocent rabbits that I told you about is slowly but surely destroying his most beautiful flowers. From the look in Jimmy's eyes as he tends these prize blooms I'd say those rabbits better lay off, or else.

Here's that busy

Being a busy screen star doesn't keep Bette Davis from being president of the Tailwaggers' training home for "Seeing Eye" dogs. Above left, Bette with two of the dogs and their owners; above, with Jim Lindsay, organization's director.

ISABEL JEWELL took the part in "Northwest Passage" because she was just good and tired of waiting for a big rôle. She had been living aboard her boat, *Star Dust*. So she packed up to come to town for a few weeks and remained to this very day. After she started in "Northwest Passage" her part was built up a little and that kept her longer. Then, that procedure was repeated until her stint was quadrupled. Before Isabel finished she was working as interpreter. Raised in the location country, she did the negotiating between the crew and the local Indians.



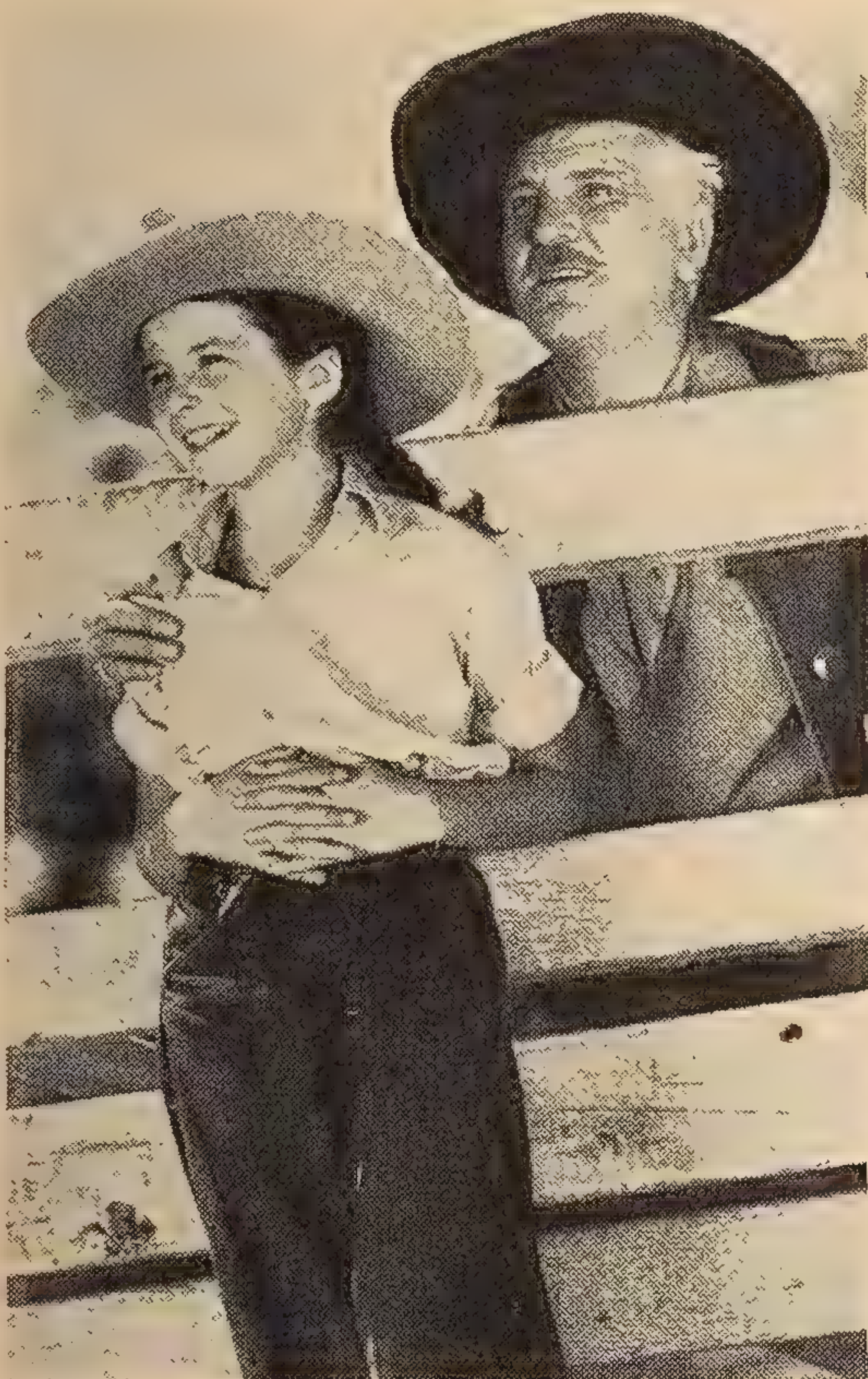
Young Raymond Severn, as GERALD in "We Are Not Alone," feels safe with NEWCOME's (Paul Muni) arms around him.



Bette Davis girl!

Miss Davis, above, found time to appear on Raymond Paige's radio program recently to introduce Pam, her young protege. Above right, as QUEEN ELIZABETH, Bette greets Charles Laughton who once played HENRY VIII, QUEEN BESS' father.

YOU'D know that Fred MacMurray "doesn't" think much about hogging the camera or spot light if you could have seen his complete embarrassment the other night after an opening when the announcer in front of the theatre kept calling repeatedly over a loud speaker, "Mr. MacMurray's car, please. Mr. MacMurray is waiting for his car, please." It sounded as if Fred were an impatient somebody. He kept grinning, but he colored to his ears. What a relief it was to him when he slipped under the wheel of his unpretentious coupe and drove off with his wife.



Little Virginia Weidler and Frank Morgan dressed up for some real western scenes in "Henry Goes to Arizona."

MARRIED life has made a new man of Nelson Eddy, at least everyone insists that he has made a very decided change toward being more friendly and approachable. I'm sure you have heard of the feuds that were reputed to exist between the Eddy and MacDonald duo. Nelson was supposed to have frequently put on a temperamental rage when something went wrong with his recordings and even at his radio rehearsals all horseplay was sacrificed for Art. And now no one can believe their eyes when they see Nelson doing the rhumba at his more frequent partying or tap dancing constantly while waiting between scenes. All during the making of "Balalaika" there wasn't a temperamental blow-up, even when a persistent female reporter cornered Nelson on the set and gave him the third degree of questions about his marriage. Before the great personality change, that woman would have been frozen into a quiet retreat. But Nelson made it clear, in a most jolly and friendly way, that his marriage wasn't to be talked about. When the writer demanded to know what it was like to be a secret step-father, and Nelson didn't blow up with a big bang, I was convinced that he is a changed man. However, he didn't answer the question, either. And he really has a step-son 14 years old that lives with him, but until now, no one has ever known it. He is the son of Ann Eddy and Sidney Franklin, her former husband. It's a little bit of a coincidence, too, that the Eddy's back yard adjoins that of Ann's former husband. It makes it convenient for the son, but that's about all I can say for it. That should settle that question for all time. Nelson Eddy is a step-father.

WISH Gene Raymond would accept one of the offers of work being made him. Just lately he turned down an offer of a Broadway musical show so he could go on a vacation with Jeanette. They went far into the mountains to fight Jeanette's ever increasing insomnia. They packed all the paraphernalia that Jeanette had to have to get to sleep. All the black eye-masks, the ear-stops to keep out the noise, the records of soothing music that lull Jeanette; all the concoctions that go into the warm milk she drinks just before retiring, and her special pillows. When they arrived at their out-post and found to their surprise that all the sleeping black-magic had been left behind, Jeanette was determined to stay and fight it out. She fought so hard that for the only time in her life Jeanette slept as peaceful as a baby every night.

BONITA GRANVILLE'S mother has put her foot down. There will be no jitterbugging at the house-warming to celebrate Bonita's owning her first real home. In fact, there won't even be a house-warming until the newness has worn off a bit, and the place is completely furnished. Right now, Bonita and her mother are sleeping on mattresses right down on the floor, because the especially made beds aren't ready yet. Bonita had lived in the same apartment for nine years prior to her move, and is dying to give a party like the keen affair that Judy Garland gave at her new home in Bel-Air, where anything always goes, especially jitterbugging. Now that Bonita has signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M she and Judy have become the best of friends; so have their mothers. That's how it happened that Bonita's mother heard of the severe strain Judy's party had put on the new Garland house, and hence the ultimatum.

ANITA LOUISE has all her Christmas presents wrapped. . . . First surprise birthday present Gloria Dickson got was a single large diamond on a delicate, invisible platinum chain, from husband Perc Westmore. . . . Dennis Morgan, who used to be Stanley Morner at M-G-M, will sing the *Red Shadow* rôle in "The Desert Song" for Warners.

THE French women went wild over Tyrone wherever he went in France. The women in Paris made an especial fuss. They thought his mouth was intriguing, his smile devastating. They were far more enthusiastic than American women fans but much more reserved. Although Tyrone quit trying to shop after one or two attempts because the women mobbed him wherever he went, he still had a real honeymoon. In fact, both he and Annabella didn't even do any shopping on their whole trip except to buy some Wedgewood china that Annabella found in a shop in the Champs Elysee one day. It matched some pieces that they have in their partly furnished home. After Annabella bought the pieces, in her typical French way, she wouldn't let them out of her sight. They even flew the Atlantic with her, in the Clipper. At one of the many dinners for Tyrone in Paris the women mobbed him and in rapid French wanted autographs and just one look into those "beautiful" eyes. It caused quite a stir there at the Crillon Hotel. Annabella's ex-husband was at the same dinner and had just met Tyrone. Incidentally, remodeling plans of the Powers' house do *not* include a nursery.



Mrs. Cagney in her bedroom, above, working on a rug for the guests' powder room. The beautiful white circular rug was made by Mrs. Cagney too. The ruffled organdy canopy and the flounces on the four-poster bed match the curtains.

Cagney Comes Home Continued from page 33

to the house and a scene of indescribable beauty. Surprisingly little landscaping has had to be done. A few weeds cleared away and in their stead has been planted almost every genus of flower you can mention. The motor court (for guest parking) will accommodate twenty cars. This is paved with cobble stones salvaged from the city dump. There are over six thousand of them in this space 66' in diameter. Bougainvillea, honeysuckle, and wild strawberry plants will cover the hillsides. In the flat areas Sweet Williams, mignonette, hollyhocks, morning glories, moonvines, chrysanthemums, dahlias, asters, daisies, roses, violets, pansies, carnations, and whatever you can name lend their glory if not their fragrance (for in this much-touted California climate no flower has any odor).

Entering the house, one comes into a small entrance hall. To the left of the door is a powder room for guests. To the right, a double door opens on to the living room. Directly in front of the entrance is another double door leading to the dining room. To the left, and beyond the powder room, stairs lead to the upper floor and a door opens into the kitchen. This hall is finished with wood paneling. The woodwork throughout the house is Idaho knotty pine that has been shellacked, rubbed down, and then rubbed with oil, giving it a soft glossy finish.

Passing through the living room, one comes to the library which really looks like a library. Four cut-out panels—the work of an artist friend, Will Crawford—form the doors to a small but completely equipped bar. There is running water, a tray for liquor, shelves for glasses, and below, a small electric refrigerator.

"I didn't want a regular bar or rumpus room," Jim explains. "I like to feel that this is a home and not a night club. The bar we have is large enough to accommodate as many guests as we usually have. If we have a party, we always have in extra help and drinks can be served from the butler's pantry."

On either side of the bar is a small built-in chest with a glass front. You will note one of them to the left of the bar.

This one is called "The Pirates Treasure Chest." The figures are wax. It is done exactly to scale and is the work of Dwight Franklin. The one on the other side depicts one of the adventures of the dwarfs in "Snow White" and was done by Crawford. The beauty of these lies in the detail and coloring, which, unfortunately, a black and white photo cannot catch.

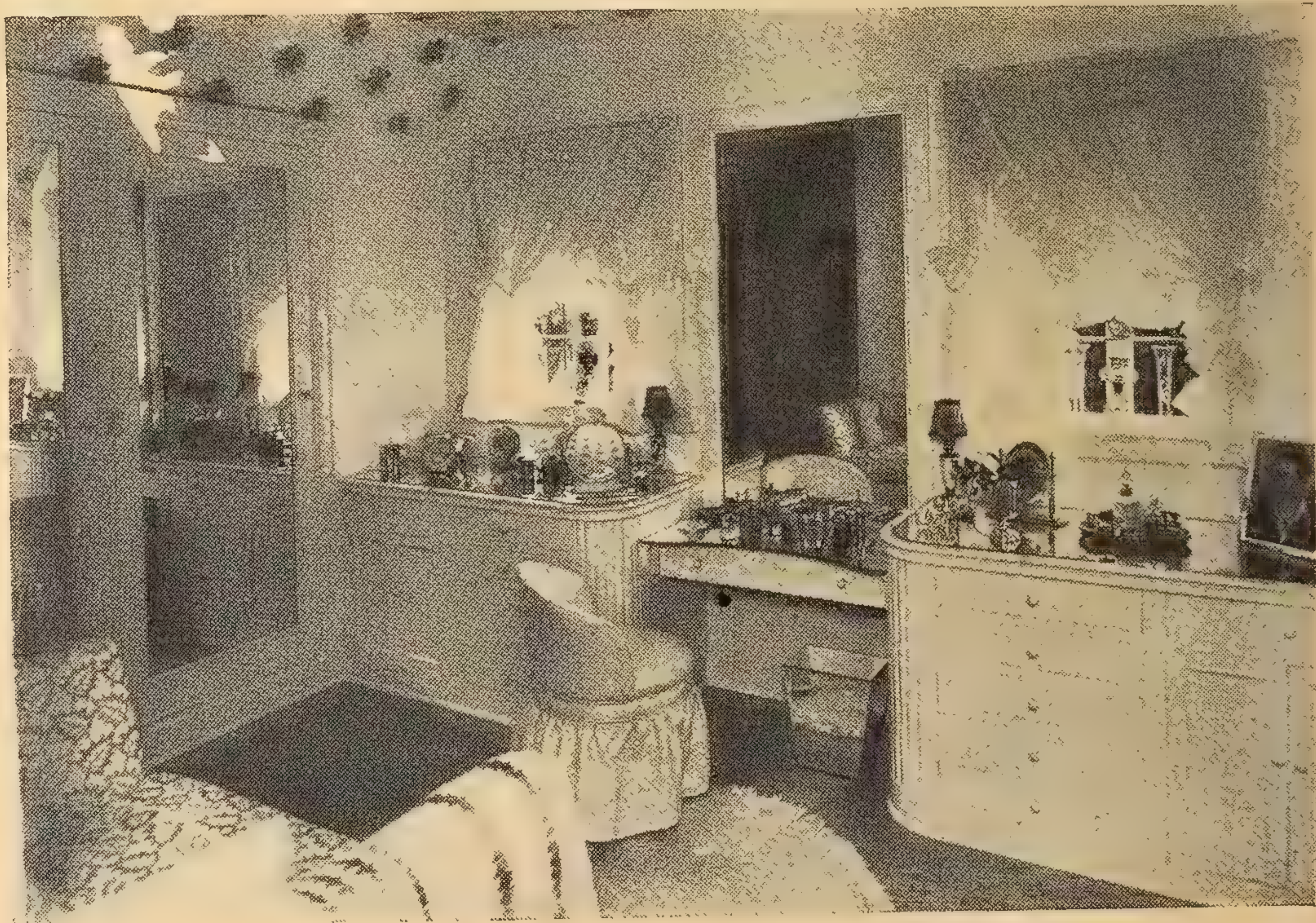
Very little new furniture has been bought for this house. Most of it was either brought from their old home on Hillcrest Drive or from their New England farmhouse. The cobbler's bench at the extreme left of the picture was brought from New England. An antique dealer from whom they purchased a few things made them a present of the old cobbler's tools. These have been augmented by Jim's collection of

three pipes—which he never smokes. The divan in front of the window (from Hillcrest) is in tan leather. All the chairs in this room are upholstered in leather, either tan or green. The rug is a hand-woven, hand-braided hook rug made by Mrs. Cagney's sister, Mrs. Jess Anthony of Glendale. On the opposite side of the room, the table under the window is an old tip-top brought from the farm. The ship above it is a miniature reproduction of an old Spanish galleon, correct to the most minute detail, which was made and presented to Jim by one of his admirers at the studio. Just over the divan you will note an old oil lamp. It is so old it burns only whale oil. So it is never lighted. They have no whale oil, although I have heard plenty of banana oil spilled around that room. The other lamps manage to struggle along on kerosene. You will note the stone wall on the side of the room where the fireplace is. This whole wall is rough stone.

Jim has a phobia on the subject of lighting. He hates brightly lighted rooms, so in the library there are only a few oil-burning lamps and the one electric lamp in the window. This, too, is from Hillcrest. At the latter place Jim would never have it wired for electricity. He liked the smell of burning kerosene.

Going from the library to the living room, we find on the right of the fireplace an old, old English mahogany tilt-top table. The lamp on it is a red satin glass Victorian oil lamp that has been wired. Also on the table is a sterling silver, porcelain-lined shaving mug with a mirror set in the top. On the side of it is a rest for the shaving brush. This is now used as a cigarette box and the rest, instead of supporting a shaving brush, supports Mr. Pat O'Brien's big black cigars.

In front of the fireplace is an antique "pig bench" which in old days was used to slaughter pigs on. The gore has been removed and it now does duty as a coffee table. The huge brandy snifter on it is filled with roses instead of cognac because, since neither Jim nor Bill drinks, they have no eye to practicality. The curtains in this room, as they are throughout the house except in Jim's bedroom, library, and kitchen, are criss-crossed white ruffled organdy. The drapes are hand-blocked linen and all the upholstery in this room is of a similar material except the divan which is covered in a rough textured red-and-white weave. The



Mrs. Cagney's dressing room, above, is as feminine and fussy as Jimmy's is mannish and simple. The bath can be seen in mirror over the dressing table.

chairs, other than the large easy ones, are ladder-backs, a couple of them being museum pieces.

To the left of the fireplace is a cupboard that hides the radio. The only light in the room is furnished by three converted oil lamps and the two small lamps on the piano. Opposite the fireplace is a huge walnut refectory table brought from Hillcrest. Originally it was imported by the woman from whom they bought the Hillcrest place from a monastery in Italy. On either side of this table are two huge, matching wing chairs. The cigarette boxes are all either English Sheffield or crystal. To the right of the fireplace is a huge copper, an old English fireside bucket to keep wood in. To the left of the fireplace, although it doesn't show, is an old Swedish wooden bucket with a lid. The wood has been treated so that it can be used for hot bread or spaghetti—and it keeps the food hot, too!

The paper on the dining room walls is hand-blocked. This and Mrs. Cagney's bedroom are the only two rooms in the house that are papered. The sideboard at the end of the dining room is a converted water bench. In the centre of this, open to view, is a portion of a complete service of old Irish Silver—a gift from the Robert Montgomerys. The table is an old trestle table, set for a dinner party the night the picture was taken. The guests included Mr. and

them plastered over.

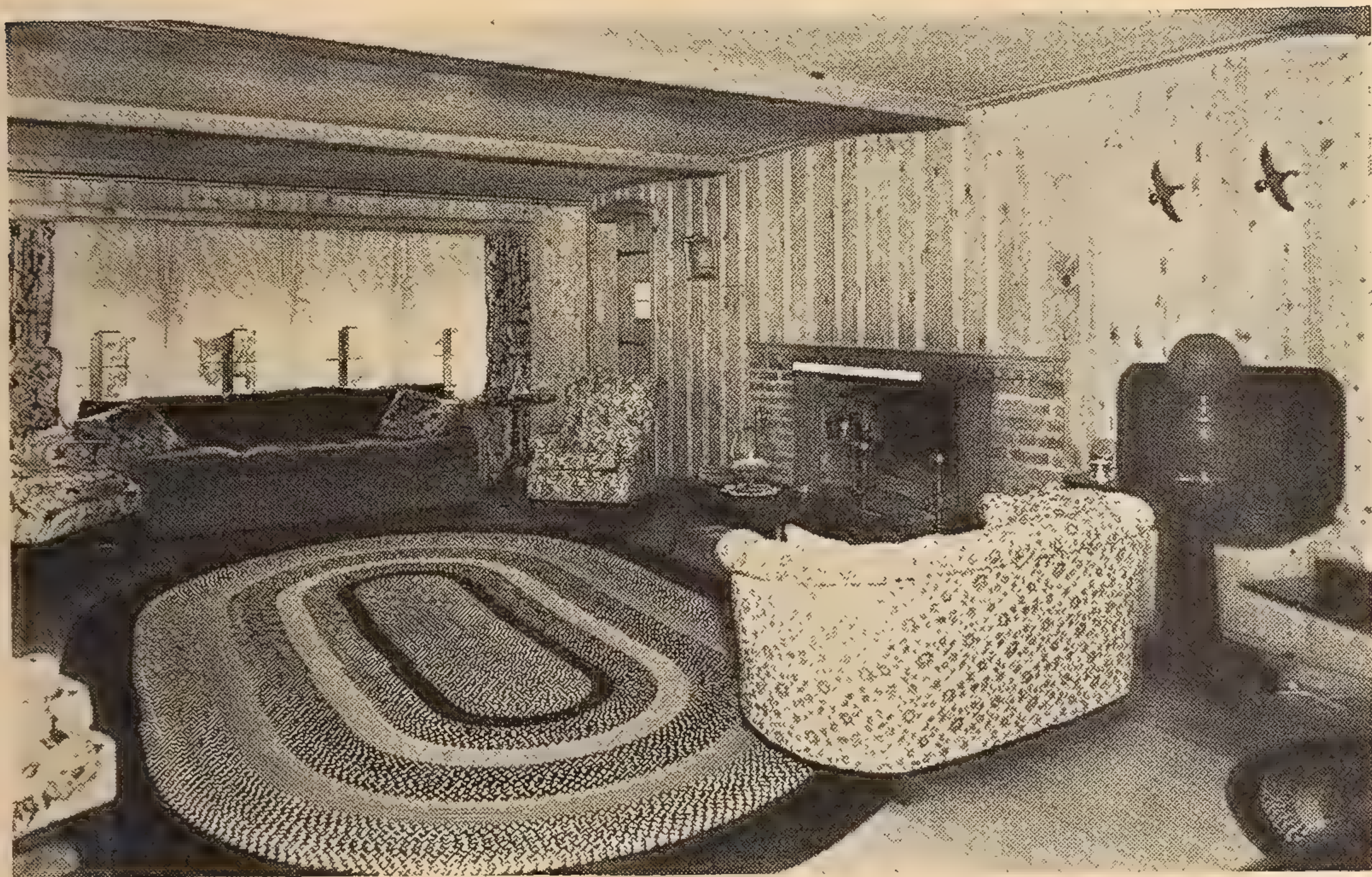
Although the kitchen is the pride of Mrs. Cagney's life, it has regulation equipment, its distinguishing features being sound-proof walls (so that the rattle of pots, pans, and dishes does not penetrate to the dining room or other parts of the house) and a built-in desk where menus may be made out and bills checked. A red and white color motif has been followed.

Upstairs there are only two bedrooms—the master bedrooms—each with its own dressing room and bath—one for Jim and one for Billie. Billie's bedroom and the kitchen were her only contributions to the plan of the house. She generously wanted Jim to have exactly the kind of home he wanted. For herself, she wanted a large bedroom where she could loaf rather than have to go downstairs to the living room.

"Well, baby," I murmured, "you sure got what you wanted. It looks like the rotunda of the Grand Central station."

"It is large, isn't it?" Billie agreed. "But I don't have the noise and confusion of the Grand Central and," she added meaningfully, "usually no one intrudes on me here. Oh, yes. The other thing I held out for here, besides the size, is the fireplace. I have always wanted a fireplace in my bedroom."

She crocheted the rug herself and I mean to state it must have been a man-size job. It is made of an off-white yarn. The bed



The beams in the Cagney living room, above, are hand-hewn and the walls are of Idaho knotty pine, shellacked and rubbed down to give them a soft glossy finish.

Mrs. Charles Einfeld (Warner Brothers publicity director), Mr. and Mrs. Pam Blumenthal and Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy. The plates are English Sheffield and the bread-and-butters are sterling.

At the left of the room is a drop-leaf maple serving table. Note the rock crystal hurricane shades around the candles. All the furniture in this room is either old pine or maple. There are three different kinds of chairs. They could not get a set of matching chairs that were authentic antiques and preferred using these that were left over after they had finished furnishing their farmhouse.

Throughout the house the floors are 12" pine planking, held down with copper nails. Jim held out for even wider planking but the builders would not guarantee that in this famous California climate they wouldn't warp. The rug for the dining room is not quite finished. It is being hand-braided of damask to match the draperies, which are genuine old crewel. The only light in this room is furnished by candles. The architect put in electric outlets but Jim calmly had

is maple, hand-carved. It is a pity that the detail of the carving doesn't show up in the picture. The red and white spread, which she also made, has since been replaced by a crocheted spread—the prettiest I have ever seen anywhere. I happened to be with Billie when she bought it. She paid the price asked (and it was a good price) without any haggling. But handwork of any kind affects Jim strangely. He can never lose sight of the time and effort that have gone into the creation of such things. He dramatizes the hopes and dreams the maker probably wove into it with every stitch. Asked what she paid for the spread, Bill told him. "Honey," Jim asked, "please go back where you bought it and try to find out the name and address of the woman who made it and send her another \$25 or \$50. The price wasn't enough for all that work."

The bedside tables were especially built because Billie wanted them utilitarian as well as ornamental. Modern equipment has no place in her room so one table hides the radio and the other the phone. Between



Above, Cagney's dressing room. Note stone wall on one side while the other walls are of the knotty pine.

the two windows is an old, old blanket chest. Behind Mrs. Cagney in the picture is a combination sewing table and tea wagon. Above the mantel on the left is a hand-made cross-stitch sampler, a gift from her sister, saying, "To a friend's house the road is never long."

Her dressing room is the only modernistic note in the house. The shelves in the windows are glass. She has made a collection of miniature oil lamps. The only wallpaper in this room is on the ceiling. And here, too, is the one note of extravagance in the house. There is a tap with filtered ice water running from the ice-box downstairs. There is no similar outlet in Jim's dressing room. He comes here for his drinks.

The furnishings of Jim's room were brought intact from the Hillcrest house. He loved his bedroom there and thought he could not improve on it. The four poster bed is hand-carved walnut. The blue and white quilted spread was hand-made, a gift from Billie's aunt in Iowa. The chest, from which the mirror has been detached and hung separately, is also very old—hand-carved walnut of the early Victorian era. Opposite the chest is an old-fashioned washstand with a china pitcher and bowl. This stand was originally made for a new England school teacher 118 years ago and was presented to her, with the bowl and pitcher, on her wedding day. There is also a small walnut rocker in the room and it is a panic to watch the tough guy of the screen sitting there, contentedly rocking and studying his script.

His dressing room is handsome—but severely plain. The walls are knotty pine, except one which is rough stone like the wall in the library. The closets are roomy enough to hold a stock for a clothing store, although Jim has fewer clothes than any man I know in Hollywood. "I'm building for the future," he grinned, "when I become a star and can afford a large wardrobe."

The little plaques above the closets (also a gift from a friend) represent Dickens characters. They are done in plaster of paris and painted. At either end of the dressing table you will note another of the cut-outs representing incidents from their lives. These form the doors to the medicine cabinets where he keeps his toiletries.

Many houses in Hollywood are more pretentious than livable. But every time I enter this house I think of a favorite verse of one of my school teachers:

"For every house where love abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home—and home, sweet home—
For there the heart can rest."



Mary Healy holds her individual make-up chart which Buddy Westmore prepared for her before he started applying his expert touches to Mary's face.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

that Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths make or any party could call for."

You'd think so, too, if you could see the teaspoons and soup spoons, the tablespoons and serving spoons—the dinner forks and knives and the salad forks and the butter spreaders—everything that her set includes. No wonder she loves to give parties.

We didn't dare stay any longer this time, for it was getting near time for the dinner guests to arrive. But before we left, June promised to tell us just how she uses her silver service for different occasions. We went back a day or two later and we're passing on to you—digested and simplified for your guidance—the rules Miss Lang follows for the setting of her tables.

THE SILVERWARE YOU NEED FOR EVERY MEAL—AND HOW TO PLACE IT

Remember the five general and simple rules for putting your silver on the table . . . rules you've grown so used to that you have probably ceased to notice them.

1. All forks at the left
2. All knives and spoons to the right
3. Butter knives laid across the edge of butter plates
4. All silver service laid so that the first courses are farthest from the plate and the last course, except desserts, next to the plate
5. Dessert service differs in formal and informal dinner (as shown below)

BREAKFAST

Place Setting

Orange Spoon
Teaspoon
Grille Knife and Fork
Butter Spreader

Serving Pieces

Sugar Spoon
Butter Knife
Tablespoons
Small Server
Berry Spoon

LUNCHEON

Place Setting

Bouillon Spoon
Teaspoon
Salad Fork
Luncheon Knife and Fork
Butter Spreader
Iced Drink Spoon
(for hot weather)

Serving Pieces

Sugar Spoon
Butter Knife
Pierced Pastry Server
Tablespoons
Cold Meat Fork
Pickle Fork
Small Server

INFORMAL DINNER

Place Setting

Cream Soup Spoon
Teaspoon
Salad Fork
Dinner Knife and Fork
Butter Spreader

Serving Pieces

Sugar Spoon
Butter Knife
Carving Set
Gravy Ladle
Pickle Fork
Pie Server

FORMAL DINNER

Place Setting

Round Bowl Soup Spoon
Cocktail Fork
Grille Knife and Fork
(Fish)
Dinner Knife and Fork
(Roast)
Salad Fork
After Dinner Coffee Spoon
(Served with Coffee)

Serving Pieces

(Not on the table . . . but passed with the various courses)
Sugar Spoon
Tablespoons
(for Vegetables)
Gravy Ladle
Small Server
Pierced Round Server

BUFFET SUPPER

Place Setting

Knives
Forks
Salad Forks
Teaspoons
Butter Spreaders (for Cheese, Conserves, etc.)

Serving Pieces

(Depending on the Variety of Dishes)
Tablespoons
Cold Meat Fork
Pierced Round Server
Sugar Spoon
Pickle or Olive Fork

SERVING DESSERTS AT DINNER

Formal

Dessert service is brought in and set before each place at the table. The Dessert Fork is on the plate at left and the Dessert Spoon at the right. No silver is placed on the table.

Informal

Dessert plate carries finger bowl, set on doily, Dessert Fork and Dessert Spoon at left and right of finger bowl. Finger bowl is placed on table at top of plate by guest, and dessert is passed.

Why not cut out these June Lang rules and paste them on cardboard and save them so that you can check your own table settings?

How About a Change of Personality?

Continued from page 65

her mouth is slightly larger. But with all these signs of the sophisticate, she has cultivated the understanding, the intelligence and knowledge, the humor that is so necessary to go with it."

"Alice Faye," volunteered Buddy, "is the best example I know of a girl whose change of appearance meant success. Alice arrived in Hollywood a torch singer and typical Broadway 'Glamor Girl.' She had slicked-down platinum blonde hair, lots of eye make-up, brows that had almost disappeared, and rosebud lips. After a year or so had passed on the Fox lot without a great deal happening for her career, Alice began to think seriously of changing her personality. She let her hair return to a normal taffy-blond shade, fluffed it out in a more ordinary arrangement—the one that flattered her facial contours a great deal more—and she made up her eyes and mouth in a normal way. Soon letters about the 'Faye girl' began to pour into the studios. People liked her. Why hadn't they seen her before? Today, Alice is one of the ten biggest box-office stars, and she puts the reason squarely on her change of personality."

Monte Westmore, directing make-up for the momentous "Gone With the Wind," had a somewhat different problem with Vivien Leigh, the *Scarlett O'Hara* girl. "In the first place," explained Monte, "Miss Leigh is in a somewhat controversial position. The eyes of the world are on her in that *O'Hara* rôle—in which, she, an English girl, must play a woman who is the very fire and essence of the American South.

"Miss Leigh, when she came to America, wore the typically conservative make-up usually worn by English women. We drew her brows heavier, her mouth larger, rearranged her hair, dramatized, with shadow, her flashing green eyes mentioned so often in the character of the book—and there was *Scarlett O'Hara* to the life! But Miss Leigh, realizing this change was entirely outward, spent many hours observing American women, conversing with them, trying to understand their viewpoints and problems and hopes."

"In other words," spoke up Miss Everywoman, "a change of personality doesn't necessarily mean a make-up box full of new colors, paints, powders and false eyelashes?"

"Not entirely, Miss Everywoman," said Perc gravely. "It means understanding, and good taste, and common sense, and imagination wrapped up with it, too."

"I see," answered Miss Everywoman. "Thank you for your help, Perc and Wally—and Monte—and Buddy."

"You're welcome," said the Westmores.

Active in Society — Busy Keeping House



In Cartier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

—BUT
they're both
quick to
grasp this
Exciting
new
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
Care*!



Shopping for the week end—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:
Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."



On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.



Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.



TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY
for the cost of only ONE



Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.





Franciska Gaal, one of Hollywood's most charming personalities and good actresses, is well suited for Fall, as shown here.

Warning to American Mothers

Continued from page 27

comes let her go out with the boys. Train her to be a woman. It's still mothers who run the world, not actresses. It's still better to love a man and to make him happy and to bear his children than to have a career. That's the best advice I can give you. That's what I'd do with a child of my own, if I had one."

"But what about Deanna?" she gasped. "What about Gloria?"

He leaned forward across the desk. "Look, I'm a producer. It's my business to make pictures. If I find material which I think will help me to make a good picture, it's my business to use it. As a producer, I can't use your child. As a human being, I say, take her home. If I had a voice that could reach mothers everywhere, I would shout: DON'T BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO HOLLYWOOD!"

Pasternak is a short man, electric with energy. You'd look at him twice in the street because his face is alive—rugged, attractively homely and full of character. He has crinkles of humor round the eyes and a smile that cuts his age in half. Having been kicked around by the industry for years, he takes the dignity of his present pre-eminence with his tongue in his cheek. Adversity taught him the realities so thoroughly that they're his for life. He's easier to approach than nine-tenths of Hollywood's self-inflated underlings.

It has been said that without him Universal would have had to shut up shop. "Bolony!" he snorts. "Make a couple of good pictures, you're Lincoln. Make a couple of bad ones, you're mud." Whether or not he saved the studio from collapse, he has certainly kept it among the majors. When Leo, the astute Lion, let Deanna slip through his paws, Pasternak grabbed her and you know the rest. That was when the mothers started crowding. A woman determined to make an actress of her child

will stop at nothing. They waylaid him at the studio gates, they ran after his car, they ferreted out his favorite eating places and tried to corner him there. They sent him letters, belligerent or pleading, straightforward or transparent in their guile. "We have a new litter of thoroughbreds," one woman wrote. "We'd like to give you one. My little girl will bring it to the studio. She looks like Shirley Temple."

Now he's brought in another winner in the person of Gloria Jean, the beguiling eleven-year-old of "The Under-Pup." Pleased though he is in his producer's capacity, he groans at the thought of the avalanche that's bound to follow. And though he's annoyed by the persistence of the suppliants, it's the children's plight that bothers him most.

"People somehow find out your weakness and make capital of it. They know I love kids. So they think, if they bring me the child, I will say, 'How cute! I'll put her in the movies.' It's because I *do* love kids that I want them kept away from here.

"Very seldom do fathers want their children to be actresses. It's mostly mothers. And why? Do they talk to the child? Do they try to find out what's inside her? Does the child say, 'Mother, I'll die if I can't be an actress.' No. A normal child wants to play. A normal child wants to do what other children do. But the mother reads figures. Ninety-five per cent are inspired by the money end. Maybe they fool themselves that it's for the good of the child. But they're being dishonest. And this they would be forced to admit if they had the courage to examine themselves. Also they read the magazines and listen to the radio. I don't want to say unkind things about magazines, but some of them print too much glamor. Deanna has a glass house, they say—which she hasn't—so the mother thinks her own angel would look much better in a glass house than Deanna. Mothers who don't think their children are the most beautiful in the world aren't mothers.

"It doesn't take very much. Maybe the neighbor wants to borrow an egg or a glass

of milk. Maybe she didn't pay back the last egg. So she has to take Mrs. Smith's mind away from the egg. What's the best way to do it? 'You know, when your Betty recited *Little Bo-peep*, I cried. She's much better than Jane Withers. Jane must have known a producer. Why don't you take Betty to Hollywood?' So the mother says, 'Betty, make your face like Jane Withers.' And the neighbor laughs—and goes home and laughs again. 'That dumb-bell believed me,' she tells the other neighbors.

"That's the bad part. That's where the poison creeps in. The dumb-bell believed her. All night the husband has to listen: 'Betty is better than that kid we saw last night. Why shouldn't Betty make three thousand a week? So at last he scrapes a few dollars together, because the poor guy has to sleep, and he sends them to Hollywood. Then when she can't get into the studios, she's ashamed to go back. She knows the neighbors are waiting. She knows they'll be sweet to her face and jab-jab-jab behind her back. So she gives her last cent to some phony agent, because the regulars won't touch her. Then she has to wire back for bus fare, and the poor kid gets hell because she can't do what she never wanted to do, and wasn't made to do in the first place.

"They have me tagged as a guy who discovers children. I don't. Children aren't discovered. They're born, they're raised, they become teachers or nurses or file clerks or extras or stars, according to what's inside. We don't *make* sensations. Nobody in Hollywood ever made a star. Stars are made in Iowa and Kansas, in Boston and Philadelphia and Oshkosh, and maybe in the Singer Building, New York. I mean that. No star is bigger than the twenty-five cents Anna Zilch pays to see him. All we can do is try to guess what Anna Zilch wants.

"So now you're going to ask me after all this talk, how did Deanna and Gloria happen? Deanna didn't come to Hollywood. She lived here. She was studying for opera. She didn't give a hang for the movies, she didn't run after them, they ran after her. Gloria didn't come to Hollywood. I met her in New York.

"I sent for Deanna because I was trying to cast 'Three Smart Girls,' not because an agent raved about her. Without the proper set-up, I couldn't have used her, even if she had been two Deannas. If you can't cast them, what are you going to do with them? All right, I had the set-up, I had a great director in Koster, I needed a child. I had seen plenty. They tripped in, they curtsied like a jack-in-the-box, they said ma-má, they said da-dée, they stuck their heads in their necks and made google-eyes. There's no greater ham than a child ham.

"Deanna came in. She was simple, she was honest, she was direct. She didn't make a play for the producer. She talked and acted like a girl of thirteen. She said what came from her heart, not what someone had taught her. I thought she had talent, but next to talent you always put a question-mark. You don't know—you think—you have to try. I took her not because I hoped she had talent, but because I knew she was real. Had she been a mechanical toy, the voice wouldn't have helped.

"It was the same with Gloria. I'm not an atheist, so I believe God juggles people around and plays chess with them. When I finished 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' I was going to the mountains for my first vacation in years. I had to cast 'The Under-Pup,' but I didn't even want to think about it till I came back. I was tired. I was ready to leave, when suddenly I thought: 'You big boob, you have a sister in Canada whom you haven't seen for nineteen years. Why don't you go there?'

"From Canada I went to New York. Mr. Waterman, secretary to our president, Mr.

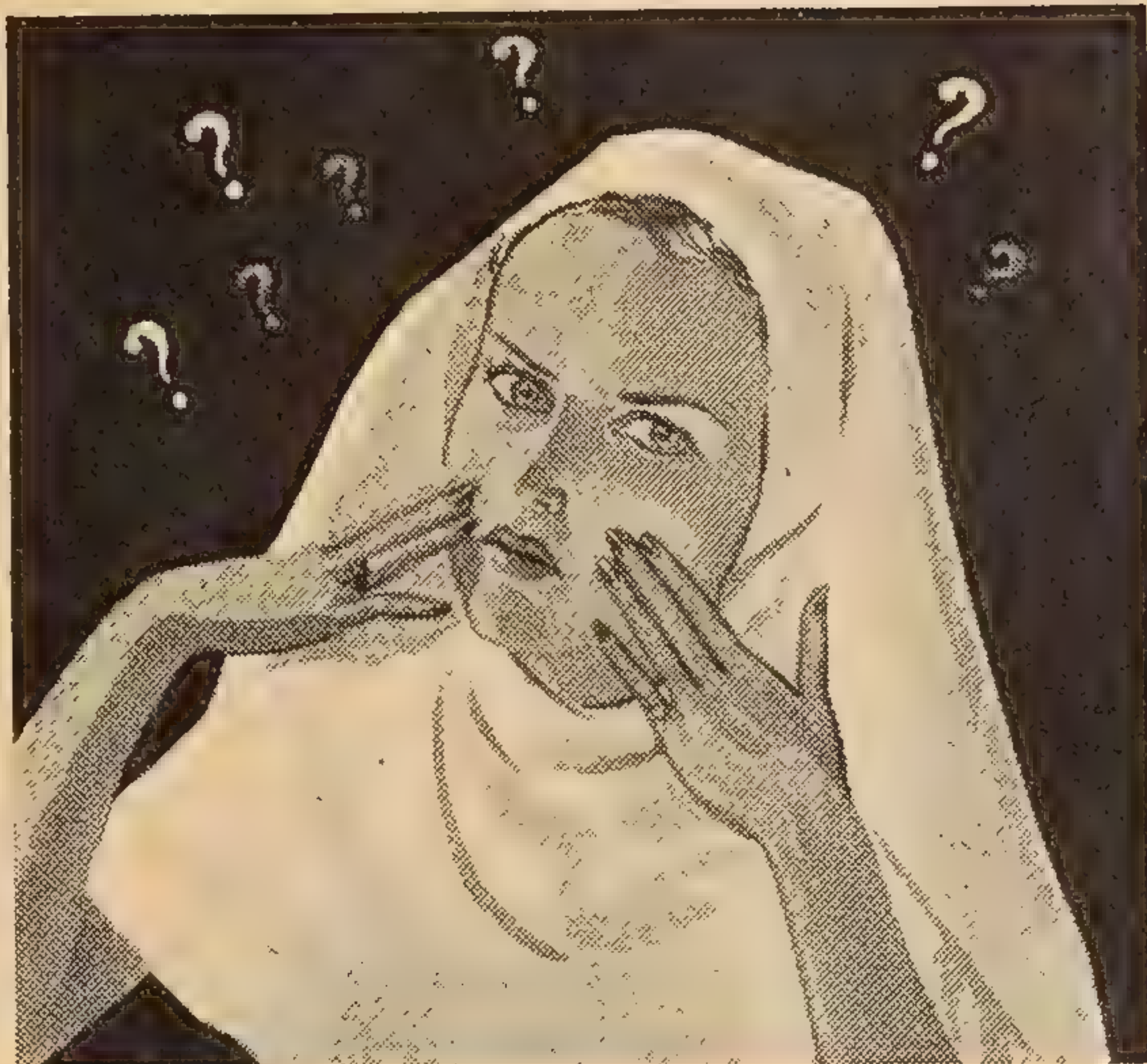
LADY ESTHER SAYS—



"To keep your Accent on Youth— Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"



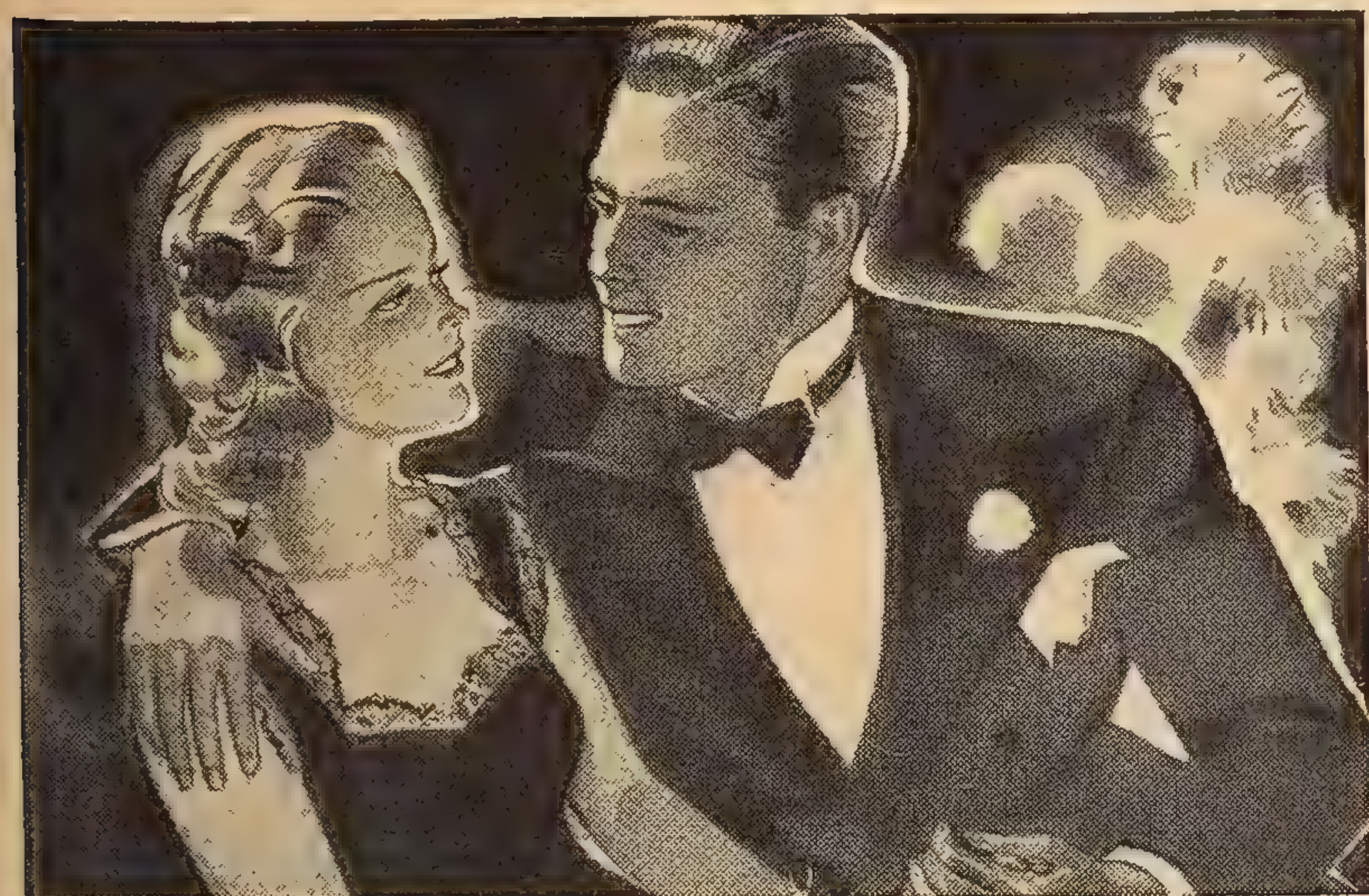
Go get the facts and you'll never use a *heavy* cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!



Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older* than you really are? Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.



The speed of life today puts *new demands* upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.



Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself "*young skin care*"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

ARE YOU sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there...* to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own

eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams **FAIL TO GET OUT!**

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



**"HOW DOES MARY STAY
SO RESTED? SHE'S
ALREADY DRIVEN OVER
400 MILES!"**



HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.



Beech-Nut

TRY ALL 6 OF OUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS

and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies — Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

Blumberg, began pestering me about this kid. He'd never seen her, but the butcher knew the baker and the baker knew the candlestickmaker and the candlestickmaker knew a girl. I told him to leave me alone, I wanted to meet bigger girls in New York. He kept after me—the family's poor, they've got four kids, the father's out of work. When I say yes, it's mostly a waste of time. When I say no, my conscience bothers me, maybe I'm missing something.

"So I saw her. She didn't say much. She was friendly, but she didn't push herself down my throat. I asked if she knew who I was. 'You're the one who makes Deanna Durbin's pictures.' I asked if she wanted to be in the movies. She was shy. 'I don't know if I'm good enough. It's up to you.'"

"That's how I met Gloria. Here was a kid from Scranton, Pa., who happened to be in New York for an audition. Here was a guy from Hollywood who should have been snoring in the mountains. His brotherly feelings wake up after nineteen years and land him in Canada. He takes in New York as a side trip, fate shoves us together."

I asked if he thought that Deanna had lost, or that Gloria would lose, by a screen career. His answer came without hesitation. "I can only repeat what I said before: If I had a talented child, I would keep her out of the movies. Of course I don't know what my wife would say, if I had a wife. She might be stronger than I. For the present I haven't a wife, I haven't a child, so it's easy. But I have a sister whose boy is three and a half. If I can help it, he won't be an actor."

"What's the duty of a parent? To give the child a happy childhood and to help build for the future. I think she has a better chance for happiness in normal surroundings, and I think building character is more important than building annuities. And even though you try to do both, there are still certain things you can't prevent. The child may be modest, and the parents may be wise, but the studio atmosphere remains unnatural. It's not natural that a child should have a bodyguard. It's not natural that she can't go roller-skating with her friends or that she should be always the center of attention."

"Deanna gets home from work and goes to bed at eight, because at seven next morning some guy will be patting make-up on her face. Once in a while she has a chance to go to the Palomar with this boy she likes, and what happens? She can't step on the floor without swimming in autograph bugs. Imagine a fellow says, 'I love you,' and a candid camera pops in her eyes and she has to blink and turn back to the guy and say, 'What?' It's the most precious moment in life and it's lost."

"Maybe I'm too old-fashioned, but I still think a girl's most beautiful future lies in marriage. Most girls spend their happiest days dreaming about the prince on a white horse, learning from their mothers how to cook and keep house for him. So he's not a prince and he comes in a Model-T Ford. Or he hangs on a subway strap, what do they care? But a girl in the movies has no time for such things. I don't say she doesn't dream too. Only her life is full of other excitements. One dream fills your horizon. Two are too many, the second has to take a back seat."

"Or suppose she falls in love with a poor young man. It's all right, she says, I have enough for both. But suppose the poor young man won't live on her money."

"Or leave marriage out. Suppose her career is finished at eighteen? How many child players do you know who go on after that? You can count them on the fingers of one hand. So she's lost her childhood and she hasn't gained her future. She feels it's the end when it should be the begin-

ning. She's too old to catch up with her girlhood and too young to believe that it's not a real tragedy. Be glad that your daughter will miss this experience."

"You'll say, it's easy for the fellow who's full to preach to the fellow who's hungry. My answer is this: let everybody mind his business and believe that the other guy has his own troubles. The president sleeps in the White House, but he has more sleepless nights than the WPA worker who gets fifteen bucks a week."

"People read about swimming-pools. They say, what a lucky so-and-so. Take it from me, ninety percent who own swimming-pools don't use them. They haven't the time. They haven't the peace of mind. I've got two brothers. One's a tinsmith, one's an assistant director. We have dinner together, and I sit and watch those kids eat. I think, Lord! if I could eat like that. Why can't I? Because my digestion's no good, because I'm nervous, because I'm wondering how was the last scene we shot, did we do it right, did she over-act, should we do it again tomorrow, how much would it cost? When the tailor goes to bed, he goes to sleep. For a pair of pants, he should worry. 'If the guy didn't like it, he can bring 'em back tomorrow and I'll press 'em again.' Then why don't I open a tailor shop? Because I have to do the only thing I'm trained for."

"Your body isn't worth a nickel more in silks than in cottons. The stenographer with one hat and one pair of shoes has a date. She puts on her hat and says, 'Hello, Jim, let's go.' The star has a date too. She wants the same thing as the little stenographer, love from the boy friend. She opens her closet and puts on a hat, no good, another, no good, another, what happens? 'What's the idea?' the boy friend says, 'you're late.' 'I couldn't decide what hat to wear.' 'Try on some more, I'll read the funnies.' So they start scrapping and she cries all night and looks like hell when she gets in front of the cameras next day."

"I'd like to say to you mothers just one thing. A movie child's life isn't all cream and honey. It's hard work and heartbreak. A successful marriage is better than a successful career. If you can guide your girl to find the right man, she may have less money but she'll have more happiness. So will her husband. When a man comes home, he wants his wife there. Even if she throws the milk bottle at him, it's more fun than having a star in Hollywood."



Gloria Jean wears this cute play suit for a scene in "The Under-Pup."

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 67 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Loch Lommond Pajamas by Miss Swank, Inc.,
112 Madison Avenue, New York City

Chandler & Co., Boston, Mass.
Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, Ohio
A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Texas
B. Siegel Co., Detroit, Mich.
Emery, Bird, Thayer Dry Goods Co.,
Kansas City, Mo.
Ed. Schuster & Co., Inc., Milwaukee,
Wis.
R. H. Macy & Co., New York City
Kaufmann Dept. Stores Inc., Pittsburgh,
Pa.
Meier & Frank Company, Portland, Ore.
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Raphael Weill & Co., Inc., San Fran-
cisco, Cal.
Raleigh Haberdasher, Washington, D. C.

Suede Handbag by the Lincoln Leather Goods
Company, 6 West 32nd Street, New York City

Martin's, Brooklyn, New York
The William Hengerer Co., Buffalo,
N. Y.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Ernest Kern Co., Detroit, Mich.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
The Broadway Department Store, Los
Angeles, Cal.
Arnold, Constable & Co., New York City
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
The Crosby Bros., Topeka, Kan.
S. Kann & Co., Washington, D. C.

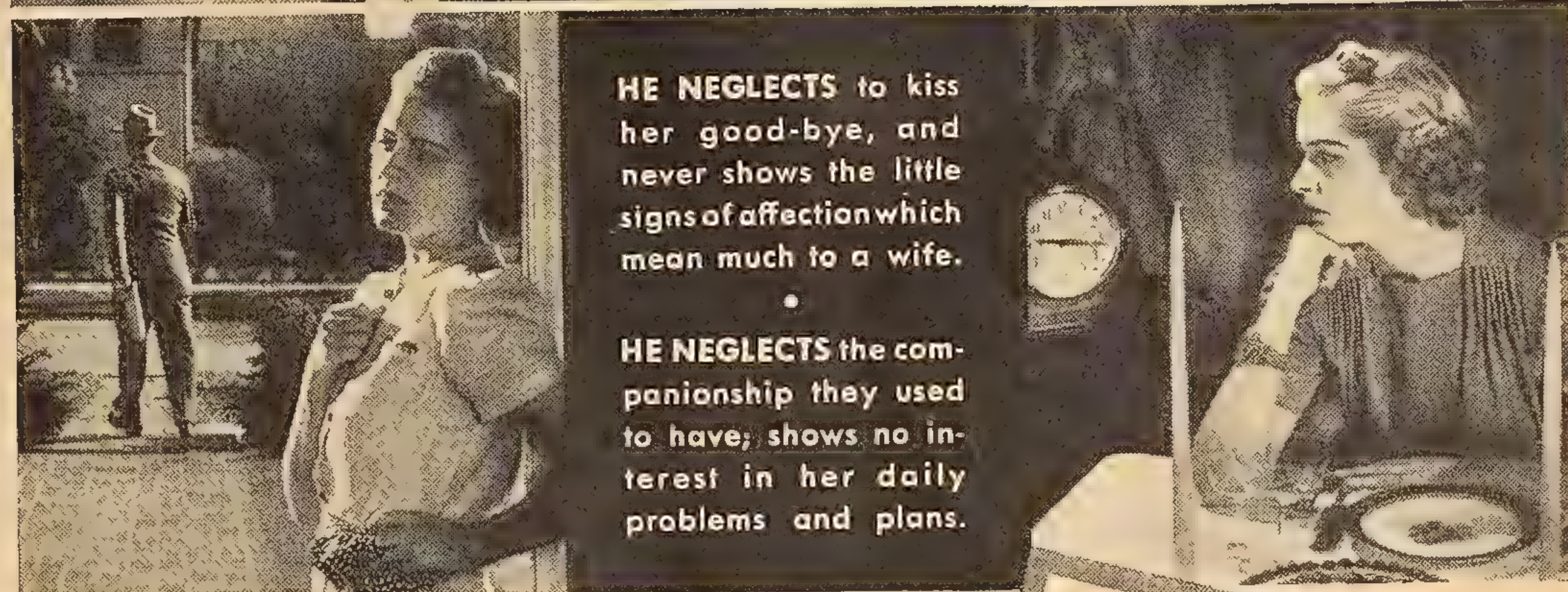
Tish-U-Knit Sweater Set by Olympic Knitwear
Inc., 1372 Broadway, New York City

Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
The Joslin Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Harry S. Manchester, Inc., Madison,
Wis.
Powers Dry Goods Co., Inc., Minne-
apolis, Minn.
Maison Blanche, New Orleans, La.
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Olds, Wortman & King, Inc., Portland,
Ore.
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., San Fran-
cisco, Cal.
Rhodes Department Store, Seattle, Wash.

Snuff Box Compact by Volupte, Inc., 347 Fifth
Avenue, New York City

Bromberg & Co., Birmingham, Ala.
C. Crawford Hollidge, Ltd., Boston,
Mass.
The Henry Birke Stores in Canada
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas, Tex.
Neusteter Co., Denver, Colo.
L. S. Ayers Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
B. Altman & Co., New York City
J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha, Neb.
Jaccard's, St. Louis, Mo.
I. Magnin & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
The Addis Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT*



BUT...
*her own neglect
was really the
cause of his
indifference*

*The one neglect no husband
can forgive is carelessness (or
ignorance) about FEMININE
HYGIENE.

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

IF THERE is any doubt in your mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives, are . . .

1. **Non-Caustic**. "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. **Effectiveness**. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter.
3. **Spreading**. "Lysol" solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtually search out germs.
4. **Economy**. "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene.
5. **Odor**. The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. **Stability**. "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

1889—1939
50th ANNIVERSARY



What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. S-911, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Address _____

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LOVABLE LIPS are free from LIPSTICK PARCHING



• If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

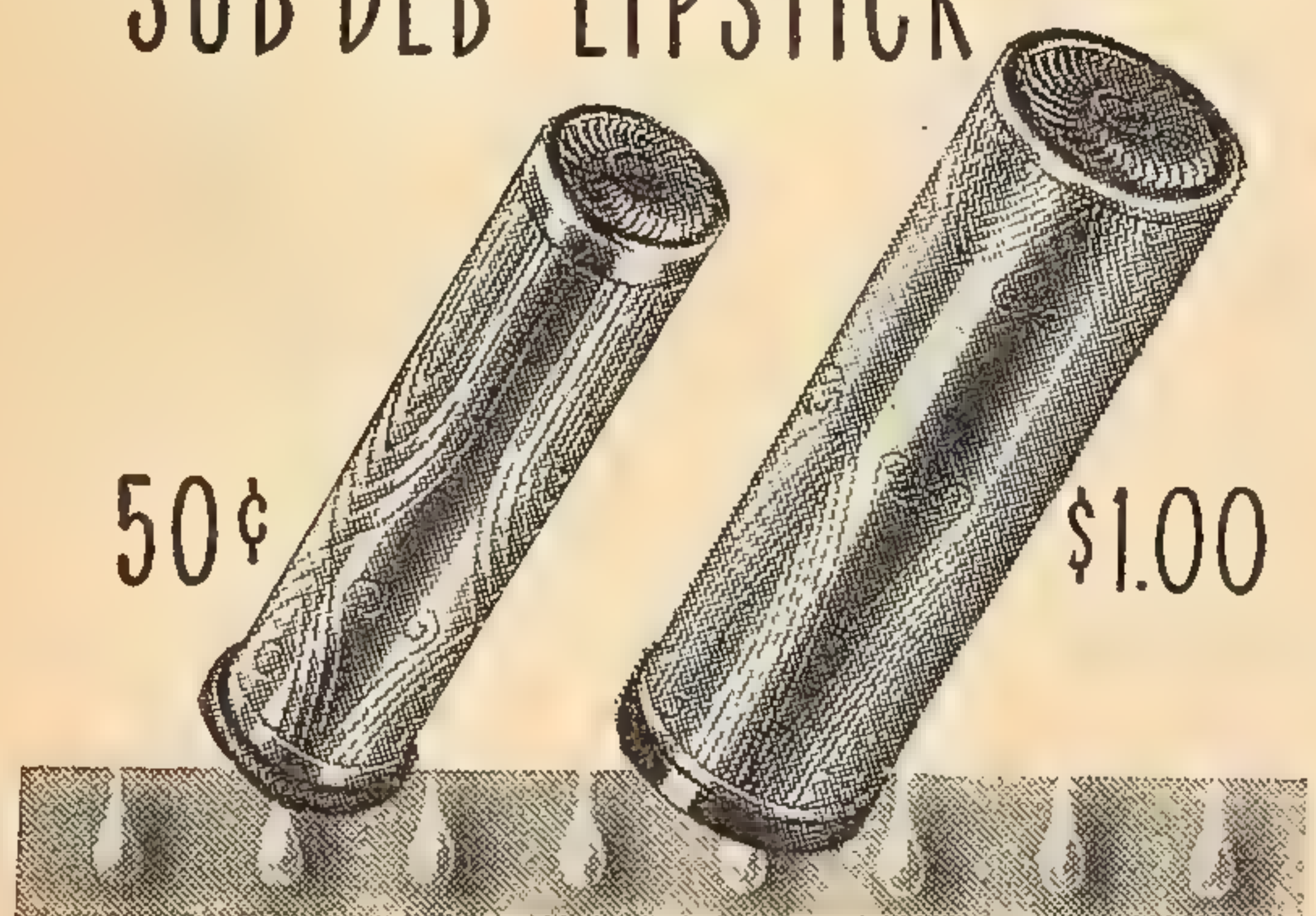
Coty "Sub-Deb" does *double duty*. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or \$1.00.

"Air-Spun" Rouge in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Leslie and the Ladies

Continued from page 29

I don't say this attitude toward men is natural. It's acquired. But a woman has her choice.

"From my observations, I say quite definitely that absolutely any woman can make herself over so that she is charming. Not even the most enchanting siren was *born* enchanting; she became so, step by step. People surround the process with mystery because they don't want to go to the trouble involved.

"A woman's charm, which is her most potent weapon, is the result of her surroundings, her training, and her way of having fun. A woman doesn't have to be beautiful, though it helps. A girl is silly if she plasters on a lot of make-up and fancies that solves the whole problem; it doesn't. Baby faces, pretty faces, and exotic faces are common in Hollywood, and the standardized studio girl couldn't make the grade in real competition because she has banked on looking like a star who was an original. The 'typical' Hollywood girl falls into the same error as many other hard-working girls do; she expects a surface similarity to prove appeal is all she needs. No wonder she grows discouraged. She hasn't enough individuality to stand out!

"Envy is a confession of inferiority. The fascinating women of this world don't imitate; they create. They try to be different from any other woman who ever existed. They take advantage of grooming and polishing, certainly, but they bend the modes to spotlight their originality. Wendy Hiller, for example, had none of the attributes of a movie star. If I'd brought her here to Hollywood personally, and had taken her right into producers' offices, and had recommended her as a fine bet for the screen, I would have been laughed out. They'd have said, 'She may be a good stage actress, but she's much too tall, she isn't good-looking enough, she has no glamor, her features aren't right and you can't change features. She's a bust!'

"But Wendy Hiller *isn't* a bust. She demonstrated that she has plenty of screen appeal. She isn't a beauty, but she has charm. She is a woman of enormous integrity. When she made her picture debut in 'Pygmalion' we adapted ourselves to her individuality. She had been selected for the film by Shaw, because she'd been a hit when his play had been revived in the theatre. He hadn't given a thought to film technique, so she didn't, either. I finally persuaded her to go into the projection room with me and examine her close-ups. She was wholly sincere about wanting to be a good actress, but she hadn't realized what her rushes could teach her. After she saw how she looked she was more co-operative; we were able to photograph her more flatteringly. Every woman who is discontented with herself can profit equally as much by studying herself in a mirror. Perhaps she has mannerisms and gestures which detract, and of which she has been ignorant.

"I think Wendy Hiller can do great things on the screen if she is carefully cast, if her career is hand-tailored. If she is unwise enough to come to Hollywood on a standard contract, I've my doubts about her fate. They wouldn't know how to handle her here; at least, only a Selznick or a Goldwyn would be sympathetic and painstaking enough. She is a demonstration of what I said about a woman needing understanding direction. It's also a fact that a woman's potentialities aren't noticed by every man. My own chapter with Katharine Hepburn points this. She was cast in a

Broadway play of mine. Today she is a Broadway success, but that was back before she got into pictures, when she was beginning. The author had dug her up in a Massachusetts stock company. When I watched her attempting to portray my warm, feminine mistress I was stricken dumb. She was a funny-looking girl, wearing a weird coat, and she not only had no regard for her appearance, but she was appallingly inept at acting that rôle. When I saw her, later, on the screen I was even more astounded. Her scrappy, gingery hair had become a compelling crowning glory, as it were. The character in her face, her individuality, was now quite apparent. She was literally transformed. Yet she was unlike anyone else in Hollywood; she was her own self, an original, polished up. She was wise to follow her heart and not imitate. She had the courage to climb. A woman of significance can't be soft at the core. On the surface, yes. But she must have nerve. If she lets her natural self-respect filter away she's a weakling. She's foolishly suppressed her native impulses. She's narrowed her interests, a splendid system for becoming a first-class bore.

"The one thing a woman can emulate a feminine movie star in, besides grooming, is voice technique. I don't mean to go about speaking like any one particular actress; that's monotonous copying once more. I mean that all our better actresses rely on the tone of their voice and their diction for much of their charm. They employ a low pitch. They cultivate colorfulness of range. Many a woman only has to open her mouth to disillusion a man. Many a woman could open her mouth and intrigue a man. Why allot energy to improving the face and figure and ignore the sex-appeal a voice gives or spoils?

"This is something any woman can work on in her own home. She can pay attention to fine samples of speech, breathe rhythmically, practice talking before her mirror. She can eliminate any suggestion of a whine, of mediocrity if she'll take the bother. It's worthwhile. A man responds to a pleasing vibration, believe me! And don't for one minute presume one is born with one's voice-for-a-life-time. Ann Harding, for instance, created that lovely voice of hers. Laboriously, methodically. She did not talk like Wendy Hiller in the first reels of 'Pygmalion,' he grinned, "but she makes no bones about having had just a plain, ordinary voice until she set out to do something about it.

"Women who only copy, when they recognize they lack charm, and women who are suspicious or cynical go into the also-ran classification with the clinging-vines. I contend jealousy is death on charm. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are neater qualities! And while a woman is making herself over so that she is gay, making herself into a person with enough resources so she doesn't have to be in on a man's every intimate thought, she should be realistic about that little item of safety. Today no woman can be certain of safety, so she ought to enjoy each day as best she can. She can face whatever tomorrow brings as well as anyone else.

"Listening to your heart instead of your head doesn't imply," warned Leslie, who was standing now, "that a woman is going to stagnate. A man wants a woman to have views, when he asks for them! Vivian Leigh confines her ruthlessness to her *Scarlett O'Hara*. She herself is on her toes on world affairs, on the new books, on music. It was fun to work with her. She's entertaining."

Then Leslie Howard stretched and turned leisurely, very leisurely away from the chair. And quietly left the room.

"It's Fun to be 19!"

Continued from page 30

Paramount Studio. The Bosses are her parents. Mrs. Bradna is The Big Boss and Mr. Bradna is The Little Boss. That's because she has discovered when The Little Boss says "No" to something, it doesn't always mean no if The Big Boss is in a more lenient frame of mind, but if The Big Boss says "No" it means "No" and that's all there is to it.

It was not that she was glad to be away from The Bosses, Olympe quickly amended. She adores them with every ounce of love in her impetuous little French heart. It was just that she had tasted of the freedom the average American girl takes for granted and found it heady, exciting stuff. So heady that it started all sorts of thoughts and hopes spinning around in her head. Two weeks of ardent pleading with The Bosses had been necessary before permission finally was won for her to visit some friends in Salinas, nine hours away from Hollywood by train, and attend the three-day rodeo which annually draws thousands of visitors to the small town. It was necessary to convince The Bosses she would not be kidnaped, or fall off the train, or get lost. It was necessary she faithfully promise (1) to talk to no strangers; (2) not leave the train when it stopped at a station; (3) telephone every night at 8 o'clock to report her safety.

"I had a wonderful time on that train," Olympe beamed. "I felt positively *impressive* when I walked in the diner all by myself and ordered exactly what I wanted to eat. Of course I must admit I talked to two strangers but they were just a nice lady in the next seat who

Olympe Bradna says The Big Boss in her life is her mother, pictured with her. Mrs. Bradna is proud of her daughter and wants to keep her sweet and unspoiled; that's why she's made strict rules for Olympe to follow about staying out late and all that.



gave me some of her cookies and a nice old man who asked me if I would like to read his newspaper, so I thought that wouldn't count. And to the conductor who told me The Big Boss had told him to look after me, and to the porter who brought me a telegram and called me 'Miss O-lee-umph Bradna.' The telegram was from The Bosses, because they were worried about me."

Her grown-up status proved to be short-lived, however, despite her safe return from the "hazardous" journey. A few days later she had been out to a dance with a

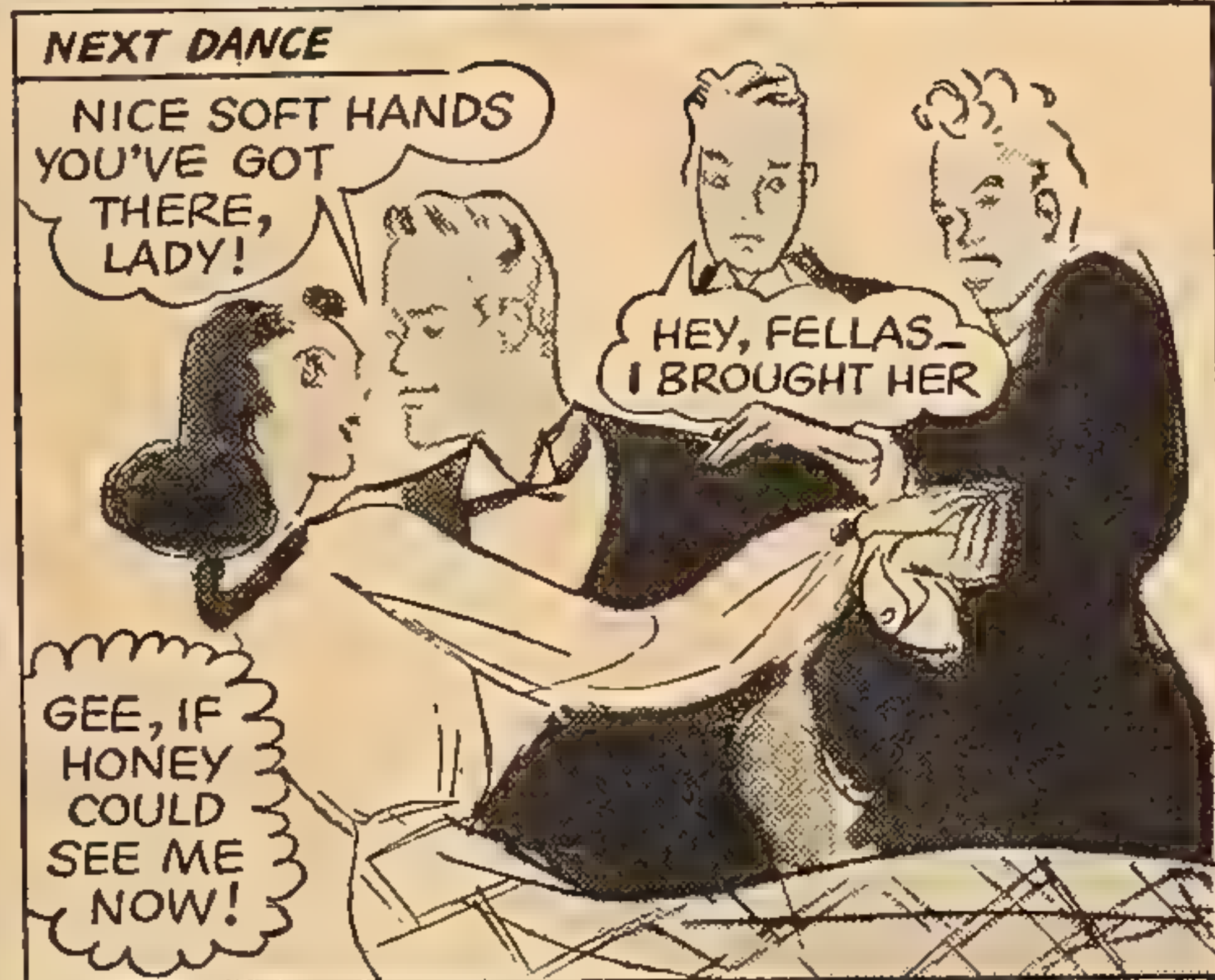
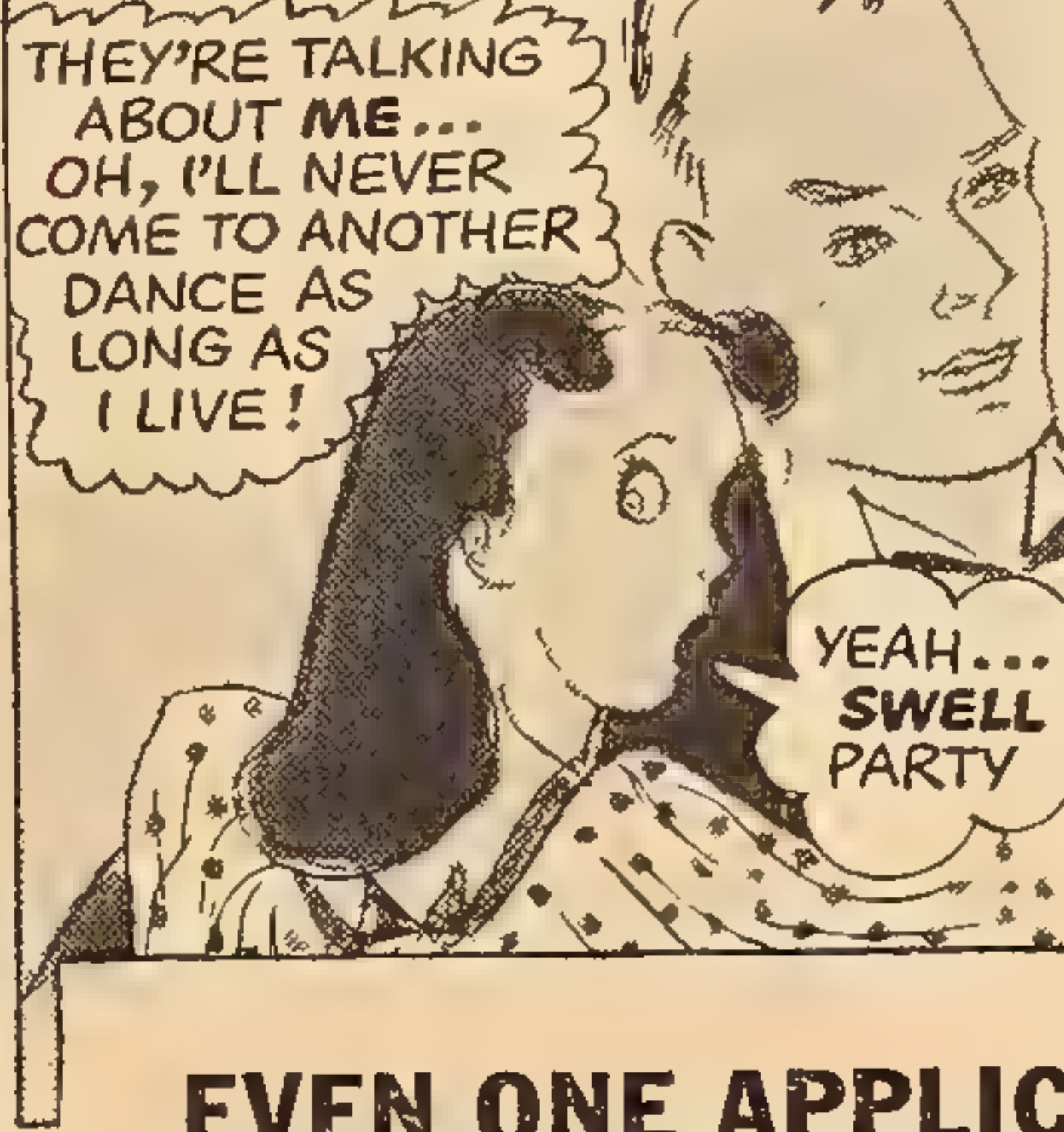
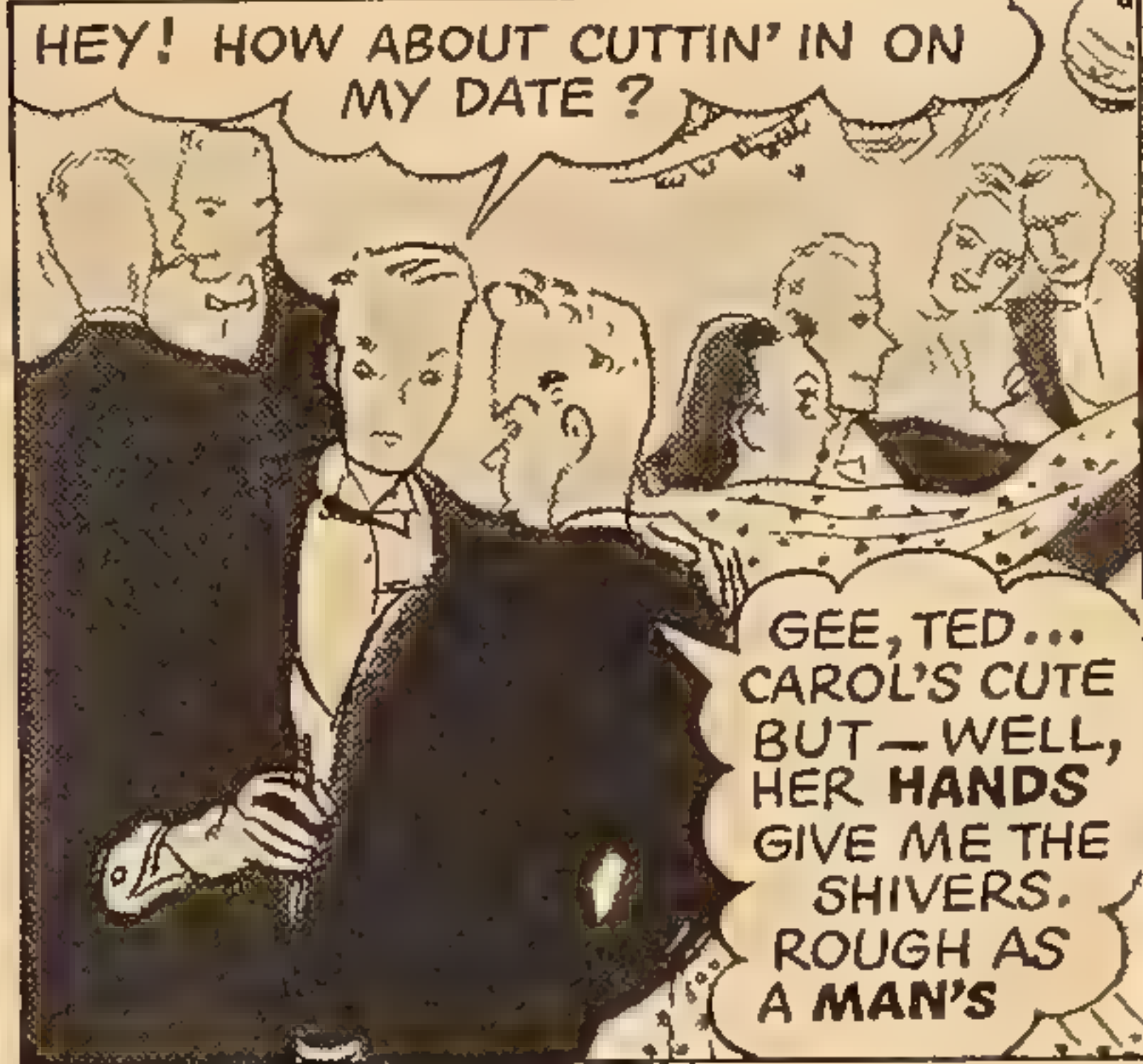
group of young friends under orders, as usual, to be home by 12 o'clock midnight. On the way home she and her escort stopped for a milk shake and though neither of them was wearing a watch, they were sure they were well under the deadline. It turned out they were 25 minutes late and The Big Boss was waiting up with plenty to say about it. Plenty!

"The next time I was out with that young man I wore my watch," Olympe giggled, "and he was wearing two, one on his wrist and one in his pocket! My dates all seem to have a healthy respect for

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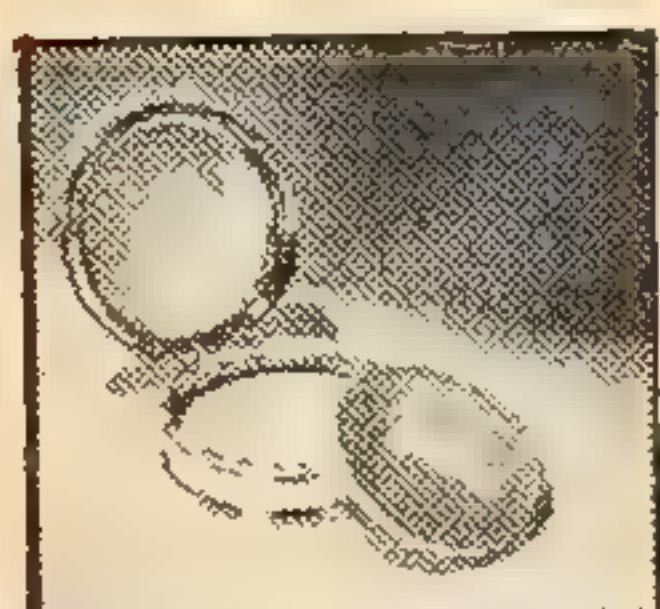
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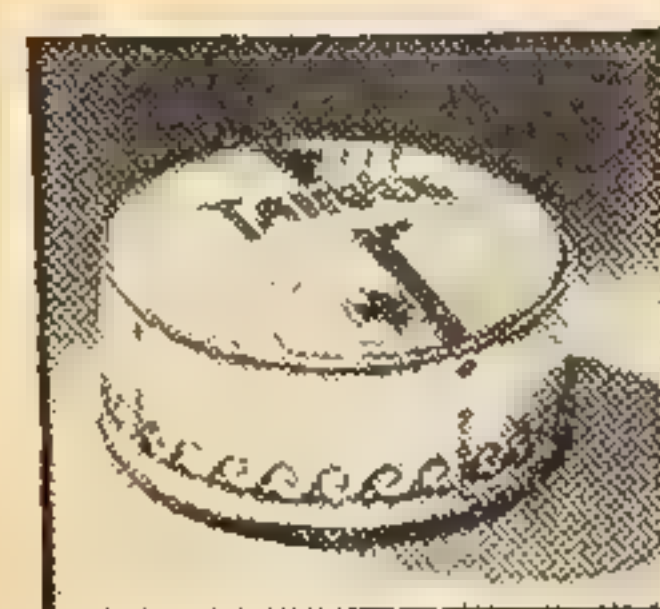


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The Big Boss when she's on the warpath."

At first she had taken it as an encouraging sign that she had been permitted by The Bosses to join a big beach club and go there unattended in the daytime and unchaperoned to big dances in the evening, Olympe confided. The victory lost a little of its glory, however, when she discovered The Bosses personally had interviewed everyone from the president of the club down to be sure the exclusive organization was a fit sort of place for their daughter. She might as well have a big PLEASE TAKE CARE OF ME sign hung around her neck, she said.

"You see, that's the trouble," she said very earnestly. "The Bosses always seem to think something dreadful is going to happen to me if I am out of their sight. That's why they are so strict with me. Personally, I think they believe too much of what they read in the papers. Like at breakfast the other day. The Big Boss saw something about some girl who was held up and robbed or something. 'There!' she said to me, 'that proves I'm right. That's what happens to young girls who go out to parties at night!'"

Olympe perhaps was half-right. Europeans quite frequently have difficulty in sifting the truth from the sensationalism that sells American newspapers. Too, they usually come to America with exaggerated notions of the prevalence of crime and the abundance of criminals roaming the streets. However, more than that understandable error is influencing Mr. and Mrs. Bradna in regard to Olympe. The age-old continental custom in bringing up a daughter is to guard her from all unchaperoned contact with the world until she is safely married and under the protective wing of her husband. Generations of Bradnas have followed the pattern instinctively. It would be too much to expect The Bosses suddenly to chuck all that seems normal and right to them in favor of the bewildering American system which automatically grants children tremendous freedom of thought and action without parental surveillance of any kind.

I reminded Olympe of that angle of it over a particularly tempting plate of rich banana salad. "Yes," she agreed, "I can appreciate that. And in some ways I am glad I have been brought up the way I have. It's sort of a comfortable feeling to know people care enough to worry about you. And sometimes I must confess I think The Bosses are right when I see some American girls using so little discretion in what they do. Still, I am 19, almost, and old enough to know what's good for me and what isn't."

"Such as——?" I asked.

"Well, for instance, I have to be home by 12 o'clock at the latest, like I told you," she began. "A lot of people think that's just a gag or publicity but it isn't. And I'm just lucky that it's 12 o'clock instead of 10. The Little Boss thought 10 o'clock was late enough until I was 21 but The Big Boss talked him out of that a few weeks ago. That means I can't go to the big Hollywood parties, even if I am a star. I'm not allowed to drive my car except to church on Sundays. That means wherever I want to go, Mack, the chauffeur, has to drive me, even to the corner store or my singing lesson. I'm not allowed to have a date unless The Bosses know exactly where we are going and the young man in question has spent at least one evening at home with The Bosses. Even so I'm not allowed to have more than two dates a week."

"I'm not allowed to go to the movies at night with a girl friend. I'm not allowed to go to the studio without Nana. Nana is my nurse and about 50. When we were making 'Happy Ending' recently Pat

O'Brien nicknamed her The Lady From The Trap Door because no matter where I was or what I was doing, Nana suddenly would pop up out of nowhere, ready to chase dragons if necessary. And that's silly because there just aren't any dragons for her to chase. Besides, if there were, I'm perfectly capable of chasing them myself!"

In a way, that's perfectly true. It is a quaint paradox that the little Nanette (Antoinette is Olympe's given name because the priest refused to christen a baby with anything as pagan as Olympe which comes from the Greek word meaning heaven of the gods) whom The Bosses so tenderly protect from the world is the same little Olympe who is their sole financial support and who began dancing for the sophisticates of European capitals when she was not quite eight!

"You know, I'll bet you I know more about the world right now than The Bosses," Olympe ventured. It was a gay little boast and I'll bet she'd have a time proving it! I'll grant, though, that she does know more about what a responsible little person she really is, how well-founded complete confidence in her would be, and how fully worthy of trust she is in every respect. For all she looks like a cuddly sub-deb, she has a quick brain and has seen and experienced enough of American life to have formed a reliable set of standards and values.

"Of course I don't mean that The Bosses don't trust me personally," Olympe defended the strict regime under which she lives and has begun to chafe. "It's just that they cannot reconcile the freedom of modern girls with the Victorian standards of their own youth. They cannot concede that a girl who comes and goes and does as she pleases need not be a bad girl. I might have gone on thinking the same way if I had not come to America to learn differently. I probably would not have wanted that same freedom so much for myself."

She hunched forward. "I'll tell you a secret," she whispered. "Sometimes I feel wicked to want so many things. Sometimes I look at myself and say 'Nanette, what has got into you!' Then I look at the other girls around me and say 'Why, that's not wicked at all! It's just natural!'"

Poor muddled little Olympe! So there was a dragon she was chasing after all. The dragon of doubt. Supposing, I told her, by some miracle she suddenly was permitted to rearrange her life to suit herself. Exactly what would she do?

"I'd make a long tour of the whole world," she answered promptly.

But that was just one of those day-dreams we all nurse, I reminded her. How would she change her present, every-day life?

First off, she said, she would make an adjustment in the may-nots she already had mentioned about staying out after 12 o'clock, going to big Hollywood parties, driving her own car, going to the movies alone and so forth. Then she would tackle some other problems which were bothering her. "I wouldn't have everything planned the way it is now," she explained. "Everything I do now is planned and discussed weeks in advance. Say we are going somewhere for lunch. As it is now, The Big Boss carefully telephones to find out how many people are apt to be there, what kind of people they are, what kind of a place it is, and if it is good, wholesome food. If I had my way, we'd just get in the car and go and take a chance on the people and the food!"

"I would choose my own wardrobe and if I wanted to wear a blue dress, I'd wear a blue dress, even if The Big Boss thought a red one was more suitable. And I'd be terribly extravagant about clothes, not so

much in how much they cost but in having loads and loads of cute little things. I suppose it isn't sensible or something but I'd rather have five dresses that cost \$15 than one dress that cost \$75. The Big Boss doesn't approve of that.

"I think I'd like to have a definite allowance of some kind to buy silly little things if I wanted them. As it is now, my money is all put in a trust fund, except just what we live on, and I ask The Big Boss or The Little Boss for what I need. I'm not sure I'd really want an allowance because I've never had one and don't know what I'd need it for, but I think it would be fun to have a little money in my purse, even if I didn't need it for anything. You know, just *have* it there.

"I'd like to take long walks in the evening by myself, so I could think things out, without The Bosses and the whole neighborhood being thrown into a panic.

"I'd like to go to an American college for a while. All my life I've had tutors except when I went to the school for Professional Children in Paris and that wasn't like going to school because we could go any time we wanted, in the morning or the afternoon, or not at all on some days if we were working.

"I'd like to go horseback riding out of a ring. The Little Boss takes me riding now but we have to stay in the ring at the stables because he is afraid I'll fall off and hurt myself. He was badly hurt himself once and so he is afraid for me.

"I'd like to go to a drive-in hamburger joint for dinner instead of formal restaurants. I'd like to eat chocolate cake whenever I wanted to."

The waitress was passing with a tray of chocolate cake when Olympe expressed that last revolutionary thought. For a moment she looked like a kid with her nose pressed against a candy store window. Suddenly she straightened her shoulders. "I am about to rebel," she announced in a determined voice. "I am going to do what I want. I am going to have a slice of that gooey chocolate cake!" She had it.

Half an hour later Mack was driving us home. Olympe was huddled in one corner of the car, an unhappy expression on her face. She had, at the moment, the prize tummy-ache of the world.

"Oh-h-h," she moaned miserably. "I wish I was home with The Bosses!"

"What about the rebellion?" I asked.

"Ugh!" she answered eloquently.



Betty Moran, whose sister Lois was a silent film favorite, appears in "Range War," William Boyd's picture.

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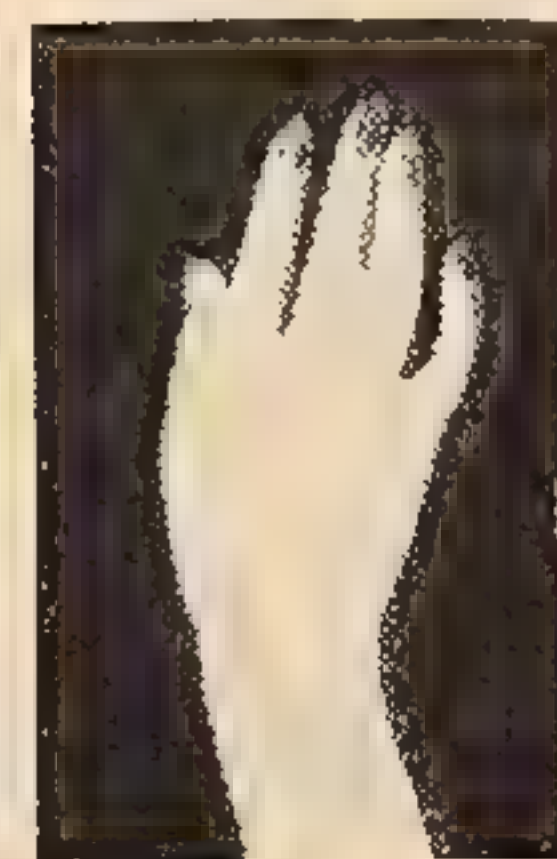


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Garbo in Love Again? Continued from page 25

beautiful women. "Eat and Grow Beautiful," his latest book, has become a textbook with women all over America and Europe. (The men go for it, too—in a recent issue of *Life* Eddie Rickenbacker confessed that he was a Hauser diet addict.) For several years he was associated with Elizabeth Arden as Dietetic Director of her famous Maine Chance Beauty Farm, and it was there that he introduced the spinach cocktail to Society. The spinach cocktail will never take the place of the Martini, you can be certain, but it isn't half as bad as it sounds—and it's reducing.

Bengamin Gayelord Hauser's interest in diet started when as a boy of sixteen in the South of Germany he was taken seriously ill with a tubercular hip. Seven operations in America proved futile so he decided to return to Europe and spend the last few months of his life in the beautiful Swiss Alps. In a small Swiss sanitarium he first heard about diet from an old German doctor—and a miraculous cure resulted. Fully recovered he went to Vienna to make a scientific study of diet and health, and five years later opened a Food Clinic in New York. With the aid of a staff of physicians and nurses he became highly successful. He has lectured in practically every city in the United States, and last season gave a series of lectures in London. While there Lady Mendl entertained for him at a party to which were invited the twelve most glamorous women in the world, headed by the Duchess of Windsor. Had he known Garbo at the time she would have doubtless been invited, and would doubtless have declined.

When he is not lecturing or doing research work in Europe Dr. Hauser lives in his magnificent home on the top of Misty Mountain overlooking Beverly Hills. He takes great pride in his swimming pool (as big as a lot of lakes), his dogs, his flowers, and his view. It is here that Garbo spends most of her afternoons when she isn't facing a camera. It was during the past summer that a mutual friend introduced the two. Garbo is terribly interested in food science. She had read Dr. Hauser's books. A romance got under way but immediately. Naturally a few smarty-pants couldn't help but crack, "Is it love or is it spinach?" I think it looks like love. The hot kind.

But will Garbo marry the handsome young Gayelord Hauser? After all, romance is nothing new in La Garbo's life—we all know that. In the thirteen years and ten months since she first set foot in Hollywood (and never has a foot been so maligned) there have been five "great love of her life." The quotes are not Garbo's. She never said anybody was anything. But the public hasn't been so reticent. When she first came to Hollywood her name was "associated" (that's a genteel euphemism if I ever saw one) with that of Mauritz Stiller, the famous European director who had given her her first big break in "Gosta Berling" in 1922 for the Swedish Film Company—which picture had caused Mr. Mayer, traveling in Europe at the time, to dangle a juicy contract. Stiller, artistic and impractical, did not fare as well in Hollywood as did Garbo, and it was in Europe that he died several years later when Garbo was making "Wild Orchids."

In 1927 Garbo met the handsome, dynamic, and extremely likeable John Gilbert and made a picture with him called "Flesh and the Devil." Their romance was the "talk" of Hollywood for several years during which time they made a slue of heavy grossers at the box office, and added the expression "Garbo-Gilberting" to the vocabulary and "Garbo-Gilberting," naturally,

meant romancing like mad. Some people said that "Handsome Jack" wanted to get married, and Garbo wouldn't, and some people said *vice versa*. (Garbo as usual said nothing.) Anyway Gilbert married Ina Claire all of a sudden-like, and the great Garbo-Gilbert love affair was over. Then came "Queen Christina" in 1933 with John Gilbert trying a "comeback," and with the former Theatre Guild director Rouben Mamoulian directing. But it was not Gilbert on whom Garbo turned those heavy-lidded slumberous eyes this time—it was Mamoulian. It was with him she took her famous trip into Arizona which some people said was an elopement, only that Garbo had gotten cold feet when recognized by the State Police at the California-Arizona border. After "Queen Christina" Garbo hid

music-lover. Rumors of a new romance for La Garbo came hot and heavy. Following the completion of their pictures Garbo and Stokowski sailed for Europe and Garbo rented a villa in Capri overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples—which villa has been pointed out ever since to the goggle-eyed tourists as "the Garbo house." After much arguing by the Hollywood columnists over whether Garbo would or would not marry Stokowski (and there were those who insisted that she *had* married him in Europe) Garbo quietly returned to Hollywood to begin work on "Ninotchka"—and met—Bengamin Gayelord Hauser.

I may be sticking my neck out—heaven knows I've done it often enough before—but I shall now go on record as saying that this is the most serious of all the Garbo romances, and the one most likely to lead to the altar. They have so much in common, these two. They both put very little value on possessions. They are both rather shy



Len Weissman photo

Orson Welles, in Hollywood to star in a movie which he'll write and direct, entertained Dolores Del Rio, left, and Lili Damita Flynn at the Coconut Grove recently.

out on a ranch near Victorville, and Mamoulian joined her there. But instead of sitting down to lunch and dinner at one big table, the way they do at ranches out here, Garbo insisted that her meals be served to her in lonely splendor. She also insisted that when she went riding no one else was to be allowed to ride. The woman who ran the ranch wasn't at all pleased with the Garbo demands, and it certainly wasn't fair to the other paying guests, so Garbo, my children, was asked to leave. Imagine a Garbo being thrown out! Ah me, it seems it happens to the best of us.

In 1934 Garbo and George Brent met on the set of "The Painted Veil," and after a few days' work together began to get quite chummy. There were rumors of a new romance, though some people said it was only publicity for the picture. With the picture completed Garbo hid out on the desert this time at the swank La Quinta Inn, near Indio, California. George Brent followed her there, and the romance was on in full swing. (Brent followed Bette Davis to the same place in the winter of 1939, so don't say history and Brent don't repeat themselves.)

When the famous symphony conductor, Leopold Stokowski, arrived in Hollywood in 1937 to do a picture with Deanna Durbin, he and Garbo met at the home of a

people, and both extremely anti-social. When Dr. Hauser's work is done he is perfectly content to hide himself away on Misty Mountain, he has never been one to mingle with the social-set in Hollywood, or to hang around the Trocadero and other movie night spots. On evenings when they do not dine at the Hauser home, or at Garbo's Bel-Air home, they will dine out at some quiet restaurant in Beverly Hills or Santa Monica, where the film folk and the newspaper folk definitely *don't* go. And just to be certain that they are not seen by too many people they dine at very unusual hours. On hot afternoons, or before driving some place for dinner, they often stop by the Jones Health Food Store in Beverly Hills for a cocktail—but not the kind you and I drink. They like a Carrot Cocktail, or a Spinach Cocktail, or a Cabbage Cocktail, which is made from the juice of these vegetables with a fruit juice, or lemon juice, for flavoring. And very tasty too. Garbo never drinks high-balls, or any intoxicating liquors.

Garbo always dresses informally when she goes out to dinner or to drive with Dr. Hauser; she wears slacks, but extremely well tailored. A lot of times she will put a big straw hat on her head as she seems to think the hat will keep people from recognizing her. At one of Dr.

Hauser's small dinner parties one night someone suggested that they go down to Los Angeles to a concert. "But I haven't a dress," said Garbo. "I don't think I have a single dress." Later, she reported, "I did have one dress. A peasant dress someone gave me in Italy. I found it hanging in my closet."

Though terribly fond of good music Garbo rarely ventures out to the Hollywood Bowl. She and Dr. Hauser spend many evenings, however, listening to his superb collection of records—and, of course, the radio. She reads everything, including fan magazines. She is very much interested in Dr. Hauser's research work and they discuss sun-bathing, swimming, and food science by the hour. She never "talks" pictures. They share a passionate fondness for flowers. Though several of Garbo's former friends have been accused of making use of her for their own personal publicity, you can be quite sure that Dr. Hauser is making no effort to exploit her in any way. For that reason, if none other, I would be willing to bet my last dollar this is Garbo's most serious romance—that it may even end in marriage.

Just in case you are interested in reducing, I'll give you the recipe of Dr. Hauser's Carrot Cocktail. And the First Day of his balanced reducing menus:

CARROT COCKTAIL

Ingredients:

Golden Carrots
Orange Juice

Method:

Scrub carrots until their skins glow and sparkle. Cut into vertical strips about one-half inch wide and put through a vegetable juice extractor. (If you prefer you may shred the carrots on a medium-sized shredder and then put them through the juice extractor.)

This juice deteriorates very easily and loses its golden color. For this reason you must have some orange juice in the cup into which the juice flows.

Since carrots are quite dry and do not give much juice you may put them twice through the juice extractor.

Mix the carrot juice with the orange juice in equal proportions.

This Carrot Cocktail, if faithfully imbibed, is warranted to produce that school-girl complexion.

FIRST DAY

Breakfast

Upon Arising:

Glass of Grapefruit and Prune Juice
(equal amounts mixed)

Half Hour Later:

Hot beverage with sugar or cream—not both

If Hungry During Morning:

Glass of Buttermilk or Glass of Tomato Juice

Luncheon

Waldorf Salad

One thin slice of Toast

Beverage, if desired

If Hungry During Afternoon:

"Pick-me-up" Cocktail

PICK-ME-UP COCKTAIL

Beat one egg yolk, one teaspoon of honey, and one tablespoon of Sherry into a cup of grapefruit juice. This cocktail is to be taken in the afternoon.

Dinner

Grapefruit and Pineapple Salad

Two Lamb Chops

Green Peas

Head Lettuce

Baked Apple

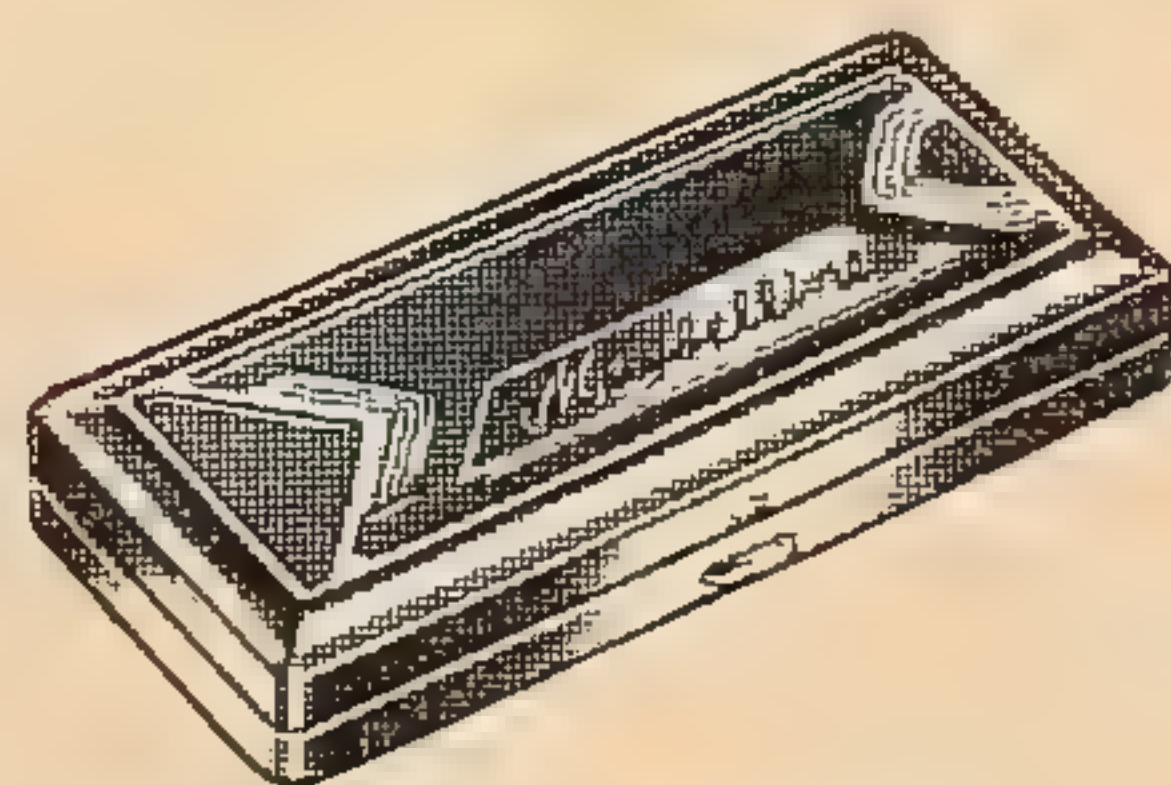
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Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in trim zipper case.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in distinctive pastel box.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, finely pointed.

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Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evening. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!

They Write the Songs for Stars to Sing

Continued from page 51



Contents THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women
give more time to living,
and less to needless pain

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation's functional pain!

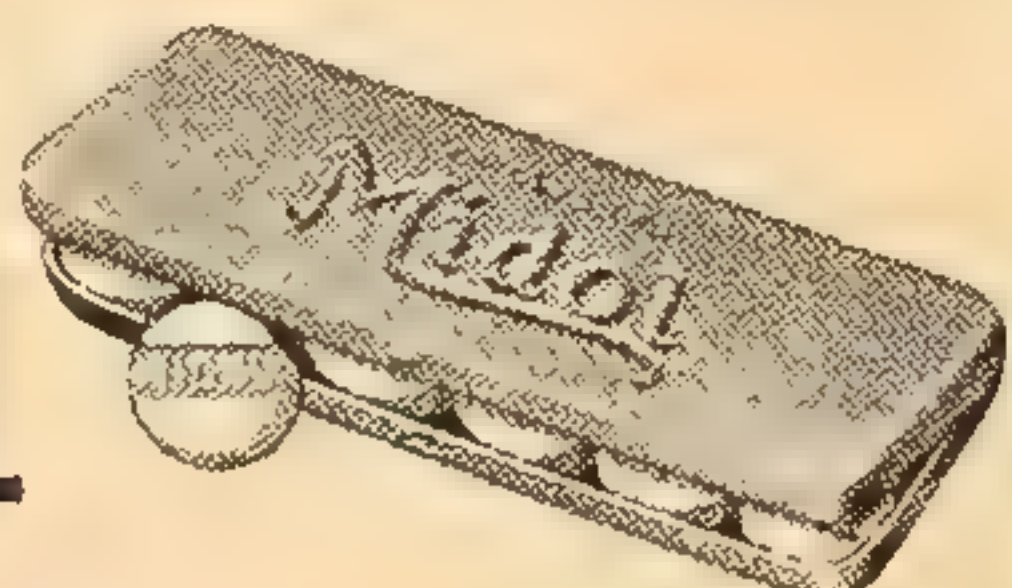
Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless*. So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to *active* comfort. The way many women now save that lost time for *living*.

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as *three additional days* which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual... making and keeping appointments... enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar!

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

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GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

ing men, but men whose lives and songs are as dramatic as the day's biggest headlines.

Let the years roll back to this scene. A chap sits in his dressing room after the closing performance of his singing and dancing act, nursing a broken knee cap. He had hit his knee on a piano stool. He sat there thinking that now was the time to give up vaudeville and write nothing but lyrics. The gentleman was Bert Kalmar. In another part of the Great White Way, a fellow sat playing the piano in a beer hall in a basement. He was giving out with *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Before he knew what was happening, bottles started flying around his head. Another brawl was on its way. That ended his career as a piano player. He was going to write songs. That was Harry Ruby.

These two finally met when both were writing for a publishing company. And in a short time, their names became synonymous with the biggest hits Broadway has ever known. Soon Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar were being called star-discoverers, so when the town got wind of their visit to the Paramount Brooklyn Theatre to audition a young girl who was in an act there, it got itself in readiness to welcome a new name. The two came, saw, and were conquered. Later they wrote a comedy song for this coming star in a show called "Top Speed," a song that shoved her into popularity and eventually brought her to Hollywood. That girl was Ginger Rogers.

Hits followed hits in the Broadway career of this astounding team. Stars followed stars. And Hollywood called them, for here was a team that wrote not only songs, but entire shows. Now these boys are busy writing the script for the next Marx Brothers picture, tentatively titled "Go West." They are also doing the music for the film. However, they aren't novices at doing scripts and music for the Marx Brothers, for they wrote "Animal Crackers," the zany comics' biggest hit.

Of all the stories associated with Kalmar and Ruby, perhaps none are more interesting than those connected with the writing of *I Love You So Much* and *Three Little Words*, two phenomenal successes. *I Love You So Much* had rested in their pockets for over a year. They only used it in a picture because they were desperately in need of a song and couldn't think of any other number. As for *Three Little Words*, they wrote it in a spirit of clowning and thought it was lousy. That it became a big hit is a mystery they can't explain. They only give devout thanks to the producer who saw fit to use it. Incidentally, the voice of Bing Crosby was dubbed in singing, *Three Little Words*. This was Bing's first big step toward fame.

The most amusing story I know about Kalmar and Ruby is that day in 1929 when they were producing, casting, writing, arranging for the scenery, and everything else in connection with their new show, "Top Speed." Guy Bolton was also in the throes of confusion. In the middle of all their worries, Bolton got a call from his broker, informing him that the little dent in Wall Street had wiped him out. Later, Kalmar got a wire saying *he* was wiped out. Ruby's chest bulged. He had escaped the disaster. Just as he was extending condolences to his partners, he went to his club at ten-thirty one morning, only to find a wire that had been waiting for him since seven o'clock. It read, "Unless you call at our office before ten, we will be forced to sell you out." The message was signed by his broker. A half hour had cleaned him out.

The show went on anyway. It opened in Philadelphia. Just before the opening night, Guy Bolton had a nervous breakdown. Kalmar began to look pale around the gills, and a short time later, he too collapsed. Again Ruby was the only one who had survived. But the opening night, he suffered a breakdown that made the others' look like a slight cough. To top all their troubles, an agent brought in Ethel Merman and they didn't take her. Ethel was unknown then, but the boys get a headache whenever they think about that. Their only consolation is that they really didn't have a spot for her.

To see Kalmar, an astute magician since his days with Houdini, and Ruby, a baseball fan who once tried out with the Washington Senators and was told to go back to writing songs, work today is like making a study in jitterbugs. While they're working, Ruby actually wears out carpets pacing back and forth, and Kalmar bites his nails. Guess we'd all bite our nails and wear holes in rugs, though, if we could attain the enviable position held by Kalmar and Ruby.

Once more the past comes back. A young and beautiful wife is greeting her sailor husband. The World War is over, and they're looking forward to a great new life together. Yes, they were among the many who married during the war. The sailor, or rather the ex-sailor, was Harry Warren. The girl, by the way, is still his wife. She looks up at him. "Well, it cost me forty dollars to get you out of the navy and back with me, Harry, but it's worth it."

About the same time—before the war was over, however—a rather jolly, rotund young private sat in the trenches writing lyrics. Shells screamed overhead, bombs burst all around, but Al Dubin just dismissed all the confusion while he went on writing. Little did that sailor and that private know that they would combine forces and become one of the greatest song writing teams Hollywood has ever known. But a few years after the war, they started their career together. You see, both had been writing with different partners for a music publishing company, and when their respective co-workers left, Harry and Al joined forces. Both boys were far from novices in their professions. Al had been writing lyrics for twenty-five years, and Harry had always written amateur songs for his own amusement, as he terms his job. He even wrote lyrics. Like other song writers, they finally landed in Hollywood, and at Warner Brothers they wrote their first big hit for pictures, *Too Many Tears*, a song sung by a young singer in his first picture, Dick Powell. From that day, Dick's career was pushed ahead by the songs of Warren and Dubin.

One day, Warren and Dubin were called into Darryl Zanuck's office at Warners—that being the time when Zanuck was one of Warners' head producers. He told them to get busy on some spectacular musical numbers for a big extravaganza he was going to produce. The songs Harry and Al wrote for this film made Hollywood history, for can you ever forget *Shuffle Off to Buffalo*, *I'm Young and Healthy*, *You're Getting to be a Habit with Me*, and, of course, the title song, *42nd St.* As far as that goes, can you forget the picture, "42nd St.?"

Following the success of this picture, Warren and Dubin were never idle. Their songs became tops in town, and they won Academy Awards more than once for their numbers. Among the hits that followed were *Shanghai Lil* for Jimmy Cagney, *Shadow Waltz*, for Dick Powell, *I Only*

Have Eyes For You, She's a Latin from Manhattan, for Al Jolson, *Boulevard of Broken Dreams*, Constance Bennett's first song, and the number that sent Ginger Rogers' screen stock soaring, *We're in the Money*. By this time, it had become an established fact that every star who sang a number of theirs in a picture was destined for a brilliant future. But of all their hits, Warren and Dubin are proudest of their *Don't Give Up the Ship*, from "The Singing Marine," a song adopted by the U. S. Naval Academy as the finest song of the year.

Recently, Dubin left to go back to New York. Harry, alone for the first time in years, did songs with other writers, chiefly, *You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby*, and the music for "Honolulu." But now the boys are back together again in Hollywood and are getting ready to turn out more hits for studios, the kind that made them famous.

There are many dramatic stories connected with the songs these two have written. Harry told me something of the story that inspired Al to write his *Among My Souvenirs*. "Al and his wife had had a disagreement," Harry said, "and while he was out, she took everything he owned and left. Later in the day, Al returned. He immediately sensed something was wrong, even before he stepped into the apartment. When he walked in and saw everything gone, his heart sank. Quietly, he walked to the dresser. Opening a drawer, he found memories of the good times he and his wife had had together. Theatre stubs, programs, odds and ends, memoirs of their happy days. He sat down, lonely and heart-sick. Out of Al's grief was born *Among My Souvenirs*, one of the biggest hits."

This song was written before Al and Harry became a team, but there are other equally interesting reasons for the writings



Gene Autry poses with his lovely wife, proving cowboys know how to pick 'em as well as the glamor boys.

of some of their hits. One night, also before their teaming days, Al saw a couple of lovers in one of New York's hamburger wagons. They were shabbily dressed and were sharing a cup of coffee and a sandwich, but they seemed desperately in love. Dubin went home and wrote *A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich and You*, a song that was tremendously popular.

Later, when Al and Harry were chewing off ends of countless pencils and filling wastepaper baskets while trying to get a song they were after, they heard the wailing of a train whistle as it passed. The whistle screeching, the cars rumbling, and the hum of the wheels on the track gave them the needed inspiration. A short time later, *Shuffle Off to Buffalo* emerged from their pen and paper, and, incidentally, from their harried brains. And speaking of inspirations, Harry admits that many of his

hit numbers on Broadway were inspired by his love for his wife.

Harry and Al are unlike many Hollywood teams. They don't go in for night life and parties. Their work and their own interests are more important. But if you want to see them as they really are, you ought to take a look in on them while they're writing a song. Usually, Al is chewing ends off cigars with mad abandon, and much to the worry of Harry. Then they break into a frenzied argument over some phase of the song. A few moments later, they will have agreed and they're joking with each other. Such is the value of their great sense of humor.

The years have rolled back again for the moment, and we find a young fellow in New York. A chap who had formerly worked in a steel mill in Pittsburgh and who aspired to be a director of classic stage productions or an actor. Anything but a writer of lyrics. The young man—Leo Robin. Around him, reams of letters of recommendations given him by his friends back home to their famous acquaintances in New York. A blind flip of the batch of letters, and he opens one to George S. Kaufman, then dramatic editor of the *New York Times*. His first field to conquer!

A few hours later, Leo was in Kaufman's office, listening to the now renowned playwright tell him to go back to Pittsburgh, that he would starve to death before he hit the boards as a director or an actor. But Leo wouldn't go home! He knew he could succeed, and he told Kaufman so. Finally, the young chap, in desperation, told the austere critic that he can write poetry. Kaufman began to show interest. Perhaps he can write lyrics for songs?

A few days later, Leo sat in his hotel room studying piles of songs that he had managed to get from the publishing companies. Pouring over lyrics. Actually di-

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gesting the stuff, the musical field he thought was corny art. Three months pass, and then, through the help of Lewis Gensler and Buddy DeSylva, he was given a chance to write lyrics for the "Greenwich Village Follies." His first song clicked. Surprised and bewildered, Leo was on his way. Two years after his arrival in New York, his name was synonymous with hit lyrics, for he had three shows running on Broadway at once, among them the sensational "Hit the Deck." Naturally, Hollywood beckoned and he came.

About this time another fellow, who had written music since he was thirteen, was giving up his career as a lawyer and trying to buck the New York theatrical profession. He couldn't seem to get to first base. But he stuck to his guns, and fifteen years after he wrote his first song, he was on his way to Hollywood because he had written the hit song, *Moanin' Low*, the one Libby Holman sang in a show on Broadway. He was Ralph Rainger. He, too, came to Hollywood.

Soon, after writing separately for a while, the two boys began writing as a team for Paramount. Their first assignment was the first "Big Broadcast" picture. Out of this melange of melody came a song that skyrocketed them to fame and started a young singer, making his first feature picture, on the road to success. The song was *Please*. The star, Bing Crosby. The songs that followed from these two included such hits as *Here Lies Love*, Shirley Temple's *Laugh, You Son of a Gun*, in her first important picture, "Little Miss Marker," *June in January*, *With Every Breath I Take*, *Blue Hawaii*, *Love in Bloom*, and the biggest of all their hits, *Thanks for the Memory*.

The story of the birth of *Thanks for the Memory*, for which they won last year's Academy Award, is a vitally interesting one. Rainger told me all about it. "We were supposed to write a comedy number for Bob Hope and Shirley Ross," he explained. "After the situation was explained to us by Mitchell Leisen, the director, we got to work. Leo came in the next day with some great lyrics. I thought they were so good I was determined to make my music incidental. When it was completed, we tried it out on several men, including sophisticated Leisen. To our surprise, they all cried when we finishing playing it. When it was sung by Bob and Shirley in the picture, even the grips and electricians were moved. So what was written as a comedy number became a dramatic hit. The funny part of the song was that we both felt it wasn't a hit tune. It was more or less of a novelty number with us. In fact, Leo bet me ten dollars it wouldn't sell 100,000 copies. He lost. It sold 200,000!"

Then Leo joined the conversation with his story of the writing of *Love in Bloom*, another tremendous hit from Robin and Rainger. "When we wrote that song," he began, "Ralph and I were at a low ebb. We hadn't done anything of value for about two years, and we were very worried. Then we got the order for the songs for a new Crosby picture. One night, Ralph picked up a strain of melody. He sat down at the piano, strummed about a bit, and then rushed over to me and played the tune, at least the first eight measures. We both felt we had something, but we didn't know what. Then I got a brainstorm, and fifteen minutes later, we had the lyric and the music for the first part of *Love in Bloom*. Finally, it was completed. Then we began to worry! It seemed too effeminate, the title and everything. We thought sure it'd be a flop. That it was a hit was definitely our biggest surprise. Since that time, we've patterned all of our hit ballads on the same formula."

Among the stars Robin and Rainger have helped up the road to fame are Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Shirley Ross—but

definitely—and Dorothy Lamour. Now Leo and Ralph are in New York, writing for musicals on Broadway and they have just finished the music for "Gulliver's Travels," Fleischer's full-length cartoon for Paramount. But behind them they have left some of the greatest screen hits any team has ever written, hits that will always remain in the minds of all movie goers. Their last assignment before they left was for Bing Crosby's "Paris Honeymoon," the hits being *I Have Eyes*, *Funny Old Hills*, and *Sweet Little Headache*.

The scene shifts once more to the past. The scene is a New York dock. It is eight-thirty in the morning, and the Albany day boat is about to sail. A large, rotund gentleman—300 pounds of him, in fact—is about to board the boat. Another fellow stops him. "Remember me?" the latter asks.

"Sure. I met you in the music publisher's office a while back. But it's no use. I'm



Ray Milland and Patricia Morison in a romantic moment from Paramount's "Untamed." Ray plays a doctor who finds love in the frozen North.

through with song writing. Back to vaudeville for me." A pause. And then, "Do you mind if I follow you to Utica? I'd like to see your act."

"Of course not."

And so began the team of Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, hit song writers.

In Utica, between Mack's four shows a day, Harry finally induced Mack to write lyrics for his songs. A week later, they left Utica, with nineteen songs in their pockets. They were on their way to New York where they landed the coveted Ziegfeld Follies contract. They were so excited, they even forgot that not one of their nineteen songs that won them the contract was used in the show. Soon, with Broadway hits behind them, they were heading for Hollywood, the days when Mack was a boy soprano and Harry's touring days with his musical acts in Europe only vague memories.

When they landed in Hollywood, the town was in the Gold Rush days. Musicals were in demand. Soon, they were at work on a one picture deal to write the songs for Darryl Zanuck's "Broadway Through a Keyhole." That was six years ago. They're still here.

One person was responsible for keeping Gordon and Revel in Hollywood. That was Walter Winchell. The plugs he gave the boys in his column kept them in the forefront in Hollywood. But they had a chance to show their appreciation to Winchell.

When he came here to make "Wake Up and Live," Mack and Harry were commissioned to write the musical score. They were determined to write their best music. They felt they owed it to Walter.

So off they went to their lucky suite at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel. They were as nervous as a couple of alley cats. But the room had been lucky for them before. They hoped it would again.

A piano was moved into their room, meals were brought in, and behind locked doors, they worked, without stopping, for three days. When they left the hotel at the end of those three days, they had completed nine songs, enough for "Wake Up and Live" and some left over for three more pictures.

Mack and Harry write their tunes in the strangest places. For example, their new hit, "I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak" from "Rose of Washington Square," was written on a train. They simply had a piano moved in their compartment, and to the chug-chug-chug of the engine, they dashed off their love ballad. They merely felt like writing, and the train was as good a place as any. Whenever a mood strikes them, they even write songs on tableclothes and on napkins.

Nothing bears out the fact that Mack and Harry write by moods so much as does the origin of two of their biggest hits, "Stay As Sweet As You Are," and "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky."

Mack was signing a young girl's autograph book at Los Angeles' Hotel Ambassador one day. Not knowing what to write, he looked at the sweet young thing. A second later, the girl read in her book, "Stay As Sweet As You Are. Mack Gordon."

Then it happened. Mack looked at the phrase and called to Harry.

"Look at this title, Harry."

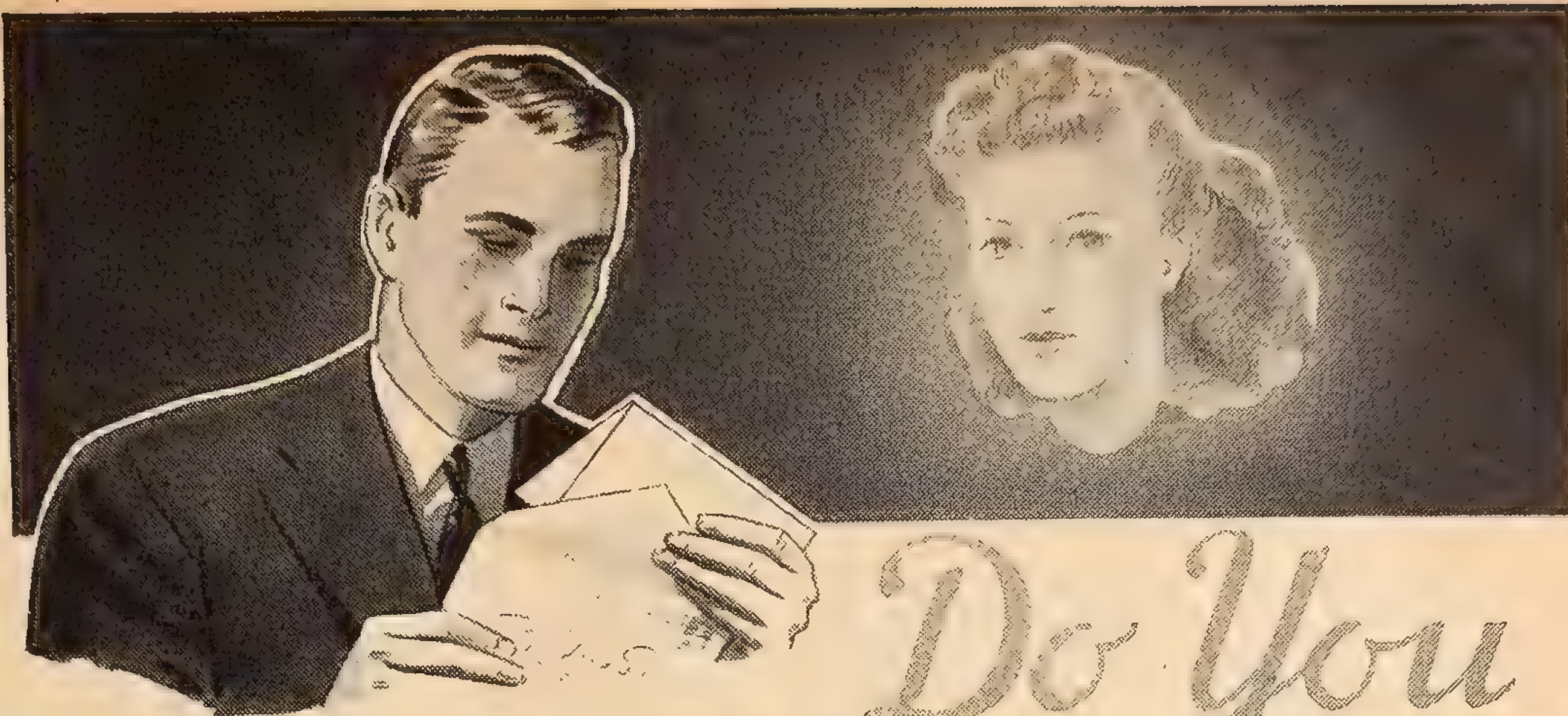
They both thought of the same thing, and that night, "Stay As Sweet As You Are" was written.

Again, when they were at Catalina Island, a girl asked them why they didn't write a song for her. They asked her what her name was. She replied, coyly, "Cooky." Thus a mood was furnished, and "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky" soon flourished on the screen and over the radio.

Of all the songs this team has written, and they have averaged a hit a week for the last three years, none have been so successful as those sung by Alice Faye, Shirley Temple, and Bing Crosby. Alice's career jumped by leaps and bounds when she sang the first Gordon-Revel tune, and whenever she sings a new hit of theirs, she advances another step on the screen. Shirley can sing anything of theirs, no matter how difficult it may be, and many a picture of hers has been popular because of the Gordon-Revel songs she has sung. Bing still feels their "Love Thy Neighbor" was mighty lucky for him.

Among their hits are "When I'm With You," "Goodnight, My Love," "Last Year's Kisses," "A Star Fell Out of Heaven," "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking," "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming," "I've Got A Date With A Dream," and others. Gordon and Revel have split for the time being to fulfill new commitments, but their association is almost definite to continue in the future.

There are other teams in Hollywood, teams like Johnny Burke, a favorite lyricist of Bing Crosby's, and James Monaco, two boys who wrote the music for Bing's "East Side of Heaven," the hits being *Sing A Song of Sunbeams* and *Hang Your Heart on a Hickory Limb*. Then there are Frederick Hollander and Ralph Freed with their *Lovelight in the Starlight* and *Says My Heart*. And there are Gus Kahn, Walter Donaldson, and many, many others.



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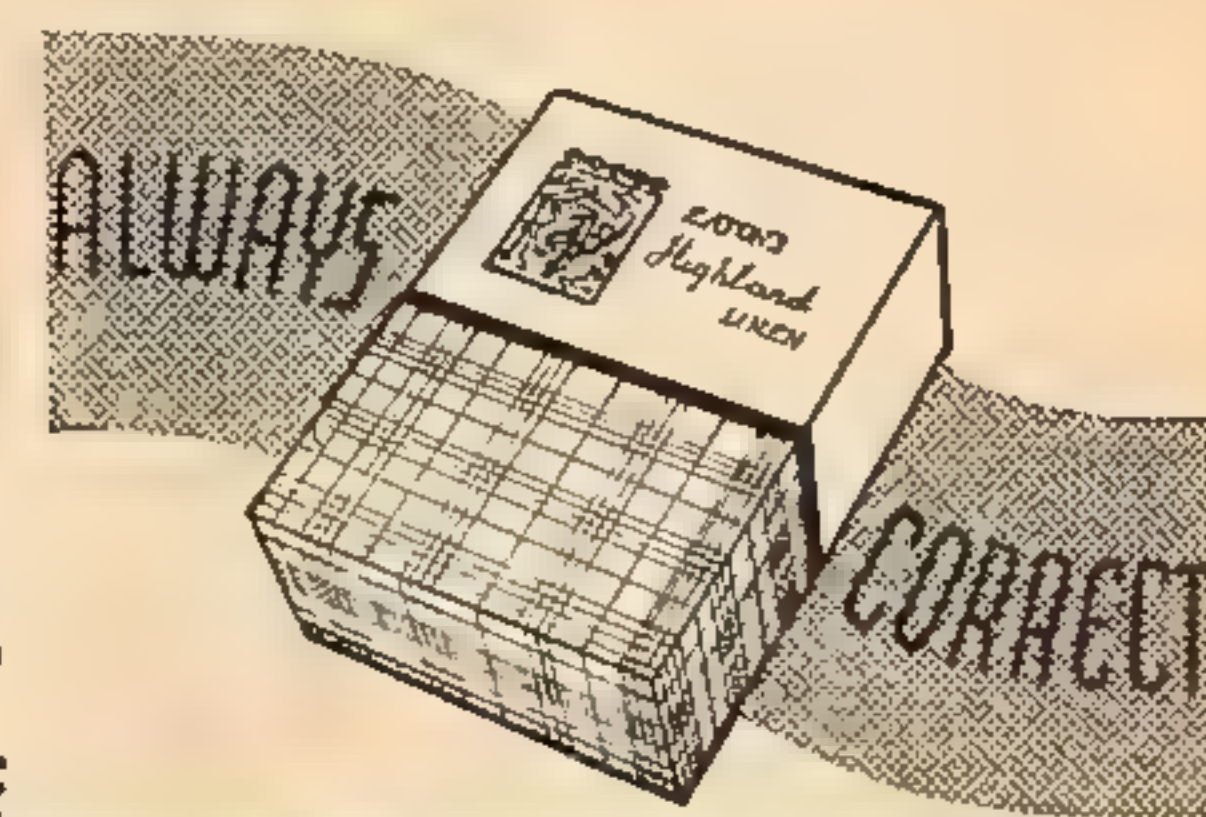
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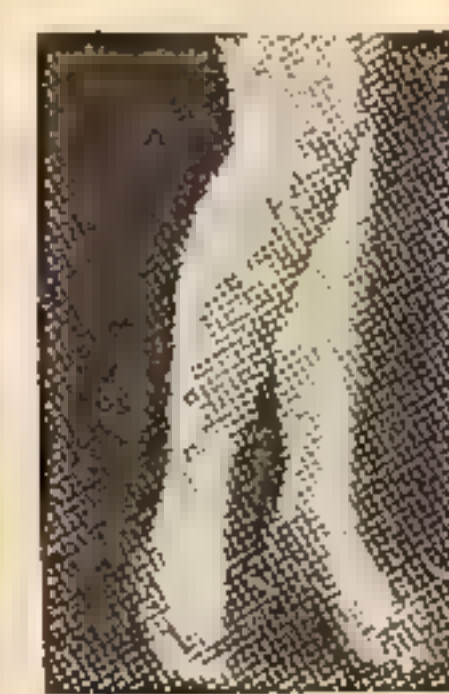
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She Who Got Slapped

Continued from page 34

they looked sweet. But after the performance my father he say nothing about how I was, and all my mother say is that she don't like my dress. They don't believe I can do anything, they think I'm fooling everybody. But I don't care just so I can do something for them. When I go to Vienna I don't ride in a street car or a taxi, but walk to the opera house and back and save money to send home because I know I must take care of my father and my mother. I love them, and now they are very proud of me. They leave everything to me. I'm the head of the family. I have two children at home—my father and my mother. But when I went back to Budapest, last year only, a funny thing happen. One night I want to go to a ball, but my father he do not want I should go, and he say, "Your father he can still slap!"

Her beautiful head threw back and her musical laugh pealed out. "It is just like I am yet ten years old. But you know something? I don't go to the ball. No, I stay home like good girl. Perhaps it is I am brought up so strict as a child that I don't forget. When I am a girl and go out for a walk in the afternoon I must be back by five o'clock. If I am a minute late it is a scandal. My mother say if I don't go with boys I will have a husband to take care of me when I am nineteen, and my father say I will be like his grandmother and have sixteen children. When I think about this I think it is too much. Anyhow, when I am fourteen I must go to work, because my father he go to war and when he come back he is wounded and he can work no more. We are very poor, and my parents, my sister and I all live in one room in a tenement. That is why I get a job in a dressmaking shop for twelve dollars a month, and we live on that. But I am the worst dressmaker you ever saw, and now if I see a needle I get goose-pimples."

That part of her appealing story was belied by long, shapely, efficient hands. "Sometimes," reflected the toiler who had bent over her sewing from eight in the morning till six at night, "I think if people are born poor it makes them strong, and that it is not a bad thing. But I don't like work. I want to lie in the sun. Always I have been the laziest person in the world. But when I would go to school with no shoes and old clothes I'd say, 'My God, will this be my future?' But the war changed my life. Maybe it is bad for me to say it, but the war was good for me. It made me think and made me work. My father he had a beautiful voice to sing around the house. Also a little gramophone. It makes my voice come out. I listen to it and pretty soon I learn the aria from 'Tosca.' Pretty soon again I rub some red on my cheeks and lips from the label on an old coffee can I find in an alley, then I go to a theatre and ask will they have me. They put me in the chorus and I leave the dressmaking shop. Then the most beautiful and the most sad thing of my life it happen."

Her blue eyes clouded, and for a moment she was silent. "A photographer take my picture and it is printed on the cover of a magazine. So it comes a young man sees it. He try many times to see me, and at last I meet him. He tell me that first he fall in love with my picture, and now with me. This is not serious to me till he ask me to marry him. I say this can never be, as his family is so rich as mine is poor. But Nick won't listen to me, and—well, we get married. Then his father gets mad. He wanted his son should marry a countess or a princess. He say he take away

all his money if we do not get divorced. This would be bad for Nick. It is hard for me to do it, but I make Nick get a divorce from me so he don't lose everything. I mean it right, but it is wrong. The most terrible thing happen. When he is no longer with me Nick commits suicide, then his father kills himself. I am also for a long time like dead in the heart and the soul."

She sat stark in the memory of that double tragedy of which she had been the innocent cause. At nineteen Fate had dealt her a staggering blow. "Always since I am three years old I was in love with somebody," she said, as though in self-reproach, "but now I love nobody. I am afraid if I do. Maybe love is not good for me, I don't know. It is better if I work and leave love out of my life. Then I don't bring sorrow to others—and there is so much sorrow in the world. When I am together with Nick I studied music and languages, then I try to make for myself a new start. I did not go back to the chorus—it would have been sad to me like the grave. I get to be understudy for a prima donna, then suddenly I am pushed in to sing *Tosca*. But all the time when I am prima donna I want to get away—from memories. Perhaps in Hollywood I could forget. But it is far away, and I do not know how I can get there. Anyhow, I leave some photographs with the manager of the M-G-M office in Vienna. George Cukor, the director, see them when he visit there. Then he show them to Benny Thau and Bob Ritchie, when they come on talent scouting, and they hear me in concert in Vienna. All they say is that I hear from them in two weeks from London. I don't tell anybody this, for if nothing comes then I don't go home with a long nose. But in two weeks I get a letter that I should meet them in London and sign a contract."

Her hand went up with an inconsequential gesture. "Why not? If I am a flop in America I don't know, but anyhow my life is full of excitements. Now I tell you something. Today a girl she must be daring. If she don't she stay in the same mud-puddle. Always I gamble. I get it or not—usually I get it. It is like that when I am a little girl during the war. We do not have enough to eat in Hungary, and only twice a month is there meat. But there is plenty food in Holland, and the committee send children there. I don't say anything at home, but I go to the committee and it send me. It is only you yourself who can help yourself. Never do I ask someone to help me. Always I jump in the water and I can't swim. All right. It is like that when I cross the ocean for Hollywood, and all my heart is hanging on the thing."

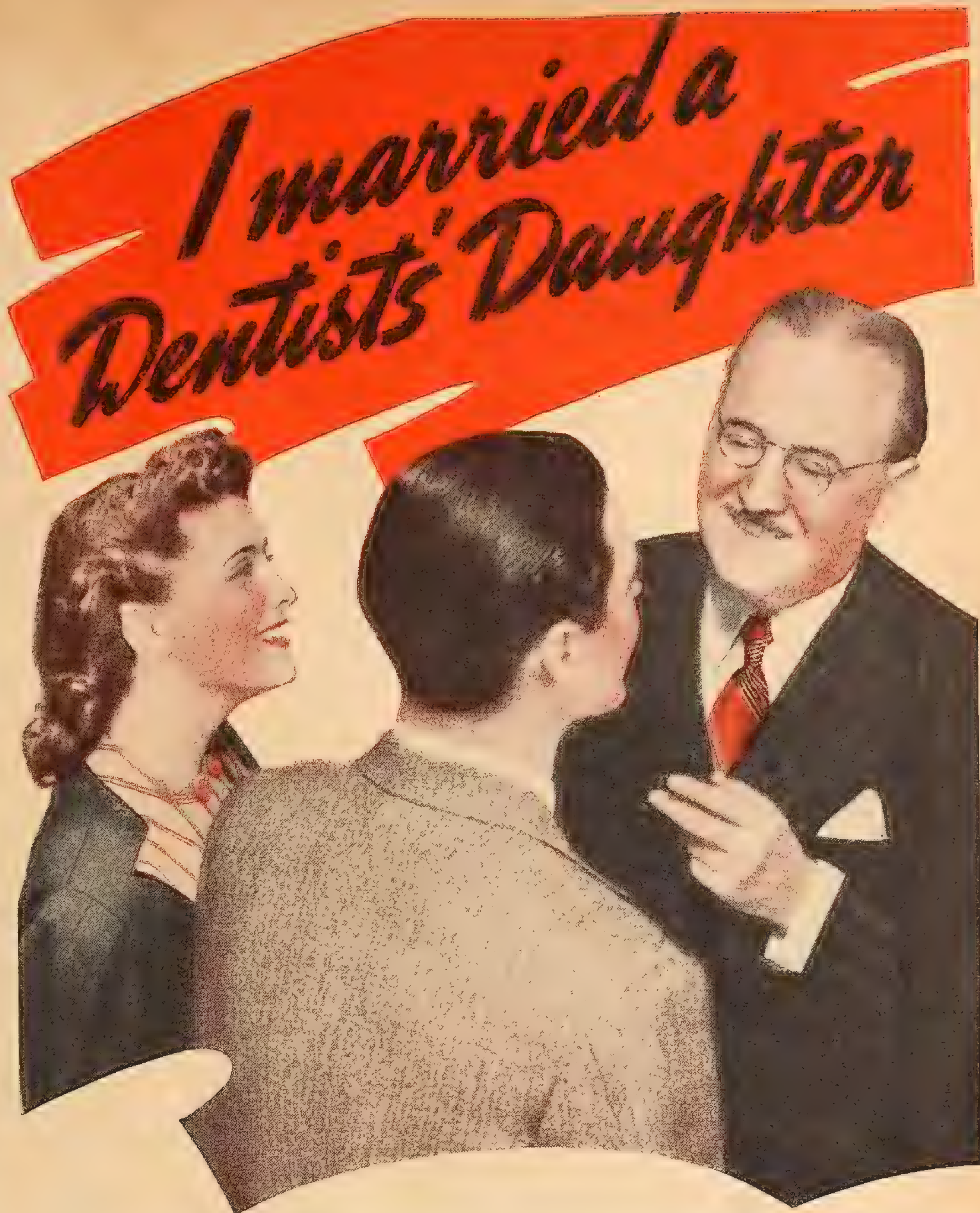
There was more than daring in the face across the table. Courage was stamped on it from the line of the cheek-bone to the classical jaw and the firm chin, the whole contour, profile and full-face alike, molded into perfection waiting the hand of a sculptor. Up from a broad brow her hair, fair as her milk-white skin, swept like a plume. Beneath the curve of it was a face alive with beauty. "But no," protested its un-mindful possessor. "I'm not conceited at all, just all right. A beauty! I was the ugliest child you could imagine, and not yet am I over it. But here they make me over. They think I am too wide. Now that is to me a funny thing. In the village where my parents live before they come to Budapest the people they look on women like horses and when a woman weighs a hundred and sixty pounds the peasants they think she is just beginning. But in Hollywood she would be ended. Quick I find this out. So soon as I finish in 'Rosalie' the studio sent me to a hospital in Santa Barbara and there they take twelve pounds off me in three weeks. They diet it off and they slap it off."

I feel all right, but I like to eat. I think here I have more money, yes, but what is the use if I can't eat? When first I come in the studio commissary I think I order myself lunch of *hors d'oeuvre*, soup, next a heavy beefsteak, then apple pie, fresh fruit, cheese and coffee. But they order for me. When I eat a little I wonder what come next, but nothing comes. At Santa Barbara it is again nothing. I write my mother what I have and my mother she write me that she can't sleep because she think I am dying of hunger. She say she is making fresh sausage and she will send me some. I expect any day now it arrive. Did you ever eat Hungarian sausage? Ah, my God, it is grand! And you know what is a Hungarian breakfast in my parents' village? It begin with a glass of cognac to wake up the stomach, then bread, sausage, bacon and coffee. Here I have half a grapefruit, Melba toast, and black coffee with skimmed milk. And you see what they give me for lunch."

She cast deploring eyes on cottage cheese and sliced pineapple, with the heartfelt lament: "It is only a crumb in the bucket. Sometimes I think why did I bring my stomach to Hollywood. If I leave it home I never notice the difference. But in America women look younger because their stomach is forgotten, and a woman with two children they call a girl. In Hungary the food would make her so big as two children together—oh, yes! Now I wish if you tell me something. Do you like paprika chicken? Oh, I am glad! I have a good Hungarian cook. If you come to dinner she'll make paprika chicken."

"When I come on the train here I see a bungalow with a palm tree," she related, "and now I have it, a bungalow. I am glad like when I buy my parents a farm with what I earn as prima donna. It make me happy also that I buy for a poor girl who is my friend a tobacco shop. From birth her face it is disfigured, but soon I bring her here and the American surgeons they make it all right—yes? That is why it is good I am in Hollywood. It is just as I imagined, and now I am perfectly American. I love the eating car. You just stop around the corner in the street, and right away your appetite is tempted. Hot dog! I like, too, when I go in the commissary and people they say, 'Hi, honey!' and 'Hi, kid!' I don't like it formal. But outside it is different. One day I am driving fast my car to the studio when two cops come along on motorcycles and wave to me. I think they are making coquetry with me, and I give it the gas. Then one cop he swing around in front and say, 'What's the big idea, sister? I am not his sister, but I say I think they wanted to make flirtation with me. He say I make over the speed limit and maybe I tell it to the judge. Then I am crying. But he get soft in the heart and say he let me go because I have the foreign accent and don't know what I am doing. Another day I drive down to the ocean and bump into a car. I feel terrible till the man say, 'Are you insured? Then don't let it bother you.' I go home and tell my cook. 'The American gentlemen they are so charming.' But next day a letter comes and it says, 'If you don't pay I sue you.'"

She smiled that off with her ever-ready good nature, then went on: "But mostly people here help me and are so kind. In Europe it was all the time a bigger fight, with everywhere at the opera house looks in the eyes, jealousy. Here in Hollywood I have but one disappointment—I don't see so many gangster pictures. At home we see them all the time when we are going to school. And we don't even ask the name of the picture, just how many get killed. I would like myself to be in a gangster picture. I don't care if they slap me around. Already I get so many slaps in my life that a few more can't possibly hurt me."



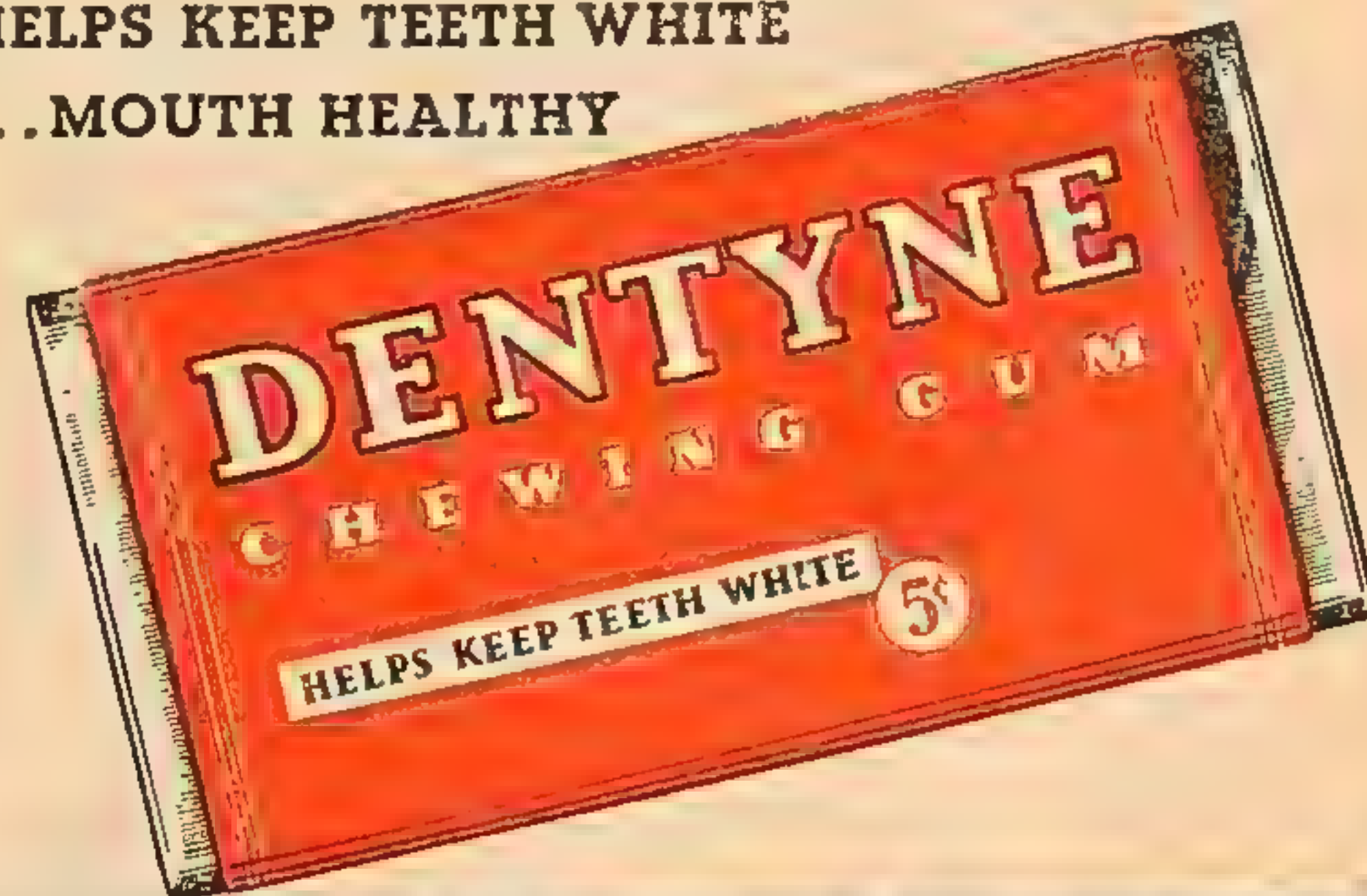
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"Please Tell the Boys—"

Continued from page 66

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

How do *your* hands rate? Are they a point for attraction and admiration? Our gift-of-the-month is a hand beautifier, and our November bulletin tells you how to get this gift, as well as featuring Hollywood angles on beauty, fashions and good times. Keep your "appeal" up to the lovely fashions of this Autumn! The bulletin is yours for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

do not constantly perpetrate on our scalps and hair. That is, the daily wetting of hair to comb it. Now, a man's hair should look sleek and it should lie in order. There are hair grooming aids that permit smooth combing, plus some lubrication. They give a smooth, neat, glossy look, and instead of drying hair and scalp, they have a certain helpful effect. It seems to me that one of our most considerate acts might be to see that some reputable preparation of this type is at hand. If we want the little boys to grow up with good hair, we should do this for them, too. True, we may have to urge the first or second use. By that time, unquestionably any sensible person will recognize a better appearance, and in time will see a general improvement in hair and scalp condition. We should also keep sufficiently on the job to see that the supply is renewed when it begins to run low; that comb and brush are kept immaculately clean. Medium soft bristles are better for the cropped head than too stiff ones, which may irritate the scalp. A man's comb should have rounded, smooth-edged teeth, instead of sharp, pointed ones, which, again, can scratch and irritate the scalp. The reminder of a hair cut now and then seems necessary. What can do more for a man, unless it be a shave? There are barber shops today that specialize in hair cutting to face and feature type—not a bad idea. I might add that the cuts seem as conservative and in as good taste as the most conventional male could desire.

"Men have good skin, as a rule," added Glenda thoughtfully, from that big chair. They do! It's the youth that has trouble here. These are often blotchy, broken-out skins, and don't think the boys aren't sensitive and unhappy about their faces. Here is where mother, big sister, or somebody ought to get to work and help these boys get their condition under control if they can't correct it entirely immediately. This skin is often an accompaniment of adolescence and may take from a few months to a few years to pass. The point is to control it as much as possible to prevent a coarsened, scarred skin later. The condition is a direct result of over-active oil glands. The glands secrete more than can normally be eliminated; it accumulates, wells forth in unsightly signs. The first step is absolute cleanliness. This is where your work lies, because boys do not like to wash their faces, which is no news. However, three daily real soap and water scrubbings belong. If you can achieve this through browbeating or bribery, I might add that you are good. An appeal to pride, however, often works. In addition to scrupulous cleanliness, an antiseptic, drying-up lotion or preparation should be used nightly before retiring. The person with a blemished skin must be taught the importance of using only his own towel or other preparations that touch the skin. Warn against touching the skin with the fingers. The whole procedure is designed to keep the

skin perfectly clean and to discourage the over-production of oil. Diet should be a good balance of simple, nourishing food, plus plenty of liquids like milk, fruit, and vegetable juices. No one should feel alarmed about this skin condition in either girls or boys, so long as it is looked after and treated for just what it is—a "too busy" oil gland condition. To aid in the correction of this skin, there are some splendid preparations, especially designed for the young skin, though helpful for all. They are the results of findings by skin experts, simple and made for easy use. These I have seen work wonders on tween-teen faces.

Men keep their faces pretty clean. The daily shave encourages this. Many will welcome, however, a soothing lotion to be used after the shave and a dash of after-shave powder. These add a groomed look to any face and mean more skin comfort. They make good gifts and if your man has not



In her rôle of key woman in an espionage plot in the film "Television Spy," Dorothy Tree, above, exudes the glamorous allure of a Mata Hari.

fallen into these good habits, a gift is the way to start him.

More with men, than with women, I believe, daily routine of living shapes the figure. The girls get busy and do something when the scales show a change; men, seldom. So upon the girls, again, rests the matter of doing what they can in the way of proper daily feeding, of keeping those menus interesting, nourishing, and appetizing without an over-abundance of starches and fats. I believe it is up to the girls, too, to encourage more exercise in the way of sports and outdoor play. It seems advisable to tackle this problem from the viewpoint of good times and enjoyment, rather than because it is good for one or something that one should do. This puts the exercise in the form of a chore and life is just too full of chores.

As to male attire, Glenda has ideas there. She believes that any man possessing even two suits can manage to look well. She thinks men should pay more attention to the upkeep and conditioning of their wardrobes. "It is nothing for business girls to stay up late at night and really work to keep their blouses, gloves, stockings and underthings in perfect order. Their own fastidiousness and their sense of the importance of appearance prompts this. Surely personal neatness and grooming is a strong point for attraction in any man. Next in importance, with me, comes disposition. A pleasant dis-

position is a blessing. Perhaps I'd rate tolerance next. Humor seems more important to me in men than in women, though I consider it the natural gift of gifts for both. I think moodiness, dramatics, and bad temper are especially deplorable in men."

Glenda admires quiet, good taste in men's clothing. Adolphe Menjou and Herbert Marshall she considers two of the best-dressed men in Hollywood. Mr. Menjou representing a cosmopolitan type; Mr. Marshall, more the average well-dressed man.

It seems that we really should look out for these men of ours; that we should encourage them to look their best and be their best. We might still do them one big kindness by making some suggestion about under-arm perspiration. There is nothing sissy in the use of a preparation to keep one's person and clothes fresh and immaculate, and the girls should convince their men of this. See what you can do in this respect. All around, you will be doing a favor, I assure you. On this special point, I'd like to repeat Glenda's words, "Please tell the boys—"

Unmask Louis Hayward

Continued from page 63

thing unusual, so I posed as a refugee leaving the homeland, and Louis got this shot. A little later, I had the camera in my lap. Louis seldom lets me shoot him. He thinks he has enough of that every day. But he was looking out of the window and natural and at ease, so I shot him when he didn't know it, and I think it's good!"

Louis extended some prints. "This is 'Loopy' herself, as an ingénue. I used a portrait lens on that, as I do on most close shots. In this one, she was being Oriental—rather effective, especially when printed on an angle. In this, I caught her just as she turned to speak. Typical of 'Loopy,' isn't it?"

Speaking of character candid shots, Louis was frantically eager to do the title rôle in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." No one could discourage him. In spite of everyone in Hollywood telling him that no director or producer would consider him for the part, as only definite character actors were rated possible, Louis knew that he could do it and yearned for it. He even went to the trouble of creating strange-looking grotesque masks, with a make-up artist, giving his idea of the way the hunchback should look.

"First the make-up man would put on the masks and Louis would take pictures of him," confided Ida. "Then, if they didn't look right, they'd correct whatever it was, and Louis would don the outfit and have pictures made."

"Show me some," I urged. But it seems that when Charles Laughton got the rôle, Louis destroyed every picture he had made.

"He was disappointed, of course," said Ida, "but after all, studying the part, working out the make-up and characterization were all good for him, and he learned a lot."

When Louis piloted his own plane, he liked to take his camera up with him and make scenic shots from the air. Also when he was abroad he made a number of shots of scenery, one of the best being the rocks in the sea at Corsica.

"But people interest me more than scenery," said Louis. "I doubt if I have saved many scenic shots. Here are two of this place—one of the lower entrance, showing the garage, which is unhappily as close as you can get to the front—the other of the garden in back. When we first had this place, we used to like to take pictures of each other sitting on the roof of the living room and astound the various rela-

tives, who didn't know that the roof there is only about two feet from the ground, since we live on a hill."

"We'd get letters asking: 'What on earth is Ida doing on the roof?'" put in Ida. "But if Louis isn't very keen about making scenic shots, you should have been here the day he took that back garden thing. We had an appointment somewhere and I kept calling him to get ready. 'I'm busy, old girl,' he'd reply. 'I'm frightfully busy!' I called and called. At last I went out and there he was sitting quietly with his Leica, apparently doing nothing. 'Is this what you call busy, m'lamb?' I asked, reproachfully, being the perfect wife who never goes off the deep end. 'Well, ducky,' he confessed, 'if you *must* know, I'm waiting until the sun flecks that tree back there, so that I can get a picture of the garden.' I couldn't be furious with him. I know the feeling of wanting to get just the right thing. We work so hard trying for the exact shade of meaning in a line that I suppose the right sun fleck can be important, too."

Louis' devotion to his hobby was tested one Sunday afternoon last Summer when he decided to take a sitting of John Garfield's infant daughter at a party out at Arthur Lyons'. The rest of the party went in swimming, played tennis and badminton and helped with the barbecue, but Louis spent hours coaxing the baby to express himself.

"The best shots you get are never planned," said Louis. "I worried myself and the child trying to get her to stand up or take a step or do a bit of creeping, and she wouldn't. I didn't know till afterwards that she was only seven months old and hadn't gone in for any of that stuff yet! Then suddenly John came over and sat down with his racquet and made a mug at the baby and I shot him. Immediately the baby made the same mug, and I shot her. Aren't they priceless? After that, John smiled and I got that, but when we tried to get the baby to smile, she turned her head a little away. She wasn't going to share his private joke."

The young Haywards' heads drew closer over the outspread prints. Louis was wearing his favorite gray suit, a shirt with an open neck and no tie. Ida's slacks matched his, but her shirt had her monogram on its pocket and she wore a blue tie that matched her eyes.

"He hates new clothes, don't you, m'lamb?" she murmured. "Just recently he went to his tailor and had four new suits made, but he gave them all away because he loathes new things. And here he is back in his old ones again."

"Here's Triunfo," said Louis, tossing a print in my lap. Triunfo is his horse, a beautiful creature who takes prizes in any horse show he enters. "He made that leap by himself. And here's a shot Ida made of me taking Triunfo over a gate. This one is a close-up. He looks almost human, doesn't he?"

Louis keeps his horse at Allan Jones' stables and he and Ida love to ride. Some day he dreams of breeding horses himself.

Louis would always take his camera with him, wherever he went, if his hosts would permit it. "Vincent Price gave a barbecue one night out at his new beach house," related Ida. "He told his studio and his publicity representative that there were to be no pictures. When Louis arrived with his faithful Leica, he said, firmly: 'That means you, too!' and commandeered his camera. Louis was furious. When the time came for Vincent to do his stuff at the new barbecue he was dedicating that evening, he lit the fire with great ceremony, and instead of burning up in a glowing blaze, it suddenly went pop, pop, bang! There was a string of firecrackers in it. Louis Hayward's contribution—and revenge!"

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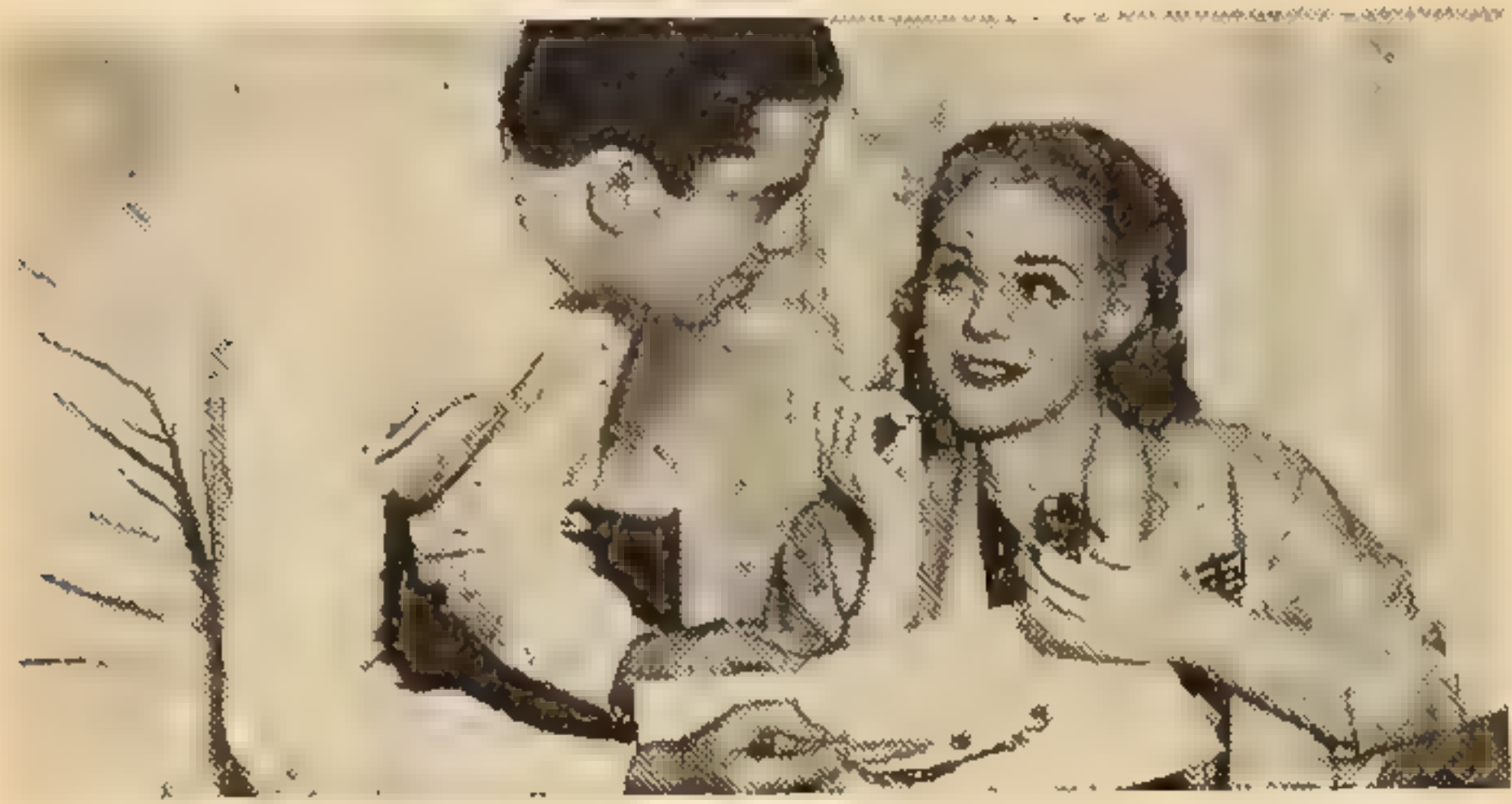
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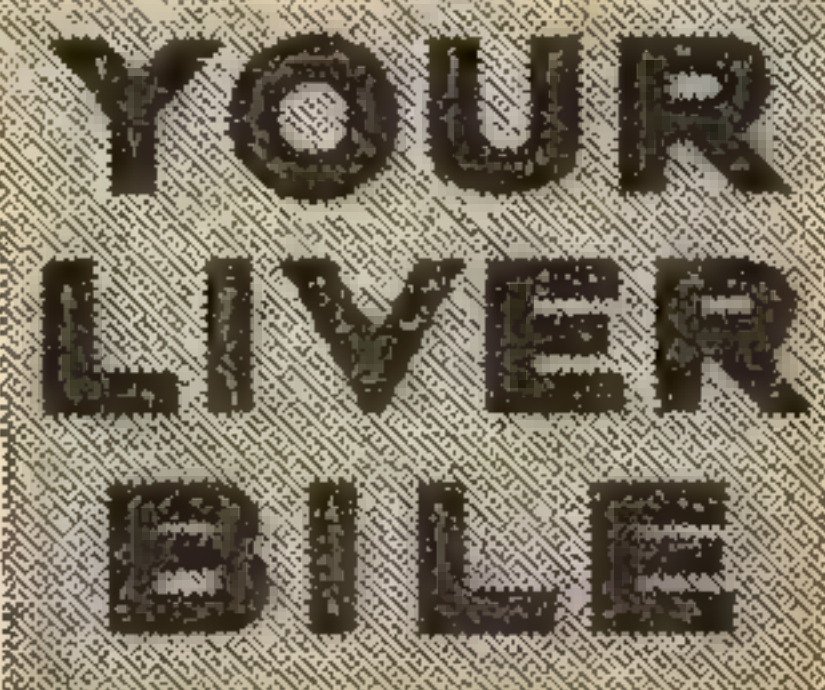


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Popularity Must Be Earned, So—Shine!

Continued from page 59

when Norma determined to overcome the self-consciousness from which she suffered that she took her appearance in hand. She felt, very wisely, that the thing to do was make sure no unkempt detail marred her ensemble so, when she saw people look at her, she could feel sure they weren't eyeing a spot on her dress, crooked seams in her stockings, or a button hanging on one thread. And it was with the degree of self-confidence that her fastidious grooming gave her that Norma began her climb to a shining poise as well as a shining chic. For the more Norma eliminated fussy details the more she came to wear the clothes that best suited her.

On some Young Things flounces and frills and rosebuds are enchanting. But they weren't enchanting on Norma. She bought the dresses that featured these things, and paid for them, and wore them. But they never were *her* clothes, intrinsically speaking. They were pretty. But they weren't pretty on her. She's a streamline model and since she has found this out she's done very well for herself.

So it's two infallible rules about clothes we can cull from this little Shearer sage:

The simpler you keep your appearance the easier it will be to have it right. The fewer flounces and frills and buttons there are on your clothes the fewer stitches-in-time you will have to take and the less chance there will be of you looking unkempt—which is unpardonable always.

Don't fall for the pretty-pretty clothes if you're the streamlined type—and vice versa. For irrespective of how pretty your clothes may be in themselves they won't be pretty on you and you won't be pretty in them unless they complement your individual appearance.

Gail Patrick had two psychological problems to overcome before she acquired her lovely grooming. Just mention either chic or dowdiness in Hollywood and you're pretty sure to hear Gail's story. She came from Alabama where she was the belle of the Howard College campus. So she naturally had confidence in herself and in the way she dressed. But her suspender dresses of black and dark blue with blouses that were a little on the prim side and hats that came close to being flat sailors didn't serve her well in Hollywood which can be counted a cosmopolitan place—with respect to clothes in any event. Compared to girls who wore discreetly sophisticated models with a dash, Gail faded into the background of mediocrity. And no one can afford to do that.

Those who had the responsibility of grooming Gail for the screen pleaded with her to get more "umph" in her things. And it was trying to please them, but still bound by small-town, conventional notions, that she appeared one day in a black dress piped with white at the cuffs and high neckline.

"Is this the sort of thing you mean?" she asked. You could see she was tremendously pleased with herself.

"No!" They showed her no quarter. "A thousand times no! You look like an Alabama schoolmarm!"

Gail could have allowed her feelings to be hurt and she could have turned defensive and told everyone that she had done well enough at Howard College in

her choice of clothes. But she wasn't that stupid. She kept trying. And bit by bit she learned little things which, finally and accumulatively, produced the exceptional grooming by which she is enhanced today.

At the same time Gail had to adjust her ideas on clothes to her more worldly surroundings she also had to overcome self-consciousness about her height. She constantly tried to suggest that she wasn't such a tall girl—by the way she stood and the way she walked, by wearing low-crowned hats and low-heeled shoes, by breaking the length of her figure in every possible way.

Travis Banton, in charge of Paramount's wardrobe department, stood this as long as he could. Then he got after Gail. "Stand up to your size!" he told her. "Be regal! Be proud! Cut a figure."

Gail looked at Travis in astonishment. Ever since she had marched in school as the last girl on the line she had been embarrassed about her height. That little girls were cute and tall girls were ungainly she had come to accept as an unalterable fact. But Travis gave her a very different picture of things. She took off her flat hats and her flat heels. She held up her head. She threw back her shoulders. And she cuts a figure...

Be flexible! Adjust your ideas about clothes to changes in yourself and your surroundings. Don't hamper yourself with preconceived ideas.

You're what you are! Don't try to obliterate your physical individuality by the way you dress, rather try to dramatize it.

Loretta Young, who has been on more than one list of the ten best-dressed women, thinks it is shopping habits that most frequently ruin chic. When I saw Loretta she wore a simple black frock and a "hunk" of costume jewelry. This, she explained, is the manner of costume she loves above all others. I asked her why, of course. "Because to my mind it so perfectly illustrates the effectiveness of having one dramatic point in your appearance. That is my basic rule for smartness."

"One dramatic point in your costume," Loretta went on, "and your costume is part of you, *you aren't part of it!* Whereas if you go in for a flowered dress, flowers on your hat, open work shoes, fancy gloves and bracelets you are nothing more than part of a confusing jumble. Or even if you only go in for half of those things."

Then she talked about shopping. "I no longer expect a shopping spree to do my appearance the least amount of good," she said. When a fashion show or a sale carries me away, it also carries my money away. For it just doesn't seem to be possible to buy five things at once, say, and have more than two of them successful.

"It's bad to buy under pressure, too—to go out for an evening gown because you need it that very evening. It's infinitely more efficient and infinitely less expensive to keep your wardrobe equal to those demands that are likely to be made upon it. Shopping under pressure almost always is fatal. You get what you go after—but you wish you hadn't."

Have one and only one dramatic point to your costume.

Avoid shopping sprees. If you allow yourself to be carried away

by a fashion show or a sale you'll buy the wrong things, every time.

Don't wait until you have to have a dinner dress or a bathing suit before you shop for it. Keep your wardrobe generally adequate.

Without Claudette Colbert no Hollywood story would be complete. For Claudette brings the same invaluable quality to her clothes that she brings to her screen portrayals—timing. In other words, she doesn't overdo; she knows where to stop; she's sensitive as to where to draw the line.

Claudette will wear a huge, jewelled starfish on her coat because it is colorful and gay—but, when she wears this starfish, the rest of her costume will be startlingly simple. You never catch her wearing things that are extreme. Let the designers go "amusing." Let other women wear hats that look like boxes of strawberries or pots of geraniums. They can have all the second glances they get that way or any similar way. Claudette prefers to play safe.

"It's no trick to attract attention," she says. "Just walk down any street and make faces at those coming toward you and you'll feel nine out of ten turning to look at you again the minute they have passed you. Clothes, in my opinion, never should be selected because they'll attract attention—unless you're sure that attention will be of the admiring kind.

"I remember," she went on, "how the men in the stands at a recent sports event kept turning to look at a girl in one of the upper boxes. She was wearing a hat that looked exactly like something a slapstick comedienne would wear. 'Good Heavens,' the men kept muttering between themselves, 'where did she get that hat? Did you ever see anything so frightful? What will women wear next?' The girl, aware only of the men's eyes and not of their comments, undoubtedly thought she was enchanting. And knowing how she felt I almost wished she could hear what was being said. It would have been good for her. Because she actually was a pretty girl; and had she been wearing a more conservative number the second glances she received, even though there likely would have been fewer of them, would have been admiring and directed at her, not merely at a detail of her appearance."

Which brings us to something else we do well to remember:

Dress so you always can be sure any second glances you receive spring not from amusement and not from astonishment, but from admiration.

Joan Bennett, Norma Shearer, Gail Patrick, Loretta Young, Claudette Colbert. They weren't born with the great chic which marks them today, any of them. They earned that chic for themselves by using their brains. And what they have done you can do too. Remember your theme song:

"I'll get by, as long as I
Try . . ."

"And It's Fun to be 75"

Continued from page 31

teach her first, the glory and the beauty and the solace of work. I have a daughter-in-law, whom I adore as though she were my own daughter. I remember when she was only twelve years old, and my son,

Edward, used to ogle her as she passed down the street and would then ask me for some money so he could buy her an ice-cream soda—as I say, I couldn't love her any more if she were my own daughter—and I've taught her to love work and believe in it, as I do."

When things have gone horribly amiss, May has never wept over them. Asked what people could do when they were terribly discouraged, and there seemed to be no solution to their problems, she said, "If things get to such a pass that you feel that there's nothing you can do, then don't do anything. Just drift. And pretty soon, something is bound to come along that will pull you upstream."

She has seen Marie Dressler and Will Rogers, who were true and faithful friends of hers, pass away, but she cherishes the memory of them, and believes the world will cherish that memory forever. "There were greater actors than Will Rogers, but our sons and our grandsons and our great-grandsons will talk about him because he was a great human being. He was so sweet and so dear and so simple. I remember a dinner party that was given once for poor Marie Dressler and everyone present got up and made long speeches, reading from their notes. I thought to myself, 'If Will Rogers looks up notes when he gives his talk, he'll never hear the end of it from me. I'll kid him unmercifully.' I got up and gave my own speech without notes, and when Will's turn came, he did the same thing. At the end of the dinner he came over to me, threw his arm about me and said, 'Say, old gal, we were the only ones who knew our lines.'"

When Will Rogers died, once again May Robson dipped into the store of her great emotions and wrote a poem which was so true and so touching that thousands of people sent for copies of it. A hospital in Seattle suggested that if they charged twenty-five cents for each copy of the poem that was sent out, it might help with the charitable work which the hospital was doing. May consented, of course. And the plan was so successful that the money which was sent not only equipped an orthopedic room in the hospital, but also paid for instruments the surgeons needed!

A bit of lavender and old lace in the glittering, artificial tinsel of today's movie world, May has never been known to say anything unkind about anyone. Once after she had appeared with Garbo in "Anna Karenina," the ship news reporters, a hard-boiled lot, went to May, hoping she'd talk like the peppery old ladies she plays on the screen, and asked for inside stuff on Garbo. "Why, she's just a frightened faun," she told them. "She's like a child who likes to run behind her mother's skirts and hide."

May is convinced that there is a great deal of kindness in the world and that you will usually find it in unexpected places. "People realize what a blundering idiot I am about some things, and maybe that's why they're so kind to me. I remember once when I left my vault key at the Second National Bank, where I kept my money, and called up the cashier about it. He told me to call for the key that afternoon. When I called for it, the cashier said, 'Merely as a matter of form, you'll have to give us the number of your vault key. Do you remember it?' 'Of course I do. It's 244196.' 'That's right,' said the cashier, '1827,' handing me my key. I had rattled off the number of my savings bank book!"

Muzzy May's constant companion is Lillian Harmer, whom she met when Lillian was out of work twenty-six years ago. Since then, the two women have been inseparable, and it's Lillian Harmer who watches to see that Muzzy doesn't make any "idiotic" mistakes. About six years ago, the two women were driving in Culver

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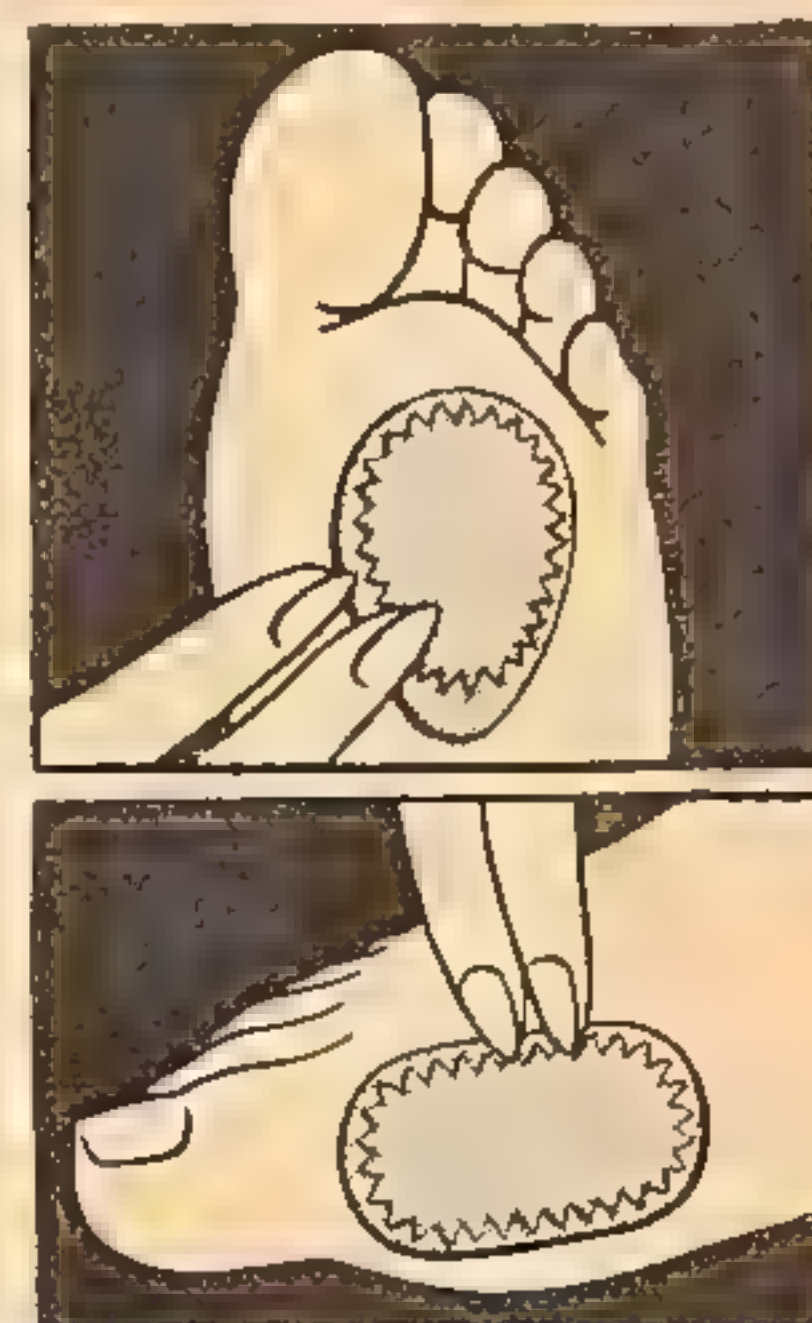
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City, when they saw a boy and a girl sitting along at a curb, looking very forlorn. When asked what was the matter, they said, "We ain't got nobody to play with. There ain't no other kids living around here."

When May investigated, she learned that most of the landlords in Culver City wouldn't accept couples with children. She thought this was awful, and that something ought to be done about it. And so May and Lillian arranged for the building of six homes, which rented only to families with children. When reporters tried to tell May what a noble thing she was doing, she laughed at them. "Fiddlesticks," she said. "Before we started building homes, we got about one and a half per cent on our money from the banks. Now we're in business and we always make a profit on the houses. What do people think we are? Just a couple of sentimental old women?"

May is perfectly willing to admit her age, but she won't tolerate anyone's treating her like an old lady. For instance, when she had to run about 150 yards for one picture she was making, "The Perfect Specimen," up spoke the director, "I think it is too far for you to run. We'll use a double, yes?" May looked up at him scornfully. "The scene calls for running and I'll run! What do you think I am, an old woman? When I'm too old to run that far, I'll retire from pictures and stick to my knitting."

On the other hand, May doesn't really expect to play spry younger women on the screen. She is perfectly resigned to playing grandmothers, and great-grandmothers. "You can't fool the movie public," she said distinctly. "They know how old you are, how many times you were married, and how many children you've had. And believe me, they can count! It doesn't matter how young you look—if you appear in a picture in which you have a child, they'll say contemptuously, 'She's seventy-five now. She's supposed to have had her first child when she was sixty-five. Aw, nuts.' Or suppose someone says to the hero in the picture, 'My dear young man, I want to give you some advice,' the people watching the picture will nudge each other and say, 'Did you hear what she called him, a young man? He's no young man. That feller is fifty years old.' And if Joan Bennett plays a girl of sixteen, they'll say, 'Aw, she's not sixteen. She's been married twice.' Those kids go to work on you, and believe me, you can't fool them about anything."

May takes a tremendous interest in going to theatres where her pictures are showing, and listening to the kids' salty comments about her performances. The prize comment she ever heard about herself was made years ago, while she was still on the stage. In those days she traveled everywhere with a canary, whose cage she opened each morning so that he could eat breakfast with her. One day, as she went to the station in the small Wisconsin town where she had given a performance the evening before, she heard the name of the play mentioned.

"My ears went up. I heard one man say to another. 'It was quite a good show. I know the woman who plays the lead, however, and she's plumb crazy. She carries a canary bird with her everywhere, and even has breakfast with it in the morning. I tell you, she's plumb crazy.'"

Up to the two men stepped May, all wrapped in a fur coat. "I know the woman you're talking about very well," said May, "and she's not plumb crazy." Then touching her head, "She's just a little bit gone, but not crazy."

"The man who'd been talking about me looked startled and began to run, and I think he's running yet," laughed May.

These Lucky Lanes

Continued from page 61

such carryings-on as dancing and smoking as being very wicked. In those days you couldn't buy cigarettes in Indianola—you had to go to Des Moines to get them. Mrs. Mullican had been brought up in Indiana, where dancing wasn't considered anything wrong. Though she, too, was pious, she didn't believe in the gloomy conception of religion held by some of her neighbors.

"I had no chance to be very severe with my daughters," she told me. "You see, the first three daughters, Martha, Lola, and Leota, were born in less than three years. I was never very much of a spanking mother—I believed in listening to my girls' side of any matter as well as to the other side, and reasoning things out with them. I tried to hide the iron hand in the velvet glove."

The girls led a carefree, happy childhood. They went on picnics, roasted eggs in clay, gathered red haws in the Fall and strung them on long cords. Then they wore these necklaces of red haws to school and nibbled on them when the teacher wasn't looking. They went on long hikes in the woods, discovered unfamiliar paths, and filled with a sense of excitement, they would put up little placards, "Discovered by ——— Mullican, Such and Such a date. Named So and So." Rosemary was sent home from school when she wore the first divided skirt ever seen there. Mrs. Mullican had thought it would be extremely comfortable, particularly for gymnastic exercises, but Rosemary's teacher felt otherwise.

Christmas and birthdays were celebrated with great gaiety—and always there were gag gifts among the serious ones. The Mullican home, with its pleasant fireplace, was a gathering place for all the young people in town. They liked Mrs. Mullican's creamed chicken and her modern outlook, and of course, they liked the Mullican girls, too. When they were very young, Mrs. Mullican didn't encourage separate dates, but she did believe in group dating. (Priscilla and Rosemary still go in a lot for double dates.) And, of course, there was music. All the Mullican girls, except Martha, played the piano and sang.

"Martha," Leota told me, smiling, "was the listener. She never wanted to sing herself, but she would tie her scarf into knots when I sang. She was the first of us to marry, eloping when she was very young."

The girls used to read aloud to each other from the Fanny Heaslip Lea stories. They were so impressed by Miss Lea's sayings that they copied them all down in their notebooks. Perhaps the word "line" hadn't been heard yet. But Lola knew a good line when she saw it. The other girls used to notice that when company was present (particularly male company) Lola would sometimes excuse herself, slip away into the back hall, and then return in a few minutes. At first they couldn't figure out just what she was doing. Then they discovered that always, after one of these trips, she would utter one of the Fanny Heaslip Lea lines like, "If you aren't good, I'll turn you into a cup of beef and pour you down the sink." Or, "I'll turn you into a balloon and cut the string." It dawned on them then that Lola had gone out of the room just to look up some particular bit of wit or wisdom to try on one of the boys visiting them.

All the Mullican children took part in school operettas and plays. Their favorite Saturday pastime was giving plays in the gym on the Hopper farm, charging pins and pennies as admission. The rich children paid pennies and the poor children paid

in pins, so no one would be deprived of seeing the plays for want of a penny. Then the Mullican children would buy a big sack of candy with their profits, and go riding in a neighbor's car with their favorite friends, sharing the candy with them.

Priscilla, the baby of the family, admired Leota's acting tremendously. One day, after having witnessed Leota play the part of *Juliet* at Simpson, Priscilla persuaded Leota to lend her the wooden dagger with which she had stabbed herself. Shortly afterwards, the family found Priscilla out in the back yard, lying on an ironing board covered with curtains, and holding the wooden dagger toward her breast as she sighed, "Dagger, this is thy sheathe."

Being spirited, highly curious, imag-

whenever possible she explained to her children just why they must never do again whatever it was that had gotten them in dutch.

As a child, Leota had her share of curiosity. She and a friend used to notice as they walked through a certain alley (Leota walked on stilts and thought it was great fun) that a certain building was always dark. One day as they passed, they couldn't resist peeping through the door. Suddenly the door opened and both girls fell in. They discovered that a checker game was in progress by falling right into the laps of the players! They were both so embarrassed that they just picked up their stilts and rushed out.

Life changed somewhat for the Mullican sisters when Gus Edwards discovered that Leota and Lola could sing and offered them rôles in his revue. When Mrs. Mullican found that her two daughters were eager to accept, she didn't stand in their way. She felt that she'd brought them up to know right from wrong, and that always after that, it was up to them to live up to the ideals she'd taught them. But her neighbors felt otherwise. The wife of the president of Simpson College talked to the two girls and tried to make them change their minds, pointing out how much more valuable to the world was a missionary than a singer or dancer. The girls were polite, and she thought she had them convinced. When on her way East to visit relatives, she met Lola and Leota in the rest room of the Chicago railroad station, she was horrified. What were they doing so far away from home?

"Oh," said the sisters blithely, "Gus Edwards has offered us rôles in his 'Follies.'"

"You mean you'll dance!!!"

"Well, we hardly do any dancing, mostly singing."

"But there are girls in the cast who dance?"

"Oh, yes!"

She knew she had no authority to tell them to go home. But she had to do something. "Let us pray," she said. And down on her knees she went, to pray for the souls of these two "misguided" girls, and to beg that they would be steered safely through the dangers that would confront them.

Back home in Indianola, the mother of the girls knew what it meant to be condemned by her community. Coming into a grocery store, she would hear two women whispering, thinking of course that she would not overhear them, "Did you hear what Mrs. Mullican's two daughters have done? They've left town to play in a revue, in which there is a lot of dancing. Would you let your daughters do a thing like that, go traipsing around all over the country, tsk, tsk?"

When Leota and Lola came back after about two years and sang a duet in church, sentiment in Indianola had changed a little, but not much. The Des Moines papers carried stories about the two girls who had gone to Broadway, and then come back to sing in church. They were, to the amazement of some of the people in Indianola, highly laudatory stories. One woman wrote to the President of Simpson College, "I was planning to send my children to Simpson, but I've changed my mind. I wouldn't dream of sending them to a college which made such a fuss over two girls who had been on *Broadway*." Her letter made it clear that she thought Broadway a latter-day Babylon. But the feelings of the town changed when some time later Lola and Leota gave a benefit performance, which helped pay off the mortgage for the college. The college folk were so grateful they dedicated part of the college annual to Lola and Leota.

"When Leota and Lola were in New



Good news! Leatrice Joy, silent film favorite who has been absent from the screen for a long time, is back. In "First Love," which stars Deanna Durbin, she appears as Deanna's aunt.

inactive young girls, they were in and out of hot water constantly. There was the time some friends from Des Moines were visiting Rosemary. The young man calling on her had left his car outside, unlocked, and his keys in the car. When he decided to return to Des Moines, he found the car gone. The sheriff was a family friend, and Mrs. Mullican called on him. "I'll try to get it back for you," he said grimly. For hours, he chased the missing car, without success. And then, over the hill toward the Mullican house, came Priscilla riding in the car they had all thought was stolen. The car had looked inviting to Priscilla, and knowing it belonged to a friend of Rosemary's, she had been sure no one would object if she took a ride in it. It just hadn't occurred to her to ask permission. "And so," smiled Mrs. Mullican, "I had the sheriff chasing my own daughter!"

Rosemary was in hot water at the age of three, partly because she palled round with a little boy whose father was a professor of philosophy who believed in raising children to be individuals. Freedom ought to be the keynote in bringing up children, he said. But when his little boy and three-year-old Rosemary built a fire under one of the beds in his home (luckily no one was hurt but the bed did go up in flames) he decided it was time to call a halt. Mrs. Mullican herself never believed too much in the "freedom" theory, but



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The Lane Sisters, Priscilla, Lola, and Rosemary, and Gale Page (third in line) are picketing Orry Kelly with protesting placards. Kelly, holding corset, is the Hollywood fashion designer helping to promote return of the wasp waistline, but the girls have something to say about the matter. They're the ones who'll have to wear them. Watch for a big controversial feature on the subject in next month's SCREENLAND.

York, almost every week was like Christmas week," Mrs. Lane told me smiling. (To avoid confusion, she has changed her name to Lane, the name the Mullican sisters adopted when they went on the stage.) "They used to send huge packages of clothes for Rosemary and Priscilla. Some of the clothes were new, some were dresses they'd worn only a few times."

Now that Martha was married, and Leota and Lola were on the stage, coming home only for brief, delightful visits, Rosemary and Priscilla had only each other. No wonder they grew very close to each other. And though Rosemary was only a year older than Priscilla, she babied her outrageously. When there was a scarf which Rosemary had meant to wear and Priscilla asked for it, Rosemary never refused her. Even today all the Lanes admit that they baby Priscilla. Priscilla somehow creeps into all hearts. Though quite a grown-up young lady, she's the only Lane who crawls right into her mother's lap and looks as if she belonged there.

By the time Priscilla was growing up, Indianola had become a much more modern town. Dancing was no longer frowned upon, and Priscilla and Rosemary even took dancing lessons. When new records came out, the girls would make up interpretative dances to go with the records. These performances were strictly family affairs. Once when *Dance Macabre* came out, they devised the spookiest interpretative dance ever seen, trying to give the effect of jingling skeletons.

They were a singularly serene family. Mrs. Lane says that the girls never quarreled with each other. The nearest they came to it was the first Christmas after she, Priscilla and Rosemary had come to New York to join Leota. Leota asked Rosemary and Priscilla not to open any gifts on Christmas Eve. "I can't be home," she said, "so please wait until tomorrow morning." They promised—then forgot in the excitement of the evening. On Christmas Eve, they decorated the tree, and began opening their packages. There was happiness and great rejoicing. There was

laughter as the gag gifts were opened.

The next morning, in came Leota, smiling. She took one look at the room, and stopped smiling. Strewn everywhere were opened packages. And she had looked forward so to seeing Rosemary and Pat open the gifts she had bought for them. "Oh, Pat! Oh, Roz!" she said in a quavering voice. "Didn't you remember you promised me?" They were all compunction, all apologies then. "Oh, Lee, we're so sorry. But honestly, we forgot!" It ended with all of them with their arms around each other. Rosemary and Pat promised that such a thing would never happen again.

I asked Mrs. Lane if the girls had ever felt any jealousy about each other's success, for, as you've probably noticed, first one sister, then another, is foremost in the public interest. A number of years ago, it was Lola. Then Priscilla and Rosemary shared the limelight equally. Now Priscilla seems to have the edge. "Oh, no, there's never been any jealousy," she said. "I think possibly it's because they were all brought up in a college town, where sportsmanship is a sort of watchword."

"We learned good sportsmanship from mother," said Leota briskly. "It's as if we were in a sort of competition, all trying to win cleanly and fairly. But if one of us loses, she doesn't feel any envy of the others, but is glad to congratulate the winner."

It's known in Hollywood, as it was known in New York, that the Lanes are one for all, and all for each other. Fred Waring used to say, "It's the strangest thing about those Lane sisters in my band. When I scold Priscilla for something, Rosemary bristles and comes to her defense. If I scold Rosemary, Rosemary takes it quietly, but Priscilla bristles!"

Hollywood bewildered the Lane sisters at first. Priscilla and Rosemary were amazed when they'd pick up newspapers and find untrue stories about themselves. "Why did they print that?" they'd ask Lola. And Lola would say, smiling and shrugging her shoulders, "Don't let it worry you, kids. That's Hollywood."

One day when Rosemary and Priscilla

were on location, someone brought them a newspaper with headlines which announced, "Lola Lane Ill With Streptococcus Infection." "Gee it's too bad about your sister, isn't it?" a member of the company said. "You mean that story in the papers?" hooted Priscilla. "You don't believe that, do you? That's just the old Hollywood hokey," laughed Rosemary. "Lola's never been ill." When they got back to Hollywood, they found that Lola was really ill and in the hospital. An infected tooth had caused the streptococcus infection. Fortunately, the crisis was already past.

Priscilla is still bewildered by Hollywood, and this business of being a movie star. She finds it hard to believe she's one. When Warners sent her to the Virginia Military Institute to help publicize "Brother Rat," fans thronged round her, begging for her autograph. She told her mother about it, with bewilderment, later on. "People seem to think I'm a movie star. The most awful thing happened in Chicago, on the way to the Virginia Military Institute. A woman came up to me and said, 'Will you let me touch you? I want to see if movie people feel like other people.'"

Stories about her romances bewilder her, too. Sometimes they tell a lot more than she herself knows. When people talk to her about romance, she listens quietly and says nothing. "So," says her mother, "thinking that silence lends consent, reporters write as facts things that are not true." She was talking principally of the rumors that Priscilla is secretly married to Oren Haglund, the director. "Priscilla likes Oren Haglund," she said. "We all do. But the romance isn't at all serious."

"What if it were?" I asked. "Suppose Priscilla came to you and said she wanted to marry?"

"I'd tell her to be sure that she was in love and that the man was in love with her, and to think a little ahead, and decide whether she could manage a career and a household, too. I'd tell her that in my opinion, it would be best to wait until she's a little more firmly entrenched in her career. But if in spite of what I said, she felt differently, then I'd tell her to go ahead with my blessing."

Mrs. Lane, Priscilla and Rosemary live in a house in Laurel Canyon. Lola has a home across the valley. In Indianola the girls used to be known as Lee (Leota) Dot (Dorothy is Lola's real name) Pat (Priscilla) and Roz (for Rosemary). But since they've been in Hollywood, Mrs. Lane has invented new, even more affectionate nicknames for them. Pat is now Patty Cake and Rosemary is Rosy Glow.

The sisters still love playing pranks on each other. There was, for instance, the time when Leota visited Hollywood, and Lola and Leota planned an evening in which their guests would tell ghost stories in front of the fireplace. Lola was sent out on the roof to practice being the ghost voice. The idea was to make the effect more spooky by having Lola call down different things from the roof. Leota and her sisters promised to tell Lola how her voice sounded. "It sounds pretty well," they told her, "but why don't you go on the other side of the chimney and practice all your lines from there? Perhaps it'll be more effective that way."

"All right," said Lola, clambering over to the other side. And then she began to call down all her lines. When she got to the end of them, she asked, "How did that sound?" There was no answer. "Didn't you hear me?" she shouted louder than before. "How did I sound?" No answer! She climbed down. Her sisters were nowhere in sight. While she had been shouting some lines and whispering others from the roof, they had tiptoed out and driven away. They're always up to some prank.

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